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DEVOTED TO SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY, THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

"Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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L C Draper

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THE INSPIRATION OF A GREAT PURPOSE.

The Subject of a Sermon by Reed Stuart in the Unitarian Church at Detroit.

"For I am ashamed of the gospel of Christ."—PAUL.

THE INSPIRATION OF A GREAT PURPOSE.

It is a general concession that experience is the test of all things. Whether it is a new plow or a new fruit, a new theory of medicine, or philosophy, or government, or religion that is proposed, it must submit to this trial before it is adopted. He is rash who prophesies. History may be mistaken, but it is not so liable to be mistaken as prophecy. The beginnings of the greatest things are usually small and weak, and contain no promise of their future greatness. Standing near the mouth of the Amazon or the Mississippi, it is easy to say, what a mighty river has flowed across the continent! But bending over a little rill, which a bird might almost drink, where it issues from the rocks or creeps among the ferns and mosses in the wilderness, it would require a great imagination to see it expanding until it would have breadth and depth enough to float the navies of the world.

Thus it is with great movements among mankind. Their beginnings are always small. With a company of fugitive slaves, stealing out of Egypt by night, there did not seem to be any promise of what afterward became the Hebrew nation. It would have been difficult to predict that the childish lays of the Minnesingers were the beginning of such glorious results,—the first seeds disturbing the soil where afterwards grew the exhaustless harvest of German Literature. There seemed to be nothing on board that little storm-buffeted bark, which dropped its anchor that bleak December day in sight of a new continent, to justify the prediction that thence would issue a republic washed by two oceans; an arena upon which liberty would gain new victories, and the doctrine of human rights would expand until it should have no horizon.

Time reveals the worth and extent of all things. It is not difficult to believe in a thing after its success is assured. But who takes his stand by a cause in its beginning, before it is a cause but only the thought of a few daring hearts, when authority and respectability are arrayed against it, is a very different thing. Now that all the world believes in freedom, in the right of reason, in the claims of the conscience, we believe in these things. But that we might hold this belief, undisturbed, countless thousands had to encounter shame and death on its behalf.

With no centuries of trial lying back of the new religion, that was a daring speech that Paul made concerning it. After its power of conquest had been proved, and Rome had become its servant, it would have been an easy thing to say, I am not ashamed of this religion. But when Paul declared his confidence in it, it was without reputation, without respectability, without anything external to recommend it. Who would become its champion, at such a time, must be a man of rare discernment and bravery indeed. In addition to its own weakness and lack of reputation, the field into which this missionary wished to carry this religion was already occupied by powerful competitors. Into Italy had come all the material and intellectual greatness of antiquity. As a few years ago when a monument was to be erected at Washington in memory of one of our nation's heroes; each state was invited to bring a block of its native stone, so had all the provinces which were tributary to Rome sent thither some specimens of their art and science and eloquence and religion. All around towered great and venerable religions and philosophies. Back of that day lay the religion of Israel whose glory had not all departed. Persia, China, India each had a religion which was ancient, and seemed to be as vast as life. Plato had gone to the East and had brought back with him the immense ideas of Asia, as touching the unity of things, and applied them to Grecian life. The age had grown great poets, great philosophers, great statesmen, great moralists, great generals; but with his face set toward the city which had been the home of so many of the world's great this ardent man felt no shame in carrying with him as his only recommendation the name of a young unknown Galilean Peasant. Nor was his zeal the zeal of ignorance; nor was it that of the needy adventurer who has nothing to lose and who may gain something by joining a new movement. He was well instructed. He had been a pupil of one of Israel's greatest Rabbis. As touching the law of Moses he had lived a blameless life. He was well born. From his mother he drank into his veins all the ardor and loyalty of a Hebrew for his native religion and country. By his father he was linked to the empire whose citizens were accustomed to boast that "to be a Roman is greater than to be a king." After comparing what he held with what he saw all around him he finds its value unlowered. Amid all the collected wealth of the great city there was nothing more valuable than the treasure he would bring; in all her diadem there was nothing whose luster could dim the jewel he would contribute.

Confessing that Paul was right in his estimate of the religion which he had espoused, a question now to us of much deeper importance, is, what value we place upon the religion which we in this day call ours. In its long journey has it lost any of its merits, or has this age any qualities of greatness which by comparison would dwarf the religion which started a new era for the world? Coming into civilization which gave Cæsar and Pliny and Seneca and Lucretius, the greatness of Christianity became apparent; but coming into a civilization which has given Bismarck and Darwin and Spencer and Goethe does it seem less great by comparison? Can its modern apostles, with equal recognition of the greatness of this age, with an acquaintance with its literature and science, present religion to the consideration of mankind with the same confidence that marked that apostle of old? It is not difficult for one, whose birth and training have been within the church, to confess allegiance to it. It has been the fashion in some families for several generations to let all its claims pass without question, so that some kind of implied confession of its power and dignity has become a habit. But has it sufficient intrinsic excellence to commend it to those whose lineage and education have fallen without its most active influence, so that if it were making its appearance now for the first time its right to command would be acknowledged over every competitor? We have great nations, great commerce, great science, great literature in these days, and a religion which holds its place without shame and without apology must be great indeed.

In reading that part of the letter in which Paul expressed such pride in the gospel, one becomes deeply impressed with the moral darkness which had settled over those days. In that night the Creator could not be seen, and the creature had usurped his place. If the sun be taken from the sky, the stars will fall. The law that if the ideal be blotted out the actual will fall low, and ever lower, was having its perfect work. The dethronement of Deity was followed by many another loss. Into those dark days the Gospel of Christ came like a trumpet call. It came with a new power and a new hope.

It need not be pretended that Christ and his missionaries came with radically different ideas about God and eternal life. Everything that they taught had been taught before. What they did was to invest these languishing ideas with a deeper meaning. In a revival of art, or of letters, nothing absolutely new is discovered. There is only the enlargement, or the intensifying of principles already existing. So the revival which took place at the beginning of our era was doing for religion what Greece had done for art. The crude column, or rough statue of Egypt, in Athens and Corinth, had turned into a graceful shaft surmounted by its crown of leaves and flowers, or the perfect image made of snow-white marble. Thus Christ and his apostles turned the coarser outlines of God and soul into forms of matchless beauty. It was the passing of spring into summer, the twilight turning into the glorious sunrise. It was not the coming of new truth, but the coming of a new purpose, and a new fervor.

There is nothing more valuable to the human heart than the consciousness that beneath all its efforts is a worthy motive. No sooner does one admit that his work is not worth while than his heart begins to sink, and all his enthusiasm vanishes. No inspiration is equal to the consciousness of a great purpose. The heart can be skeptical concerning many things; but to lose faith in its highest ideals is a fatal calamity. In the hours of defeat and darkness, which have overtaken the martyrs and heroes, the one upholding and compensating power was faith in the cause for which they were battling and dying;—it came into the defeat like a strain of triumph, into the darkness like a gleam of sunshine. As beneath every work of art,—every great poem, or great architecture—there must be a great idea, so beneath an age or an individual that would become great there must be some idea which can carry it forward and upward. The religion that Paul carried to Rome he thought had that transforming power. In it he saw a new exaltation of mankind.

The calamity of human life, in almost all ages, is to be found in the lack of a noble purpose; in permitting custom to usurp the place of conviction. It has been said that in all the history of civilization, no age has been so depraved as that into which Christ and Paul came with their awakening and uplifting philosophy. Without drawing comparisons, enough is known of it to stamp it as a skeptical and dissolute period. To attempt to change it seemed a hopeless task. Men with only a half purpose, with a conviction which stopped short of the center of their lives, would have been useless. They were to establish truths toward which a part of the public was indifferent and upon which the rest turned their ridicule. Bold men, capable of uttering bold words, were demanded. Bold men were there. Society was shaken to its foundations, and the course of history was changed.

The same type of men is always needed. Duty is the last to take possession of the soul. We can always hear the clamors of passion, and self interest long before we hear the call of right. No one has to be urged to gain wealth or food. The race eats and drinks and sleeps without any persuasion. Righteousness is the only thing the heart opposes. Vice needs no eloquent plea. Only virtue has to employ an advocate. Like those lotus eaters we are all tempted to tarry and fill ourselves with the honeyed fruit.

"In the afternoon they came unto a land,
In which it always seemed afternoon.
All round the coast the languid air did swoon
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;
And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

The Lotus blooms below the barren peak:
The Lotus blows by every winding creek:
All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone:
Through every hollow cave and alley lone
Round and round the spicy down
The yellow Lotus dust is blown.

Let us swear an oath and keep it with an equal mind,
In the hollow Lotus land to live and lie reclined
On the hills like Gods together,
careless of mankind.
Surely, surely slumber is more sweet
than toil, the shore
Than labor in the deep mid ocean, wind
and wave, and oar;
O rest ye, brother mariners, we will
not wander more.

We would rest in the senses and not explore this mysterious island upon which we find ourselves. We would look down and not up. We have no great outlook. An easy indifference, a lack of a great aim, a distrust of the soul's visions haunts every age.

What kind of a soul has brought the greatest and most lasting benefits to earth? Those who have amassed wealth have done something; and yet tyrants and despots have been rich. Not the great captains; for they have destroyed and not restored. The teachers of art must be praised; and yet amid the treasures of art hunger and wretchedness have lurked. Not the prophets of the intellect alone, great as is their claim for the reward; for they have often been untouched by the wants and woes which infest the lot of mankind. The crown must be reserved for those who subjugated their wealth to right, who have made power the minister of virtue, who made art preach truth, who have made intellect an agent of love;—those who, in whatever age, have awakened the soul of their countrymen and bidden it look upward and forward toward the great outcomes and possibilities of life.

What makes an age great? Not indifference; not skepticism. No; but a great purpose, a great faith, a great earnestness. Has anything grand and lasting been done? What did it? Plainly no half-intention; no timid and apologetic belief. What is every great work—the coming of art, the beginning of a new movement in history, the building of a nation, the dawn of a new religion but a conviction becoming incarnate? It is the resistless flood, the inundation of all things by that measureless energy which at favored times streams out of the heart of man. By measuring the depth of the overflowing Nile the Egyptians could predict how much wheat would be produced in the coming harvest. So, if we had some delicate meter by which we could guage the depth of conviction, the amount of spirit in any man or age, we could tell how much and what kind of work would be done. What caused the cathedrals to be built? Not the love of money. What took Paul to Rome, and Marquette to the wilderness of America, and the pilgrims to Massachusetts? Not the love of fame. What caused the uprising in Germany, freed the slaves in the United States and made the commonplace become heroic and glorious? Not the search for transient pleasure or to meet the demands of sense. No; all these great results came when the soul of man sought for spiritual verities. Genius, we say; but genius is only a kind of mastering passion,—a love for the perfect which subordinates all things to that end. It is a deeper motive for action than custom, than praise, than money, than anything external can offer.

Religion does not include all there is of life. And yet no age has been great without it, and the most notable things have in some way been allied with it as effect is joined with cause. We can not think of the past without thinking of religion. Even the unbelief of certain times and certain men, has been only that there might be a deeper belief,—a temporary destruction of the overgrown superstructure to make a more secure foundation, or pruning the vine to make its energy turn to fruit instead of to wood and leaves. The greatest days of the past, those that draw the eye toward them like mountains seen from the plain, are those in which the soul fled away from the small and lucrative things of the world and took refuge in the idea of a Deity and the permanence of spiritual things. The soul, to reach its highest, must have a high purpose. Whatever is most glorious in our civilization has come not from atheism, nor yet from agnosticism. Our poetry, our art, our laws, our liberty have all come from the heart and the intellect when they rose to those heights where they could see the necessity and chant the glory of a Creator and his laws.

We find ourselves in a different quarter of the earth, and further along in time than were our ancestors. And yet there is not so great change. We are girt about by the same natural laws. Space and time are unchanged. There is the same sun above us. Here are frosts and rain; and the old earth keeps its ancient path. Within us are pain and gladness, sorrow and mute wonder, as of old. All about us lies the ancient mystery,—old and yet so new, so baffling. The moral need of earth is not changed. The issue between right and wrong is as sharp and as insistent as ever. The need of a great purpose, of a theme of life larger than earth with its food and raiment and temporary rewards can furnish, is as exigent now as it ever was. The same spiritual and moral influences which have rolled along through other periods, making great states, great churches, great arts, great liberty, great men, must continue to roll through this and every coming period. All the detached notes which have sounded in the past should be combined into a great anthem which, sounding in the heart of this generation, would awaken a new enthusiasm and urge it forward toward higher aims and nobler living.

What would befall earth were all its ideals destroyed no one can tell definitely. There are not sufficient data upon which to found a definite knowledge of everything that would ensue. Earth has never passed through such an experience. But that some kind of night would follow the setting of that sun which hangs in the firmament of the soul there can not be much doubt. Like the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, which guided those far off slaves who were seeking freedom, man always needs some form of excellence to guide and allure him toward the highest. Whatever takes this away from him does him an irreparable injury. During these weeks we have had an illustration of how cheerless and lack-luster spring may be, when the sun is obscured, and the wind sets steadily from the North-east charged and heavy with melted snow and ice, causing a discontent and half gloom to settle over the face of nature, infecting the heart of man and making it querulous, and awakening every inrking pain of the body; and one stands appalled at the thought, what if the seasons are turned from their flowing circle and the real spring and summer cannot return again? From this let us catch the hint of what life might become if the light and warmth of the Spirit were hidden by the mists arising from the passions of sense, or if life were constantly exposed to the cold currents which sweep from negation.

We cannot too often repeat to each other that the vision of the Perfect, which the soul sometimes sees, cannot be forsaken without damage. "Where there is no vision the people perish." Nature does not repeal her laws. The motives which inspired Paul will remain the inspiration for all time. He may have held partial and erroneous opinions about many things. But beneath these partial or mistaken ideas was a heart possessed by a great idea, and by it he was carried forward toward victory. Thus has all greatness, thus have all victories come. Thus must all new greatness and new triumphs come from the same kind of soul;—come thus, or they will never come.

No age, more than this, needs that type of soul which can see the greatness of life, of religion, of God, and can make its pursuit equal to it. Everything should be measured, not by some line drawn upon the earth including only food and sleep and pleasure, but by a line drawn between two worlds. The year should be preferred to the day, and life to the year. Out of great thoughts a great life should be woven. Only twelve years away lies the beginning of a new century. That twentieth century ought to excel all the others in its greatness. If we could measure, now, the prevailing sentiment in the hearts of those who are destined to carry along the work of that century, we could prophesy what its true character will be. We trust that it will be great in its wealth, but most of all do we trust that it will excel all former ages in the depth and earnestness of that sentiment which makes saints and heroes of mankind. Along with all material splendor, which will doubtless fill the coming years, there should be another splendor,—as of adding gold to ivory, as of adding blossoms to leaves;—to the politics, the wealth, the art, the cities, should be added the presence of God, the sublimity of the moral law, reverence for the unutterable mystery, and the consecration of all the powers of life to the end that truth and virtue may be established. To crown power with goodness is the final aim of life.

To carry this gospel to the mind and heart of man, many brave missionaries are needed. Who becomes its agent need not assume a deprecating, an apologetic attitude. No more than did Paul need any one be ashamed of this gospel. Who makes goodness the sole clew to which the heart must cling amid all the labyrinth of nature, and ranks conscience above all place and all rewards, has always the right to be heard. He is as necessary to the world, as the producer of its wheat and cotton; as needful as he who opens its mines, who builds its cities, who spans earth with its railways, or fills its galleries with art. He can rightly claim precedence of all others. He is also a producer and enhancer of values. A right action adds beauty to a landscape, gives fragrance to a garden, gives an additional luster to the sunshine.

Force guided by love, power worshiping at the shrine of conscience. An end this, worthy of all effort. To every youth this gospel should come like a bugle call rousing him to action. It should be the rallying cry in the midst of every defeat. Like him who went to Rome without shame in his work, many should go toward the centers of earth glorying in the opportunity to redeem them from vice and despair; giving truth which shall be strength to the weak, courage to the faint hearted, rebuke to the sinful, pardon for the penitent, and light for the dying. So would life on our planet assume higher meaning; the designs of the Spirit which placed man here and led him thus far would be fulfilled; and a new era in history would begin.

The Late Conversazione of the London Spiritual Alliance.

We promised last week some more detailed account than time then permitted, of the questions and answers which were the novel feature of the evening. A very large number of questions were sent up, and it need scarcely be said that in giving his unpremeditated answers the President could not be expected, nor did he pretend, to deal with all queries, or to give any replies that penetrated far below the surface of the difficulties propounded. Moreover, it should be stated that in what he said he expressed his own opinion only, and spoke for himself alone. That, of course, was inevitable, for in setting forth the result of personal experience on a wide question respecting which our knowledge is slight, a man can only speak that which he believes, and offer opinions that seem to him to be sound. We shall, perhaps, best preserve the interest which the audience evidently felt if we give a rough transcript of what was said from shorthand notes taken at the time. No discussion, unfortunately, took place. It would be a gain on another similar occasion if a variety of opinions were expressed.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

The President: The questions that have been proposed to me are concerned chiefly with the nature of mediumship; with the best methods of developing it; with the state of the departed, so far as we know it, after death; with re-incarnation; with spirit identity; and I have one or two questions that do not fall within any assignable group, which, with the consent of the proposers, I will put aside for the moment, until I have dealt with these three or four groups of questions.

Here is the first question:—

"As merely witnessing the phenomena through professional mediums is often far from being convincing, what is the best way for inquirers to convince themselves of the truth of Spiritualism?"

There is only one answer to this question, *Solvitur ambulando*—try the experiment. The large correspondence that I have had in connection with Spiritualism enables me to say that patient experiment will usually throw light upon these mysteries. The other day a lady wrote to me asking for an interview. I told her all I could that was helpful, but with her, as in all cases, the cry was, "I want to see these things for myself." She set to work afterwards with a young relative and some very brief trial resulted in the desired success. This is not always so. "It is not in mortals to command success" in these matters; but at any rate in this case, the little circle got some remarkable communications which were outside of the intelligence of any person present; by that I mean that whether the spirit professing to communicate was or was not the being it professed to be, it was an entity outside of the brain of any human being present. That is a distinct step in conviction. If, as some scientific men who are materialists contend, thought is a secretion of the brain, then if we prove the existence of thought of any kind outside of the brain of any person present in a given room, purporting to proceed from a disembodied spirit, we are carrieda very long way towards the principle of a survival after death, which is roughly called immortality.

This bears upon another question I hold in my hand:

"What are your reasons for believing that the phenomena are the work of spirits? May they not be explained by telepathy, mesmerism, or by the action of some unknown force?"

My first reason for believing that the phenomena are the work of spirits is that the intelligence that communicates says they are. My second reason is that I never came across an intelligent force, and I never knew anybody who did. Force is that which is used by the intelligence, and the intelligence is what I call, and what calls itself, a spirit. I believe some people nowadays object to the term spirit so applied. I think the objection

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HEREDITY.

The inheritance of the peculiarities of physical structure is a matter of daily and hourly observation, and the minute fidelity of it is at times very remarkable. Agassiz placed on record cases where traces of surgical operations had been transmitted. Sometimes parent and child are not only alike in form and feature, but even in tricks of tone and gesture, handwriting and gait.

The predisposition to certain diseases like gout or insanity, often developed after maturity, is transmissible; and also the liability to die about a certain age. The famous Turgots, for more than a century, rarely exceeded fifty years of age; and insanity often appears after the meridian of life in several successive generations of a family. The remarkable faithfulness of reproduction in the majority of cases, is a fact somewhat parallel to the growth and maintenance of an organism, wherein with the constant succession of cells, each of brief existence, substantial identity is kept up. There do not seem to be very marked differences in babes, yet from the same food one will become a man of muscles and energy, another of nerve and brain, a third a portly man of ease-loving habits. All the original peculiarities of each tiny human nucleus pick out from a common nourishment elements like themselves, rejecting the rest.

Inheritance is not only physical, but intellectual as well; great ability in mathematics, painting, music, and other departments of effort, has clearly been received at birth in many thousands of examples. The Bach family for two hundred years maintained exalted rank in music. The direct succession of very able men in the families of Pitt, Napier, Fox, Herschel, Darwin and many more, is evidence that mind and will are as transmissible as complexion and stature. This is more apparent in a country like England, where the institutions and customs favor and confirm the results of heredity, than in America, where there is no law of entail, and as yet little of the ambitious founding of families. There is abundant evidence to prove that heredity can be moral as well as physical and intellectual.

The Stuarts were as constant in the presentation of certain moral traits as the family of the Churchills or the American Adamses are in others. Improvidence, penuriousness, dishonesty, and good judgment, once thoroughly established in a stock, persist with quite as much tenacity as the familiar eyes or nose. The inheritance by posterity of the changes wrought on individuals by their experience, is the basis of the modern explanation of the growth of instinct and the evolution of human intelligence. Darwin has developed this theory in a masterly manner. He gives as an illustration, that between the finished skill of the honey-bee and the rude capabilities of the bumble-bee stand the intermediate powers of the Mexican melipona. This last insect constructs a comb of wax, almost regular in form, consisting of cylindrical cells, in which the larvæ are hatched, and a certain number of large cells to hold the store of honey. The latter cells are nearly spherical and situated at a considerable distance from each other. Now, any slight variation of organization or instinct, by which the melipona would construct its cells more uniformly and compactly, would economize its wax and labor and bring it up toward the plane of the honey-bee. The generations of insects succeed each other so rapidly that no modifications can be detected among species low in the scale. Honey-bees, however, are not possessed of unadaptable and rigid instincts, for they have been observed to spring arches and buttresses in their cells to avoid glass rods purposely inverted. An organism's advantage plainly lies in an increase of its skill and ingenuity, and any slight advance made by individuals is preserved by heredity, persists in tendencies and habits, and becomes fixed as instinct.

The development of intelligence among mankind is accounted for in the same manner; efforts at first painfully made by our ancestors in new paths were at last rewarded by the facility that comes with repetition, their immediate descendants were born with new aptitudes and an organization with a wider range of powers; the acquisitions thus gained and transmitted have grown into the varied faculties of the men and women of to-day. "Mankind," Comte says, "is as one man, always living and always learning." The passing away of one generation and the birth of another do not interfere with the constant progress of the race.

The method applied to the explanation of the growth of instinct and intelligence has been used by Darwin in approaching the problem of the origin of the conscience from the side of natural history. He deems it to have had its beginning when an animal could contrast the transient pleasure given by the gratification of a passion with the abiding pain afterward felt. An enlargement of memory must have come before the intermediate and remote effects of actions could be compared in consciousness, and the greater good recognized and chosen.

The theory of conscience, which holds it to have been created by the experiences of the race confirming habits best suited for social life, well accords with the theory of morals which takes benefit or utility, in its largest sense, as the test and sanction of right conduct.

While the manifestations of heredity in their obvious effects are interesting, yet the laws brought to light by an examination of some results apparently exceptional and contradictory, are of still deeper interest. A single great law may underlie a large group of problems, yet many other principles of minor weight may co-operate with it and obscure its direct force. The study of residual phenomena is ever fraught with increased knowledge and the unfailing testimony that where law seems to be at fault, it is only so from our ignorance of the varied energies at work, which are constantly revealed to the patient searcher for truth. In the science of heredity many apparent anomalies have been resolved in allowing for the action of forces newly discovered or applied.

The study of the numerous powers of the mind has of late years attracted much attention; observation has found that there may lie latent in a man, tendencies and forces whose existence he may never suspect, but which he is capable of transmitting to children who shall palpably develop them. Insanity, gout, and melancholia, frequently skip a generation and reappear when hopes have been entertained that the evil trait had died out in the family. A son may resemble his mother very markedly, and have children with the features and character of his father. The evidence of heredity is thus borne out frequently in the long run, when to a contracted view it would seem at fault. An individual inherits not only from his parents but from all their predecessors in the line of life, and just what shall appear evidently in him, and what may be hidden in unconsciousness, none can tell. The surface forces of the man may be like the momentum of a tree falling down a mountain slope, but the inner and dormant powers never to be manifested during a lifetime may as far transcend the energies actually shown as the force of the fire which the tree may feed excels that of its mere bodily impact in descent.

The dormancy of traits accounts for atavism or the reversion of an organism to the form and character of ancestral stock. Pigeons, dogs, and horses, frequently relapse, so to speak, to the inferior type from which they have been bred, and so exhibit a wide divergence from their immediate parents. Reversion of this kind has been noticed in the silkworm after a thousand generations. So long in nature does an organism retain substantially the same form, that when art produces a rapid modification of structure, or desires to seize upon a valuable and marked variety, repeated and careful selection is required to give a permanence.

The principle of atavism explains the curious resemblance often seen in the human family between uncle and nephew; the likeness in such cases is derived from some common ancestor, the grandfather, most likely.

Mr. Galton, in his work on "Hereditary Genius," adopts the statistical method to prove that illustrious men arise oftenest from families displaying eminent talent, and have relatives approaching to themselves in ability in a degree proportioned to the nearness to kinship. A man of genius is much more likely to have a remarkable father or son, than a nephew or cousin. Great men, Galton says, seem to arise like islands, isolated and unaccountable; but this is an illusion—they are given to us by parents unknown, from the necessarily limitations of fame; islands are but the tops of hills whose whole extent is hidden by obscuring ocean. Yet the exceptions to this rule are very momentous; why should Cromwell, Milton, Gœthe, and so many others leave behind them unworthy children? Was it from unfortunate mating with an inferior mother, or because the vitality, physical and mental, was too much drawn on for the individual life for worthy continuation? How can it be explained that men like Burns and Faraday should come up from families in which even enthusiastic biographers can find nothing to distinguish them from their neighbors?

The wide unlikeness frequently observed between parents and children in talents and character suggests an analogy with a familiar fact in chemistry. A compound's color, weight, and other properties, may be changed almost beyond recognition by adding or eliminating a single element. It is somewhat so in human nature; a father of warm passions or strong acquisitive impulses, may transmit all his traits to a son, except prudence; and the omission may cause much sympathy for a reputable and worthy man's being afflicted with a boy so unlike himself. If the lack in inheritance be in permanence and application, of what value are splendid talents without them?

A lens, externally not to be distinguished from a perfect one, may, from some slight defect in composition or handling, give images blurred and distorted, instead of true and beautiful. A chain is no stronger than its weakest link, and a small lack or discordance in the elements of character may exclude it from the exacting demands of high place. We often hear regrets that men of genius so seldom have living descendants, but we must not overrate the persistence of ordinary families; taking the first eleven names of acquaintances that occurred to me, I found that three of them were in a fair way of being the last of their race; every old person can recollect the dying out of many once numerous families.

Ribot, the French authority on heredity, alleges two causes as among the chief at work in cases where the law of transmission does not obviously manifest itself. The first is the disproportion of an initiatory force to the amount of energy it may liberate or direct, as in the slight agencies by which fires are lit or explosions set off. The accidental surroundings of a mother before the birth of her child may affect it for life in a way altogether disproportioned to the forces at work. The military excitements in which Madame Bonaparte lived just prior to Napoleon's birth are well known. Anxiety, grief, elation, an unusual degree of physical health or debility at such times are productive of very striking effects, quite capable of making the likeness between parent and child in form and disposition. The Greeks believed so strongly in the potency of pre-natal conditions that they not only guarded mothers who were bearing, with the kindest care, but used even to surround them with beautiful works of art, that imagination might act a favorable part.

The second cause which Ribot thinks often tends to obscure the evidence of heredity, is the transformation in development of characteristics which are the same at root. Thus a consumptive father has a son who suffers from rheumatism or paralysis. Here transmission has simply been that of a feeble constitution, which gives way in the first circumstances of severe trial—those favoring rheumatism, paralysis, or other disease. The crystal of life, to use Galton's figure, is disturbed, and reposes on a new facet. In cases where talent appears conspicuously in a family, it may be that energy and patience, productive of but ordinary results in a father, are directed by his son to supplying some new public want, or filling a position created by some sudden national emergency. The constructive powers of Stephenson were less remarkable than his dogged perseverance; and when the world needed steam locomotion, he was the man to give it, and surmount the immense difficulties in the way. His strong will is not a rare trait of character, but, joined to his ingenuity, it won him success in his great opportunity. Had Charles I. been a good king, Cromwell would probably have died a brewer. Unbending will was also his chief characteristic, but at Huntingdon it could have enjoyed but narrow play. Galton has confirmed his opinion that nature is more powerful than nurture in moulding men, by collecting elaborate testimony from all the illustrious Englishmen of science now living, who say for the most part, that their tastes were either innate, or manifested themselves very early under the influence of training, and in some few cases were developed in antagonism to a particular kind of education imparted to them.—*Phrenological Magazine, Eng.*

Della Scala stood among his courtiers, with mimes and buffoons making him heartily merry; when, turning to Dante, he said: "Is it not strange, now, that this poor fool should make himself so entertaining; while you, a wise man, sit there, day after day, and have nothing to amuse us with at all?" Dante answered bitterly: "No, not strange; your highness is to recollect the proverb, 'Like to like'"—given the amuser, the amusee must also be given. Such a man, with his proud, silent ways, with his sarcasms and sorrows, was not made to succeed at court.—*Carlyle, in "Hero-Worship."*

LETTER OF JESUS CHRIST,*

And of the Blood Which Our Lord Jesus, Christ Shed While Going to Calvary.

Letter of Prayer Found in the Sacred Tomb of Our Lord Jesus Christ in Jerusalem, Kept in a Silver Box by Their Holiness Christian Emperors and Empresses.

Jesus Christ in speaking to them expressed Himself thus: Desiring St. Elizabeth, Hungarian Queen, St. Mathilde and St. Bridget to know something about the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, they offered particular prayer, by means of which Jesus Christ appeared, and spoke to them thus:

Know ye, that the armed soldiers were 150; those that brought me tied 23; the executors of justice 23; the blows of fists received on the head 150, on the chest 108, and on the shoulders 89. I was dragged by means of ropes, and by the hair 22 times; spittles in the face 180; blows on the body 6,666; on the head 110; they wounded me fatally in the heart; they lifted me up in the air by the hair 21 times. Once I sighed 129 times; I was dragged by the beard 23 times. I had 20 blisters on my head, 72 bulrush thorns, 110 punctures in the head, and three fatal thorns on the forehead. After I was flogged and dressed in mockery as a king, 1,000 wounds were on my body. The soldiers who brought me to Calvary were 908; those who guarded me 3; I shed 38,325 drops of blood. All those that will recite every day, 7 *Paters, Ave* and *Gloria*, for the space of 15 years, to complete the number of the drops of blood that I shed; and he who will fast 5 Fridays of the year, in honor of the 5 wounds of Christ, will receive by asking me 5 graces. The first will be a remission of all your sins; the second you will be free from the pains of the Purgatory; the third, if death occurs before the said 15 years, they shall be counted as having been fulfilled; the fourth you will be considered as a martyr of the Christian Faith; the fifth my protection from Heaven for you, your relatives and sons until the fourth generation.

A certain Spanish Captain, travelling by land, saw near Barcelona a head severed from the body, which spoke to him in this way: "Since you are going to Barcelona please bring me a priest to confess, being this the second day I am laying here without being able to die. The captain immediately went for the priest and brought him to the living head, after the confession, its spirit exhaled. This Letter of Prayer was found about his body, which on that occasion it was approved by the tribunals of the St. Inquisition of the Queen of Spain. The aforesaid *Pater, Ave* and *Gloria*, can be recited every day in honor of any soul.

Another copy of the said letter, has been miraculously found in a place called Pursit, three leagues from Marseille, written in letters of gold, and through divine action it was brought there by a boy 7 years old, living in the same place.

An additional declaration dated January 2nd, 1750, states that those who will work on Sunday, will not be considered faithful; because you must consecrate the Sunday for prayer, and you must go to church, to confess yourself, and pray God to forgive your sins. You have to work 6 days, and one is for rest and devotion. And the poor and your families will be full of graces. On the contrary if you don't believe in this Letter, you shall be deprived of my grace; you and your children shall be continually oppressed by ill-luck, malignant pests, misery, war and heart spasms, in sign of my indignation. In the sky, you will see signs of a disastering tempest accompanied by thunder, lightning and earthquakes.

He who will judge that this Letter was not written by divine action, or dictated by the sacred mouth of God:—and those who will keep it maliciously hid, without showing it to other persons, will be cursed and convicted by God on judgment day. He who, instead will publish it, be he a sinner, will receive my pardon, providing that he will repent of having offended me, and injured his fellow beings. Those who understand this Letter and will read it, or have it read by their friends, and will keep it into their homes, will never perish.

He who will bring this Letter about him, will not die either drowned, nor of bed death, and will be free of contagious disease and plague, from lightning, enemies, power of justice and false witnesses.

Women who cannot bring forth, will be able to do so, and be out of danger. Treachery will not be sheltered in the houses where this Letter is, and the man who will bring it 40 days before his death, will see the Blessed Virgin-Mary, as St. Gregory the Pope said.

Every one is requested to bring the present Letter on their person, in order to get for themselves and their graces from God, through Jesus Christ's merits.

Eternal Blessing.

JESUS NAZAREAN.—AMEN.

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* This remarkable document was procured from a pupil of a parochial school and sent to the JOURNAL by a subscriber for whose veracity and integrity we vouch.—ED. JOURNAL.

Reply to R. G. D.'s Inquires.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

R. G. D. makes some inquiries of me in a late JOURNAL, which I will reply to; but to his query whether I have "had the pleasure of conversing *vis a vis* with undoubted materialized spirits," I shall say that I never have had that pleasure; but I will relate two or three instances of materializations that I have witnessed, which, together with many others of a similar nature, have fully satisfied me that hands, arms and faces, can be, and are materialized for the occasion; and if a hand, arm or face can be materialized, it follows as a logical sequence that, under favorable conditions, the full form may be. On the 18th day of July, 1873, I went to Cascade, near Moravia, N. Y., to witness the mediumship of Mrs. Mary A. Andrews. I met there Judge McCormic, of Pa.; Mr. Cher of N. J., and a Mr. Bell from Ohio. This last named gentleman had been there several days, and told me of the wonderful things he had witnessed there, and said he had sent for a friend at his place who was a close observer, but an utter skeptic regarding spiritual manifestations; also that he should not introduce him as he did not want his name known there until after he had made investigations. This gentleman with his wife arrived on the 20th, but did not register. That day we had a circle. I with several others moved the cabinet out from the wall and made a careful examination of it. It was made of boards, about two and a half feet wide by six feet long, a door in one end, and a square hole near the door covered with dark cloth. Lower down and near the farther end was another aperture, also covered with cloth. There was only one door opening into the séance room. Several different faces were shown, but none that I recognized. At one time, at the same instant, three hands were shown at the upper aperture and two children's hands at the lower one. At the next séance a face was shown which looked directly towards the stranger and said: "Well, Tom Finnefrock, you will find this the most difficult case you ever tried." At the next séance this same spirit came again, and speaking to Lawyer Finnefrock, said:

"Thank God this is true.—Bartlett."

Mr. F. said Bartlett was a former partner of his. I sat next to Mrs. F., who was much opposed to the manifestations. I noticed she was very much excited. After the séance I asked her the cause of it. Her reply was: "I sat there and prayed all the time that neither my little child nor one Mr. F. had by his first wife would come back."

"Why?" I asked.

"My little child has gone to God, and do you suppose I want it to come back to this wicked world?"

I smiled. I have taken this from memoranda written immediately after the séances.

In August, 1875, I attended a dark séance at Lake Pleasant, in a cottage which had but one room, two doors, and three windows. I first strapped the hands of the medium, Mrs. Weston, closely together with long strips of sticking plaster. Then I marked the strips where they lapped over each other with an indelible pencil. The doors and windows were shut and fastened under my supervision. There were none but adults in the room. We sat in a circle, chairs touching each other, medium in the centre, circle joined by each one taking hold of the wrist of the one sitting at the left, thus leaving the right hand free. Soon what appeared to be a child's hand touched mine several times. I asked to have the hand placed fairly in mine and left there for a moment, at the same time saying I would not attempt to grasp it. This was done, and I closed my hand carefully several times, opening it again instantly, just to feel the size of it. It was then moved along through my hand, I continually clasping it gently all the way to the elbow. It was a soft, smooth, child's hand and arm; I should say it belonged to a child about eight years old. After the séance I examined the lady's hands, and removed the sticking plaster, finding it and the hands in exactly the same condition in which I had left them.

In August, 1886, at Lake Pleasant an entertainment was given in the hall by the mediums for the benefit of our Association. The Eddy Brothers offered their services for the manifestations that occur through the mediumship of Horatio. A cabinet was constructed on the platform, of wood slats covered with dark cloth. Bells and musical instruments were put on a table in this cabinet. Horatio sat in front near one end. A lady and a gentleman in the audience, who said they were not only skeptics, but strangers to the Eddys, came upon the platform. The lady sat next to Horatio and clasped his right hand and arm. The gentleman sat next to her with one hand on her shoulder. The three were covered with a dark cloth, excepting their heads. William Eddy stood at Horatio's left, and I stood at the other corner of the cabinet. The manifestations with the bells and musical instruments commenced immediately. Soon a right hand was thrust out between me and the man sitting in front of the cabinet, and within a foot of my face a very large hand, larger than Horatio Eddy's, and with the little finger cut off between the second and third joints. The flesh had not healed smoothly; there was a protuberance on one side as large as a small pea. The hand was turned back and front several times. The hall was very light. I could see the hand as distinctly, as though I was out in broad daylight. The lady who had hold of Horatio's arm told the audience he did not move during the manifestations. Horatio's hands are both perfect. But do not for a moment understand that I believe that all so-called full-form materializations are genuine, for I do not. Would to God that all mediums, as well as all the rest of us, were as honest as we shall wish we had been when we come to stand before the record of our lives after we have passed out from the mortal. The Book of Life, of which John the Revelator speaks, is a reality. Psychometry proves this; but each one is his own Recording Angel, and no false entries are made in our Book of Life. If perchance, there is a balance in our favor, we shall rejoice; but if it is against us, I fear we shall have a harder work to do than we have dreamed of here. JOSEPH BEALS.

Greenfield, Mass.

SPIRITUAL GIFTS.

What Constitutes Spiritual Mediumship?

This question is so often reiterated, together with the corollary, "Why do not the spirits come to me instead of such and such an one?" that we deem quite one-half of the Spiritualists—to say nothing of mere enquirers—fail to apprehend the true nature, operation and limitation of spiritual powers miscalled "gifts," the latter word implying something specially conferred upon a recipient, rather than a result of organic and functional qualities. Using the words "spiritual, gifts," however, in accordance with the general understanding of the phrase, we proceed to lay the corner stone of our philosophy—declared to the writer by teaching spirits themselves—in an attempt to define in what mediumship consists. Taking the ground assumed by "Sirius," the author of Art Magic, and strongly enforced by certain of our controlling spirits, we may say that we consider that the human body consists of matter, force and spirit. Matter, the mould, formative, and external element. Force, the invisible but ever active life principle, which we shall call magnetism; and Spirit, the interior and only intelligential element in the organism. As it is with this second principle, magnetism, that we have now to deal, we shall confine ourselves at present to a description of the attributes and operation of that special element. Magnetism is the life principle of all things and all forms. It is motion, *per se;* and its two only modes are attraction and repulsion. In the motions of bodies in space, magnetism is called "centrifugal and centripetal force," centrifugal—driving off, or repulsion; centripetal—drawing-in, or attraction. Throughout the known universe these two modes of one force create and disintegrate; build up and destroy; recompose and decompose; in a word, move upon and through all known forms, animate and inanimate. In the inanimate world we call this element "force;" in the animated realm, "life." *No one human being is a duplicate of the other*, and all the infinite varieties of animal as well as human life proceed from inequalities in the distribution of the life forces. Let no controversialist ask whence come these inequalities.

We cannot step behind the influences of soil, climate, heredity, physiological changes, etc., etc., to deal with the primal causes. We only affirm—it is so now; and dealing with living beings as we find them, we can resolve all the infinite varieties of the human family into three groups.

The first of these consists of organisms charged with a large excess of magnetism, but the balance of that excess tends towards the positive pole of attraction. The magnetic force in this respect gathers in from all sources, and hence, controls all objects which it approaches. Those endowed with this large excess of the positive quality are magnetizers. When the force clusters around the organs of nutrition, they are good nurses, good physicians, good healers. When it locates most abundantly in the cerebrum, or front brain, it produces great psychologists, statesmen, successful merchants, traders, or persons who fill any department wherein they can mentally control their fellow mortals. Sometimes this powerful and positive life-force centres around certain organs only. Then the result is to create great musicians, painters, poets, calculators, inventors, or other specialists who exhibit abnormal powers in special directions.

The second group consists of those who are also charged with an excess of the life principle—magnetism; but in these the negative or repulsive polarity prevails. They all too readily part with magnetism. Every person and every object draws from them, and as Nature always seeks an equilibrium, these persons, depleted of the life-force, draw again from their surroundings, and hence attract back, to fill up the vacuum, magnetism from all sources they come in contact with. Hence these individuals are the subjects of the aforesaid operators. They are "sensitives," easily controlled, always under the influence of others, or external objects—and these are *mediums*, and subjects of others' influences and others' minds. Can it be a marvel that, if the operators, the magnetizers, the powerful psychologists of earth die, and carry with them their life-principle or spiritual body, that they should be able to control their subjects just as readily as spirits, as they have done as mortals? In sleep, the body alone—worn out by the attrition of the day's duties—slumbers. The life-principle still remains, and carries on the functions essential to perpetuate mortal existence. In death, that life-principle departs, and this then becomes that spiritual body which clothes upon the innermost spirit, the duality of which is *soul*. Hence it must be apparent that the real force of the magnetizer, psychologist, healer, or controller in any direction, goes with the spirit at death, and enables that spirit to influence sensitive subjects as freely from the spirit world as it did on earth. To account for the very great variety of mediumship that is now manifested, we have only to add that from antenatal or other causes, the magnetic force in mediumistic persons sometimes clusters around the cerebellum or back brain. In this case the magnetism given off furnishes a pabulum of a physical order, enabling spirits of corresponding nature to produce manifestations of a ponderable and ponderous kind. Sometime the force lingers especially in the optic nerves, influencing spiritual sight. At other times it clusters about the organs of music, poetry, painting, language, ideality, etc., producing in each case a corresponding power in the controlling spirit to externalize the special faculty in question. Occasionally the excess of the life-force throbs throughout the whole system, rendering the subject sensitive in many directions, and hence certain media exhibit varied powers in many directions, though in general, most potent results are those which are confined to few and special faculties.

Volumes could be written on the physiological causes of mediumship, and the operative forces which create controlling powers, both on earth and from the spheres. The above rough digest of this most important subject must, however, suffice for the present, although we cannot close without touching upon the organic conditions which exist in the third group of mankind, or those who may be called the

NEUTERS OR NON-MEDIUMS.

While every living creature is vitalized by the same life-principle, or magnetism, all are not charged in the same degree. The excess in one group of organisms, when of a positive or contractile tendency, produces operators, magnetizers, and controlling spirits. The excess in another group, when of a negative or repulsive tendency, produces subjects, sensitives, and spirit mediums. Between the two groups are the multitudes who are not charged with any excess, either in one direction or another. These are the "neuters" who are not mediums. Contact with magnetic operators, sensitives, and the strong desire of soul, may externalize or, as it is termed, develop latent powers, and promote the accumulation of such forces as will unfold the powers either of the operator or the subject. As spirits, however, are prone to employ the most accessible means of communicating to earth, and avail themselves of ready-made mediumship, so it is most rational to suppose they take the first available clerk to the spiritual postoffice, and use the first prepared wire to the spiritual telegraph they can find. And that is why messieurs the critics, scientists and captious inquirers, spirits can, and therefore sometimes do, communicate with you "illiterate," "vulgar," "common-place" individual called "a medium," and don't come within "my learned sanctum or my highly refined presence to convince me." "When they do, I may believe; until they do, why—it's too low and vulgar, and I shan't have anything to do with it," etc. All right, Monsieur Scientist and Madame Exquisite! *N'importe!* The world goes marching on. Spiritualism does not want you, does not wait for you, and in God's providence, and in nature's immutable laws, it may be full time for you to commence to live your life over again—and that as a little child—when you yourselves become spirits. —*The Two Worlds.*

Jesus Christ, like Mohammed, provided only two abodes for the souls of men; one in Heaven with His Father, and the other in Hell, where the fire was never quenched. It was felt, however, by the general Christian world that this sharp separation of all mankind into black and white, goats and sheep, was quite untenable. Hence the Catholic institution of Purgatory, which, whatever may be said against it, is a wise and liberal modification of the harsh doctrine of Christ, affording a resource for the vast intermediate mass who are neither wholly virtuous nor wholly wicked, and providing an agreeable exercise for that natural piety which prompts us to mingle the names of departed friends in our devotions, whether (as in Africa) to them, or (as in Europe) to pray for them.—*Lord Amberley.*

The great high road of human welfare lies along the old highway of steadfast well-doing.—*Anon.*

Letters From a Journalist.

NUMBER ONE.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Intensely bitter is the prejudice evinced in certain quarters—notably by the management of many great dailies—against the yet embryo science of communication between the physical and spiritual worlds. The recent trial of the Dis De Bar and the Terry-Dunlap slander suit, both in New York, have been used by bigots, who unfortunately fill important editorial positions, as excuses for the most shameful insults to all who in any way give credence to the actuality of endless life based upon indisputable facts and personal experience.

From many pulpits of the Pro-test-ant Church, have been uttered grossly infamous slanders against the intelligence and morality of the millions of good and honorable men and women whose assurance of future existence is not based on faith but on knowledge. And it is a duty, only cowards will shirk, for each and every one who has gained such knowledge to make it known, and combat these hurlers of lies and insults with the keen-edged sword of truth and wisdom.

Yet, after all, how like it is to casting pearls before swine. The human representatives of the lowest grades of the animal kingdom are so numerous, they take such brutish delight in the so-called pleasures of material existence, that it is, perhaps, unkind to even attempt their salvation from the degenerate condition they have acquired through centuries of servility to the dogmas of man-made religions, through ages of submission to the dictates of priestly schemers.

What difference does it make if eyes remain blinded to the light, ears deaf to the joyful words of greeting that have shone upon and reached those who have sought and found, who have listened and heard. We do not need impertinent prayers for our "salvation"—do others need the guiding rays of the light we possess?

Ah, yes! In secret and in sorrow there are untold thousands who sit in the alleged sanctuaries wherein are heard these venomous diatribes against a science the preachers dare not study—there are thousands who read the absurd "exposures of Spiritualism" by the callow Henry Guy Carlton, who read the decision of the narrow minded Medico-Legal Society of New York, who read the thousand and one petty slurs uttered by these Calvinistic fanatics and know them as the utterances of fear, superstition and bigotry. They know respected friends of undoubted common sense, of honest, kindly hearts, who have asked and received, sought and found; knocked, and gateways are revealed through which from "that dread bourn" the dear travelers "do" return. And while the swine of humankind grovel in the mire of their beloved ignorance and wallow in the putrid slime of licentious materialism, there is a multitude of heart-weary ones, seeking, longing, wishing for the knowledge we possess, and to these, and these alone, all of us who know the light should extend a helping hand to aid them in their search.

There are among us craven cowards, who with hypocritical effrontery enter the front door of the church whose doctrines they know to be false, but who sneak in the alley gate when they approach the meeting place of mortals made immortal. There are in all ranks of society, hundreds of thousands who are leading these false lives, who will whisper to the outspoken believer who has learned the secret joy that fills their hearts:

"For goodness sake, don't say I told you! My church friends would ostracize me and my business would suffer. To succeed in life, you know one must drift with the current!"

Poor, feeble, mawkish cravens! Keep right on in the course of duplicity you have chosen; but remember that unto whom much is given from him shall much be required, and your day of reckoning, of accounting for your stewardship, will find you below the level of those who never sought the light but lived in voluntary darkness under the gloom of man-made religion, in the shadow of the cross of of paganism, hearkening unto those hired to think for them, pray for them, and barter for their alleged salvation.

"You should attend our church and Sunday school" said a neighbor; "it is the only way to make friends in this city. People who do not go to church at all, might as well live out in the woods."

"Thank you," I replied. "When I wish to form friends in that way, I will join one of the numerous secret societies whose members and their families hold pleasant social reunions in the lodge room at stated intervals, and whose membership is selected after careful scrutiny. There are too many already who make a mockery of quasi-religion by adopting it for the sake of forming acquaintances. We who know of our unseen friends are never lonesome and never experience the sorrow of discovering them to be false pretenders, backbiters and slanderers, such as you find in your miscellaneous congregation of 'saints and sinners.' If your friendship depends on my family's attendance at your church, we do not wish your friendship and you may govern yourself accordingly."

I recognize the usefulness and good work of the orthodox churches among those who have not advanced beyond and above them. I do not recognize as useful to the world or good at heart, the man or woman who experiencing the perfection of knowledge of spiritual things fears to reveal it and continues an avowed believer in a religion based on faith in a mythical impossibility.

If a man's belief is any evidence of his mental state, are not those who believe "on faith" many of the doctrines expounded from orthodox pulpits, nearer the condition ascribed to believers in "things seen and heard" by Dr. Mathew M. Field of New York? At a recent meeting of the Medico-Legal Society in that city he read a paper upon the question, "Is Belief in Spiritualism Ever Evidence of Insanity *per se*?"

The doctor divided the believers in Spiritualism into three classes: First, those who make it a business to mystify, viz., the so-called mediums; second, those who attend séances, who wonder at the strange things they see, and believe they are brought about by supernatural means, and third, those who, without the intervention of others, believe that they see the dead or those at a distance face to face. Those of the last class, the doctor said, were all insane.

"The abstract belief in Spiritualism is no evidence of insanity," he went on. "A man can perfectly well believe that God has spoken to others, but it is when he tells you that God has spoken to him that you have evidence of his insanity. Balaam's ass may have spoken in days of old, but when a man tells you that an ass has spoken to him, you believe him insane.

"In that middle class which believes in the manifestations produced by others, while it is mainly formed of weak-minded people, with some brilliant exceptions, it can not be said that the belief indicates insanity, though such a belief in a person of mature years and of acknowledged good judgment may well be taken as a sign of mental deterioration. In this class there is delusion but no hallucination, because there is an actual external object produced."

In the discussion which followed Dr. Field said that he placed Luther R. Marsh in the second class, namely, those whose belief in Spiritualism does not necessarily prove insanity.

My private opinion is that an ass spoke when Dr. Field read the paper of which the above is an extract, and if the medico-legal gent concludes I am insane because of this opinion he will only follow the trend of his asinine theory. J.

Detroit, Mich.

CASSADAGA CAMP PICNIC.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Beautiful days have greeted us and afforded enjoyment to the hundreds of people who came to Cassadaga picnic. Out door meetings can only be enjoyed when the weather is propitious, salubrious natural advantages present, and on the part of the management suavity of manner and a wise anticipation of the wants of a crowd; all these were present on the 8th, 9th and 10th of June.

Cassadaga is located about 14 miles from Lake Erie, and in the extreme western part of the State of New York. The country around is diversified by hill and dale; every variety of scenery meets the eye of the traveler. The valleys are devoted to agriculture; comfortable homesteads line the railroads, and on all sides are the sure marks of prosperity, virtue, education and independence. The camp ground consists of forty acres on the shore of Cassadaga Lake, as beautiful a sheet of water as eye needs to see. Fish are said to abound in it. Plenty of good boats ply upon its uncontaminated waters. The camp is a lovely place. The world is shut out. It is a world in itself. It has its society, its favorites and rulers.

New and handsome cottages are in the course of erection. There is magnificent shade. The hotel is well built, commodious, and the tariff is low—for about expenses only. There are calm retreats among venerable trees for those who want to meditate upon the sublime and beautiful, or launch in speculations on the wonderful conundrums of psychology. The cottages are roomy and convenient, with spacious verandas. As the stranger passes them he can hear the ladies and gentlemen earnestly discussing the difficult merits of materialization, and the noble problems of the after-life. Every shade of opinion can be heard, and every crank can have a hearing. This is about as it should be.

Socrates in the market place, and Plato in the groves, did not get more intent listeners than these visitors to Cassadaga. Will not, in coming ages, the cottage stoop be as venerable and famous as the antique portico of Athens, or the cloisters of the mediæval monastery? Some great men's immortal thoughts may be uttered here and stored away for their richness and beauty.

Cassadaga is a place for summer resort and spiritual education. It was here that Mr. Richmond got the evidence that convinced him that spirits exist in nature, and that the soul continues to exist after the death of the body. The place is admirably managed—good order, safety, and agreeable associations.

The picnic was well attended. In the pavilion a congregation of men and women collected as intelligent and good looking as ever I saw. Mrs. Watson is superb, eloquent and graceful. The people were delighted with her two lectures. Of the lectures I need say no more. Those who do not know what to do or where to go in the month of August, let me call to their minds the charming retreat of the Spiritualist camp meeting at Cassadaga Lake. Those who want rest and change, or want phenomena that speak of a possible after life, or who desire more light on the spiritual philosophy, should go to Cassadaga. Without any doubt they will get all they go for there.

Newfield, N. J. J. CLEGG WRIGHT.

Parkland.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The season of '88 has been opened at this beautiful camp ground and summer resort by the enterprising managers selected by the First Associations, viz.: Mr. H. Bronson, Mr. B. P. Benner and Robert Thompson. Mr. Charles Dawbarn has lectured during June. He gave general satisfaction with his masterly handling of subjects replete with instructive facts.

Several eminent soloists, vocal and instrumental, have delighted large audiences: Mr. Hewes and other cornetists; Messrs. Fray and Smith vocalists, and Mr. Thaler, pianist. On the rostrum have been several good test mediums: Mrs. Cutler, Mrs. Anthony, Mrs. Brown, Mr. Wallace. Very many convincing tests were given.

The regular camp opens July 1st, the speaker being J. C. Wright, to be followed by Miss Jennie B. Hagan, Dr. H. P. Fairfield, J. Frank Baxter, C. Fannie Allyn, Mrs. Paul, Mrs. Lake and others whose names will be hereafter announced. Already there are over 25 families camping on the beautiful grounds; before August there will be nearly one hundred.

Many attractive cottages are being built. Great improvements have been made on the grounds and buildings by the managers. Visitors can depend on having comfort and pleasure. Rooms in the pavilion are being furnished for transient visitors.

The West Philadelphia Band, Frankenfield, is engaged for Sunday music. Dancing every weekday evening in the large pavilion. Spiritual journals on sale on the grounds. Mr. Thompson is superintendent, and Mr. Benner manager of dancing assemblies. All are welcome. A TENTER.

July Magazines Received Early.

The Atlantic Monthly. (Boston.) The rather weird story entitled, Miser Farrell's Bequest now reaches its closing chapter. In a Changing Order Miss Preston goes far to prove that a woman can write upon a large historical topic in a manner throughly to be admired. One of the bright short articles is entitled A Browning Courtship; A practical theme is treated by H. C. Merwin in his review of The Telephone Cases; William H. Downes begins a series of papers on Boston Painters and Paintings; Bradford Torrey describes A Green Mountain Corn-Field; Studies of Factory Life, are most excellent reading, and Yone Santo retains all the charm with which this unique narrative began.

The Woman's World. (New York.) The opening paper for July is on Woman and Democracy; An illustrated paper follows, showing what women have done in the way of benefactions for Oxford; Dorothy Nevill gives some recollections of Cobden; An account of Marie Bashkirtseff, a young Russian painter is given; Women and Club Life is discussed by Amy Levy, who proves that the woman journalist, and the woman artist, has as much need of a club as the man who follows the same pursuit. The fashions, as usual are given much space and they are the latest and most practical.

The Popular Science Monthly. (New York.) In the article entitled Safety in House-Drainage, W. E. Hoyt controverts the theory that plumbing in houses is an inevitable source of danger, and points out methods for making it perfectly safe; the third and concluding paper of the series of Darwinism and the Christian Faith, is given; In The Teaching of Psychology, M. Paul Janet considers the bearings of the new psychology on the systems of materialism and spiritism; George M. Dawson's Customs and Arts of the Kwakiool relates to a tribe in the northern part of Vancouver Island, and the purpose and importance of Manual or Industrial Training are discussed. There are many more good articles, notes, and miscellany.

The Forum. (New York.) The table of contents for July is a valuable one. Senator George F. Edmunds contributes an article on the Political Situation; Edward Atkinson asks how can wages be increased? and Our Southern Masters by Senator Wm. E. Chandler follows. English and American Manners; The Stuff that Dreams are made of; Moral Principle in Public Affairs and Romanism and the Republic, are suggestive and timely. Geo. Pellew occupies the space allotted him with the New Battle of the Books. What Shall the Public Schools Teach? and the Bugbear of Trusts closes a desirable number.

The Eclectic Magazine. (New York.) Hon. W. E. Gladstone's review of Robert Elsmere opens this month's installment, and sketches of Heinrich Heine, Prince Bismarck and Matthew Arnold, with such reading as, in the Studio of Carolus Duran, The English Gentry, Gentlemen Emigrants, The Power behind the Pope, in the Dark Continent, follows.

Journal of the American Akademe. (Orange, N. J.) The usual amount of philosophic reasoning makes up this month's reading.

The Horticultural Art Journal. (Rochester, N. Y.) The June number is attractive and contains many instructive hints and suggestions.

New Books Received.

A Pure Souled Liar. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co., 16 mo. paper, 191 pp. Price, 50 cents.

The Philosophy of a Strike. By N. A. Dunning. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co. Price, 5 cents.

No. 19 State Street. By David Graham Adie. Sunshine Series. New York: Cassell & Co.; Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Price, 50 cents.

Works Treating Upon the Spiritual Philosophy and the Spirit World.

Book on Mediums; or Guide for Mediums and Invocators: containing the special instructions of the spirits on the theory of all kinds of manifestations; the development of mediumship, and the means of communicating with the invisible world. By Allen Kardec. Also, The Spirits' Book, by the same author, cotaining the principles of spiritist doctrine on the immortality of the soul and the future life. Price, $1.60. each.

Spirit Workers in the Home Circle. By Morell Theobald, F. C. A. An autobiographic narrative of psychic phenomena in family daily life extending over a period of twenty years, and told in a most delightful and interesting manner. Price, $2.40.

The Spirit World, its inhabitants, nature and philosophy. By Eugene Crowell. Price, $1.00.

Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism, by the same author, Vol. II. The volumes of this work are independent of each other and since Vol. I. is entirely out of print, Vol. II is selling at $1.20.

The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism. By Epes Sargent. As the title indicates this work is a scientific exposition of a stupendous subject and should be read by all Spiritualists and investigators. Price, $1.60.

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Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guaranty of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, July 7, 1888.

Prejudice and Politics.

The majority of people are controlled more by their prejudices and feelings than by reason. It is difficult for them to divest themselves of bias sufficiently to consider a question in the light of all obtainable knowledge. They do not know what it is to rise above pre-conception, passion and interest, and to decide according to the merits of the case, regardless of their own wishes and predilections. Nor is this intellectual and moral infirmity confined to the uneducated.

What popularly passes for education involves so little necessity for the exercise of the judicial faculties, or for the practice of introspection, restraint and discipline, that it is no safeguard whatever against unreasoning prejudice and partisan blindness. That portion of a true education needed to make men discriminating thinkers has been almost entirely disregarded. Indeed, by teaching dogmatically or authoritatively, by confining youthful thought to old channels, by attaching moral criminality to doubt and discouraging inquiry as to what is established our schools of learning have fostered the narrowness, onesidedness and prejudice which it is the work of true education to overcome.

We, therefore, have to-day at the head of educational institutions and among the religious and political leaders of the country, men not deficient in scholarship who are as much the victims, and at the same time the promoters, of bias and prejudice as are the less educated masses to whom they appeal. If a new theory is advanced, it matters not how impregnable is its basis, it has to encounter not only the scorn and contempt of the people, but the equally undiscriminating and supercilious opposition of the college, the pulpit and the press. What encouragement did Darwin and Wallace get, except from an individual here and there, when they first announced the principle of natural selection as a factor in evolution? The established science, even, taught in the universities was as hostile to the newly discovered truth as was the theology of the day, for the very good reason that science was dominated by the theological method and spirit. Now the names of Darwin and Wallace are honored throughout the world, and their teachings have revolutionized zöology, and not only zöology, but theology as well.

The inxperienced reformer who goes out among men as an advocate of unpopular views, soon learns that the mere presentation of the truth with sound argument, is appreciated by but comparatively few. He discovers the walls of prejudice between the people and the bearer of new ideas, and fortunate is it for him and his cause if he does not become discouraged and disheartened in the work of removing this wall—a work for which curses and reproaches are his usual reward. If the popular mind were not filled with prepossessions, with a superstitious fear of teachings that are new or not before heard, there would be need only of an appeal to the reason and understanding to obtain a judgment on any teaching upon its own merits. Any such popular judgment today is impossible.

The country is now at the beginning of a political campaign which will engage the attention and consume much of the time of the people during the next four months. Partisan feeling will be aroused to its utmost and the war of words, of pyrotechnic displays of eloquence, of banners and brass bands, of detraction and abuse, will rage with unabated fury.

This may be said in favor of these party campaigns, which come with such frequency and are prolonged through so many months as to interfere with the industrial and business interests of the country, that they serve as vents for the dissatisfaction, political disappointments, partisan bitterness and revolutionary disposition engendered since the preceding campaign.

In all popular political contests there are three classes upon whom influences are brought to bear corresponding with their mental condition:

First. The most ignorant and unthinking—those with whom thought is tiresome, with whom argument is of no avail, who live in the senses, and to whom all appeals must be made to eye and ear. For them the band, the sensational inscriptions on flaunting banners, the long processions and the noise.

Second. Those who have some idea of the issues,—enough to make them interested in the discussion and who will listen to addresses provided the addresses favor their prejudices, are thoroughly partisan and therefore unqualified in extolling one side and denouncing the other, A discriminating speech, one which acknowledges a modicum of truth in the position of an opponent is thrown away upon this class.

Third. The more enlightened, those of a more judicial cast of mind, who can not be deceived by rhetorical phrases nor taken off their feet by any oratorial displays, who think calmly, and reason carefully, and judge a speaker by the truth, the relevancy and the impartiality of his utterances. Speakers for this class are needed less and less every year, for their opinions are formed from information obtained from the best sources and from the discussions conducted in the papers and periodicals.

It is fortunate that there is an important issue in the present contest, the discussion of which is sure to educate the American people. Before Nov. 4th the arguments for and against a high protective tariff will have been presented in every city and village in the land and the result cannot but be good. As the questions involved appeal directly to the industrial classes, they are likely to feel an interest in the discussions and to make efforts to inform themselves on the subject. All readers of the JOURNAL will rejoice that this is to be more than recent political campaigns in this country have been, one in which principles and practical questions are to have precedence over personalities.

The Connection Between Catholicism and Crime.

A Protestant clergyman of New York, Rev. Dr. Mac Arthur, recently called attention to the nationality and religion of the majority of the prisoners who daily crowd the dock of the Jefferson Market Police Court in that city. On one occasion mentioned, of the number of cases on trial there were three or four Italians, a few Germans charged with violating the excise law, one English woman, and the rest were of "one other nationality."

Dr. Mac Arthur asks, "Why this is so?" "No ill will," he says, "leads to this question in this connection. It is a fair question; it suggests itself to every student of religious life and social conditions. Is it because that nationality is more numerous than any other in this city? After making allowance for all that may be said along that line, the question still recurs. The same question forces itself upon the visitor in our prisons, poor houses and asylums of every description. One might think while in this court, he was in a court in a foreign land." Dr. Mac Arthur raises the questions whether the explanation is to be sought "in the social or political conditions that obtain on the other side of the Atlantic," and whether there is any relation between the social conditions and probable religous connections of these persons. Rev. Thomas J. Ducey of St. Leo's Church, who preaches to one of the most fashionable Catholic congregations of New York city, has been trying to answer the question. Admitting that the "Irish element undoubtedly predominates in the police courts, he finds the reason in the mercurial temperament and vivacious and eager disposition of the Irish people, and in the change of social conditions involved by their coming to this country. At home the Irish peasant's life was a simple one. Here he is compelled to herd with the dishonest and dissolute, has to engage in the struggle for existence, and he is tried as never before. "His condition at home was virtuous and negative. Here his surroundings are positive and vicious. Nature has gifted him for good or for evil with a large share of natural energy. Temptation and necessity combine to defeat his virtuous tendencies."

One unacquainted with the facts would infer from Rev. Ducey's statement that the Irish are the only mercurial, vivacious, and energetic people that come in large numbers to this country; that it is only in the large cities that the proportion of Irish violators of law and order is great. It is, however, a fact that in the smaller and simpler communities and in the country districts the Catholic Irish element in this country is generally the most lawless and troublesome element. Rev. Ducey's statements present some aspects of the case, but very incompletely, and taken as a a whole they evade rather than solve the questions raised by the Protestant clergymen.

The important fact which the Catholic apologist and special pleader fails to consider is this: The Catholic Irish at home are kept under constant restraint; the direction and supervision of the priest are observable in all the affairs of life. Where social order is maintained, it is done in a way that makes the Irish peasant unfit for self-control, and therefore in constant need of the discipline to which he has been from youth accustomed. When he comes to New York or Chicago his life is less subject to the influence of the personal presence and direction of the priest, and naturally the freer conditions of life impose upon him new responsibilities and test his character as it could not be tested when external agencies took the place of self-control and self-direction, when the discipline and penalties of the church and the personal influence of the priest supplied the motives and regulated the conduct of life.

The Catholic Church claims great credit for its restraining power over its subjects, and this is, in fact, so great that the word of a priest has often been sufficient to disperse a mob, when for the time being the officers of the law were powerless to enforce their authority. A criminal so violent and desperate that he has to be kept in chains to prevent his acting upon his murderous impulses, has been brought to his knees by a look from a priest. The Catholic points to such influence as evidence of the divinely established character of the priestly office, of the great moral power of the church. They fail to see that what the church and clergy succeed in producing is not moral worth, is not self-control and self respect, but fear of priestly authority, and restraint so long as that authority can be constantly imposed upon the victims of their absurd teachings.

The whole tendency of this ecclesiastical domination is to weaken the moral as well as intellectual character and to make men, when priestly authority is relaxed, deficient in the power of rising superior to the lower impulses and resisting the temptations and tendencies to violence and crime. Dr. Mac Arthur's questions are very pertinent, are indeed, very practical questions, and their thorough discussion can only result in diffusing more correct ideas than now generally prevail as to the moral influence of the Roman Catholic Church, which undoubtedly exercises a restraining power, but keeps its devotees in a condition, in which the moment this restraint is relaxed, the tendency is to vice and crime. This shows that it does not develop high average character. If it did that, there would be no need of this expensive system, which wants to be credited with all the good results of ages of intellectual and moral growth which it now in the more enlightened communities retards rather than advances.

Another Break in Commercial Spiritualism Stock.

At the Boston Theatre, on the evening of the 24th ult., one C. H. Bridge, a pseudo medium whose genuineness has frequently been the theme of John Wetherbee's lucubrations, was exposed by Harry Kellar, the prestidigitateur. Mr. A. E. Carpenter, the widely known mesmerist and Spiritualist who was drawn into the affair, sends the JOURNAL the *Globe's* account of the exposé and says it is substantially correct. It will be found on another page. The JOURNAL for October 29th, 1887, contained a full exposure of Bridge and his tricks. That issue was freely circulated in Boston and vicinity and the fellow's duplicity was well known to the *Banner of Light*. Although Mr. J. W. Cadwell, who detected the tricks of Bridge last year and prepared the account for publication, has long been a frequent contributor to the columns of the *Banner*, he was obliged to look to the JOURNAL for space to give his experiences in this instance. Mr. Cadwell, like Mr. Carpenter, is an old Spiritualist and a mesmerist. It may be said for Mr. Carpenter that being on a lecturing tour at the time, he never saw the exposure of Bridge as published in the JOURNAL and hence was led to give a quasi-endorsement to the fellow by taking part in the proceedings which ended in another defeat for the Boston brand of commercial Spiritualism.

It is some times asked, "Why pay any attention to such people as Bridge?" The trouble is that such fakirs are ever on the alert, and, being recognized by the *Banner*, and certain other alleged Spiritualist papers, and columns of space devoted to puffing their medial powers by men of the Wetherbee class, these vulgar and usually clumsy prestidigitateurs would never be at a loss for a rich field to work, and would vitiate the good results accruing from the services of honest genuine mediums, did not the JOURNAL persist in putting them on record. Even then, as in the present instance, the trickster frequently plucks his game; but his chances are rapidly diminishing and the JOURNAL will have less of such work to do as time goes on.

The moral condition of the people of Japan offers a contrast to our Christian civilization, which, in some respects, gives us reason to feel shame rather than pride. The Japanese are temperate. To a visitor tea, not alcoholic liquor, is offered. There are no standing bars in Japan and no public drinking of intoxicating liquors. Drunkenness is rare. The Japanese are proverbially polite; their honesty is attested by the fact that the shop is often left by the proprietor with nobody in, while he goes to a distant part of the city; there are no bolts and bars in public or private houses; the drinking cups at public fountains are never chained, as they are in this country; money is left by travellers as well as by natives in unlocked rooms of public houses during days of absence. The Japanese, too, are very humane. Horses are rarely beaten by them; oxen drawing loads have awnings fastened over them to keep off the heat; cattle driven to slaughter are carefully led and never maltreated by boys while en route. Gunning for sport is a cruelty unknown to the Japanese. At school the children of the nobles are dressed very plainly, so as not to injure the feelings of those who are poorer than they. The people generally are poor but unselfish. It is a popular maxim that a man in distress must be helped, even though he is a stranger. The people are remarkably hospitable and courteous. These facts testified to by men like Dr. Samuel Kneeland and Prof. E. D. Morse, who have lived in Japan, raises the question: What has orthodox Christianity to give such a people? Our western civilization with its industrial enterprises and scientific spirit has much to give, but this has been achieved in spite rather than by the aid of the teachings which missionaries are so zealous to carry to the "heathen."

The men who were in sympathy with the advanced religious thought of Theodore Parker, in his day, were not Unitarians. Even James Freeman Clarke, who some two or three years ago edited a volume of Parker's writings, published by the executive board of the American Unitarian Association from funds given "to promote the cause of pure Christianity," wrote, less than a year before Parker's death, that he could find "not the smallest glimpse of Christian piety" in his work. "We do not understand him now," Mr. Clarke said, "as calling himself a Christian nor claiming to be a disciple of Christ. He places Christ and Christianity with the other great historic religions of the world as good for a time, but a hindrance finally. He considers himself to have passed beyond Christianity into Absolute Religion. The question, therefore, whether he should be treated as a Christian or no, he has settled himself, by declining to be so considered." It was the Spiritualists and "infidel" in this country who applauded Parker's radical utterances when he was alive; now the Unitarians are glad to name him among their representatives, which is a gratifying indication that their condition has not been stationary.

Frederick Douglass was the most picturesque, and at the same time the most historic figure seen upon the platform of the late Republican National Convention. Born a slave and reared in slavery, he became one of the most powerful opponents of slavery that ever appeared before an American audience. As an adviser of Lincoln his influence was felt in the proclamation of emancipation, and in the call for the negro to 'reach forth with iron arm and clutch with fingers of steel the faltering banner of the Union." The bare facts of Fred. Douglass's life are full of poetry and romance of the most thrilling, inspiring character; and his presence at the Convention, with that of Fremont, the first though defeated Republican candidate for the Presidency, served to link the era of slavery with the era of freedom and to remind American citizens of the vast political progress that has been made, of the vaster possibilities of the future, if, indeed, native and imported ingorance, superstition and fraud do not make abortive the efforts to maintain a government of the people by the people and for the people.

The telegraph announces that the Rev. Giles Moss, an old negro preacher living upon a plantation near Rochester, Ky., about twenty five miles from Evansville, Ind., is creating considerable excitement among the negroes of that section by his claims to supernatural power and a revelation. He claims to be a licensed apostle of God. He declares that he daily converses with the angel Gabriel, and that he has been delegated to lead all of his people back to their native land in the wilds of Africa, where they in turn are to evangelize all of the savages of the Dark Continent. He says that the hour for departure is near at hand, but the time has not been designated by the angel. The negroes are greatly excited, and though many are dubious as to these divine dispensations, they keep their doubts to themselves, as Moss has always maintained a strong influence over them and his word has been law. What causes many to believe this modern Mahomet is the prophecy, remembered by the older negroes, that he made concerning emancipation. The fulfillment of that prophecy has been the secret of his long influence over them, and the additional fact that he is said to have prophesied the earthquakes last year, and the premonition of wonderful changes to be made in his race in the near future. Many of the negroes are getting themselves in readiness for the proposed hegira under the leadership of their prophet. Moss is a negro of large experience and considerable intelligence.

If the seventh biennial report of the State Board of Charities of Illinois is to be believed, the pauper insane in different counties of the State are treated more like brutes than like human beings. According to Secretary Wines ("American Psychological Journal" vol. 1, p. 324) they are sometimes "chained to the benches and to the floors; penned up in pens without any doors, but only having holes in the wall through which to pass food and water; kept locked up in solitary rooms for years without going out or setting foot on the ground. The keepers intimidate them by force. Pistols are sometimes fired over their heads." The Cook County insane have been treated shamefully under the control of medical politicians of the "boodler" type. The people of Illinois should see that the pauper insane of their State are treated by competent and honorable members of the medical profession who are above the influence of all political rings.

Mayor Roche has appointed Mrs. Ellen Mitchell upon the School Board of Chicago. A great pressure has been brought to bear by many of the leading citizens and a numerously signed petition presented, asking that two women should be appointed, as there were five vacancies to fill;—but the Mayor does not seem to possess the courage to make so bold and brave a move. Unfortunately he seems to be held firmly by the "Machine," and his course is not a little disappointing to many of his friends, who believe if he could follow his own judgment, he would make many reforms which he is powerless to do so long as he is controlled by the famous Cook County Ring. The Cook County School Board elected Mrs. T. B. Carse, the well known Temperence worker, to fill a vacancy in that body, but it was left for Gov. Oglesby to do a braver act and appoint Mrs. Ella F. Young of Chicago and Mrs. Mary F. Feitschans of Springfield, to fill vacancies upon the Illinois State Board of Education. These are the first women ever appointed upon the State Board. Gov. Oglesby never does things by halves; he felt that if one would be useful, two would be better. State Superintendent Edwards, in speaking of the appointments, said: "I hardly expected it. Illinois takes two steps forward in one day." Mrs. Young is one of the best known teachers in Chicago. She was for several years Principal of the Skinner school, when she was appointed Assistant Superintendant of City schools, where she has done admirable service. Mrs. Feitschans is well known in Springfield.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Geo. H. Brooks's meetings have been well attended at Fort Dodge, Iowa. July 1st he held a grove meeting at Danbury, Iowa.

Several visitors at the JOURNAL office of late have spoken in enthusiastic terms of the their success in sitting with Mrs. Blade, medium for independent slate writing, at 397 West Harrison St.

William Mansfield the independent slate writing medium, is in Jackson, Mich., where he will remain for a few weeks. Fred. H. Pierce, clairvoyant and test medium, is also there for a short time.

New York *Herald:* Nothing can make life so tolerable as a firm faith in another life, and nothing so quickly assuages the sorrows of parting as the belief that the dead are not forgetful; but let us not be deceived in this matter by a class of people so lost to all sense of decency that they coin our tears into dollars. Dis Debar has her deserts as an impostor, but the truth is mighty and will prevail.

Arbuckle, the cornetist, marshals the singing in Mr. Talmage's church with his silver lined trumpet. Evening service closes at nine o'clock, when the cornetist jumps into a carriage that is in waiting, and drives posthaste to Gilmore's Garden, where he discourses from the same instrument to the inspired beer drinkers. Thus he is able to serve both God and the devil impartially; but it is said he draws the larger income from the latter. —*Kunkel's Musical Review.*

There is to be a camp meeting of Spiritualists on Lookout Mountain, near Chattanooga, Tenn., during the entire month of July, 1888. There will be daily sessions, consisting of lectures and tests by several of the most noted mediums and speakers now advocating the cause of Spiritualism, among whom may be mentioned: Geo. A. Fuller, Esq., Dr. H. F. Merrill, Mrs. Adaline M. Glading, Mrs. S. A. H. Talbot, Dr. Samuel Watson, and a number of others who will give private séances and personal sittings in various phenomenal phases.

During a thunderstorm at Wilkesbarre, Pa., June 24th, lightning struck the Puritan Congregational Church while service was being held, and many of the audience were prostrated by the shock. Over a dozen women fainted from fright. A panic ensued but was allayed by the pastor calling out: "Fear not, you are in God's house." The sacramental wine was used as a restorative. The church tower is badly damaged. If in God's house, as asserted by the clergyman, why was this disaster allowed?

Mrs. Lizzie Pliffer, while riding with others in a car on the Brooklyn electric railway, experienced a queer feeling, and, it is claimed, almost immediately the electric lights (by which the cars are illuminated) went out. Shortly a similar feeling again came over her, and she lapsed into unconsciousness. Since, part of her left side, including her left arm, has been paralyzed. Her doctor stoutly affirms that the woman was shocked by an erratic electric current, and he refers to the burns on her body to bear out his conclusion. The owner of the electric plant is said to maintain that Mrs. Pliffer had hysterical paralysis.

For some time Mormon missionaries have been doing a thriving business in Westmoreland county, Pa. They have gathered in about fifty converts, some of whom have already left for Salt Lake City. Some of these people are respectable and well off in a temporal sense. Citizens of a settlement near Greensburg, a few weeks ago, held a meeting and ordered the missionaries to leave. The order was disobeyed, and on the evening of the 17th of June, they went to the house where one of them was stopping, took him out of bed, carried him to the woods and whipped him most unmercifully. They then told him to get, which he is supposed to have done. His name is George Stevens. The other missionaries say they will go in a few days. If they don't the citizens say they will treat them to the same medicine that they gave Stevens.

A Parochial School Tract.

The JOURNAL reprints this week a document which was found in the possession of a pupil of a parochial school in an eastern city. To what extent this particular fabrication is in circulation we cannot state; but it is similar to spurious letters and barefaced falsehoods which are in general circulation, and the genuineness of which is unquestioned, among the peasants of countries where Roman Catholicism rules. Documents not one whit less absurd can be seen in Catholic book stores.

It is probable that this "Letter of Jesus Christ" is one of those pious frauds invented for the express purpose of perpetuating priestly control over the young and the ignorant of the Catholic Church. If it is not, its resemblance to them is so great that it cannot be distinguished from them. Of course the ecclesiastical writers of the Romish Church do not in controversy attempt to defend these documents, but they are kept in circulation by the Catholic clergy, while no word of condemnation is heard, and they doubtless serve the purpose intended.

It may be here remarked that the practice of using forgeries and fabrications to advance their faith has been common with Catholic prelates. Innumerable decretals, canons, letters, interdicts and other documents have been forged and altered in the interests of papal claims and for the enrichment of the church. One of these is the decretal letter to Pope Sylvester attributed to Constantine the Great, which reads: "We attribute to the Chair of St. Peter all imperial dignity and power and glory..... We give to the Holy Pontiff, as a free gift the city of Rome and all the cities of Western Italy, as well as all the cities of other countries. To make room for him, we abdicate our authority over these provinces, transferring the seat of our empire to Byzantium, since it is not just that a temporal emperor shall retain any power where God has set the head of His church." The reason assigned for the bestowal of this magnificent gift was Constantine's gratitude for having been cured of leprosy through baptism administered by Pope Sylvester. For many centuries this palpably spurious letter was used to sustain papal pretensions.

The letter of Jesus Christ to Abgarus is a forgery beyond any doubt. Yet it may be seen printed and framed and hanging on the walls of the homes of the peasants in Catholic countries. Pope Stephen forged a letter and attributed its authorship to the spirit of St. Peter. In this document, according to Gibbon, "The Apostle assures his adopted sons, the king, the clergy and the nobles of France, that dead in the flesh, he is still active in the spirit; that they now bear and must obey the voice of the founder and guardian of the Roman Church; that the virgins, the saints, and all the hosts of heaven unanimously urge the request, and will confess the obligation; that riches, victory and paradise will crown their pious enterprises, and that eternal damnation will be the penalty if they suffer his tomb, his temple, and his people to fall into the hands of the perfidious Saracens."

The evidence of similar frauds are numerous. All the decretals of Clementine are fabrications. Volumes after volumes have been written by Roman ecclesiastics, and falsely attributed to distinguished authors, and the Church has made effective use of the claim. The sacred page of history has not escaped corruption by interpolations, omissions and alterations designed to confirm the authority and perpetuate the power of the ambitious and unscrupulous hierarchy of Rome.

Transition of Mr. John Bullene.

Thousands of the older Spiritualists will recall with enthusiasm the memory of Emma Jay Bullene's work. One of the very earliest, if not the earliest, trance speakers to make a reputation, Emma Jay was a revelation and a delight to all who listened to her, and especially to those so fortunate as to know her socially and in private life. Handsome, brilliant in conversation and a profound and logical public speaker, a splendid career seemed in store for her. Mr. John Bullene, a young man of unusual promise and superior personal attractions won the heart of Emma Jay and she became Mrs. Bullene, by which name alone she is known to all but the very earliest adherents of Spiritualism. John Bullene possessed remarkable gifts as a business man; he quickly won the good will of all with whom he associated and occupied confidential and responsible positions in such houses as H. B. Claflin & Co. and L. M. Bates & Co., of New York City. As a salesman he was in his day unequalled, and being also a lawyer and familiar with the laws for the collection of debts in the several States, he became an invaluable auxilliary, commanding almost any terms he could ask. With his genial nature, nervous temperament and ambition to excel, the strain was great; this together with his love of good fellowship made of him a moderate drinker; and to such a highly keyed organization this means terrible danger. The danger drew nearer but was not realized by the victim until too late. With broken health and powers of resistance weakened, the man made heroic but spasmodic efforts to save himself. His noble wife, high-spirited, refined, courageous, gentle and enduring clung to him with a devotion never excelled by woman. Against the advice of friends, friends slow to give such advice, too, she followed what she felt her line of duty and refused to leave him to his own destruction. With the heroism of a martyr, the devotion of a loving wife who never for got the noble character of the man whom intemperance had ruined, and with all the steadfastness to duty that can come to one to whom the gates of heaven open and upon whom the illumination of the spirit spheres descends, this wife stood by and supported the husband of her youth, never speaking unkindly of him, always dwelling upon his virtues which were many, and ministering to him with tender heart and gentle hand to the last.

On the 20th ult., at Central City, Colorado, the devoted wife closed the mortal eyes of him she had vowed to cling to in prosperity and adversity, in joy and in sorrow; and the spirit of John Bullene was freed from the diseased body which had held it so long imprisoned. The funeral service was held on the 24th ult., at the First Presbyterian Church in Central City and the remains temporarily interred pending removal to the family cemetery in Wisconsin. Mrs. Bullene, the JOURNAL learns, is suffering from nervous prostration consequent upon her long and arduous nursing and care and was unable to attend the funeral. As soon as sufficiently recuperated she will go to her relatives in Minnesota, where it is thought the climate may be better for her.

John P. Allison, president, J. M. Cleland, general manager, and Joseph V. Mahoney, secretary, announce that the Sioux City Corn Palace, Iowa, (second annual festival) will be formally opened on the 24th of September and close Oct. 6th. It is said that President Cleveland made his sole departure from his route as pre-arranged in the fall of 1887, in deference to the entreaties of Mrs. Cleveland, that they might feast their eyes on the wonders of that year's Corn Palace, and at the same time witness the marvelous progress of Sioux City, "The only Corn Palace City of the World." President Cleveland, in an outburst of admiration, said: "This Corn Palace is the first really new thing that has been shown me." Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, standing with Cornelius K. Vanderbilt and other gentlemen, referring to the Corn Palace, said: "I have been all over the world, and have seen the principal natural and unnatural curiosities, but I have never before seen a Corn Palace." Encouraged by the compliments of these great men, and by the popular enthusiasm and admiration that made the Corn Palace of '87 such an unparalleled success, the business men of Sioux City have formed a stock company for the purpose of repeating it on an immensely grander scale, intent upon making it one of the solid and enduring institutions of the country, and an attractive feature of Sioux City. Excursion rates will be made from all parts of the United States, Canada and the South American republics, giving the people of this continent an opportunity to view the Corn Palace, and to see for themselves the future great city of the northwest, with its wonderful achievements and boundless possibilities.

Mrs. Pirnie, of Cleveland, whose excellent success as a healing medium during a year's residence in Chicago several years ago will be remembered by hundreds who visited her, has returned and is now located at 11 Fairfield Avenue, west side, where, no doubt, she will be pleased to see her old friends. Mrs. Pirnie is an estimable lady as well as a good medium and healer.

"Heaven Revised," an interesting narrative, by Mrs. E. B. Duffey, will be commenced in next week's JOURNAL.

KELLAR VS. BRIDGE.

Sleight of Hand and Alleged Mediumship.

The Wily Necromancer Exposes an Ingenious Trick.

NOVEL AND INSTRUCTIVE PERFORMANCE AT THE BOSTON THEATRE.

There was a very entertaining and instructive performance at the Boston Theatre last night. Spectacular Spiritualism, in the person of Charles H. Bridge, was knocked out in one round by skillful sleight-of-hand in the person of Professor Kellar. About 2,000 persons were present, and more intelligent and impartial spectators and auditors could not have been desired by either performer. It was an ideal audience, respectful, quiet, and willing to let the best man win.

Mr. Bridge threw down the gauntlet last week to Professor Kellar, offering to forfeit $100 if the latter could expose any trickery in the "phenomena" of the medium. Of course the great necromancer could not ignore such a challenge, and so he was present last evening.

If the programme last night had been fully carried out it would have included six musical numbers. Owing to circumstances over which the ex-medium had no control, only three were given, a harp solo by Gerard Russo, a concert solo by C. E. Lindall and a violin solo by Willie Kraft. There were, however, besides, during the performance proper, various musical sounds proceeding from the cabinet behind the medium, and several pretty airs played on a piano by a pretty young lady.

The cabinet stood in the centre of the stage, about ten feet back from the footlights. It was an ordinary affair, on the inside of which were a chair, two drums, a banjo, and a tambourine. In front of the cabinet was a wooden bench which was destined to play the most important part in the evening's entertainment.

After the harp solo had been rendered and encored, Mr. Bridge came on the stage. He looked to be stoop-shouldered, and was careful not show his back to the audience. In a quiet tone he assured the audience that he could

PROMISE THEM NOTHING,

as certain "conditions" were always necessary for spiritual manifestations. He said it was absolutely necessary that perfect quiet and decorum should be observed if the audience expected any "phenomena." Mr. Bridge then introduced Professor Carpenter, the mesmerist, who delivered a brief address on Spiritualism. The professor said in substance:

If a man has a soul it is capable of demonstration. There are facts somewhere to prove it. The world has grown skeptical, and it is the mission of Spiritualism to prove that there are all around us invisible intelligences, the spirits of our departed friends, who can communicate with us. There is a vast amount of mediumistic phenomena whose genuineness is undoubted. I have seen much of it in my own family. I do not see how these phenomena can possibly be accounted for unless they are produced by the spirits of deceased persons. I am but slightly acquainted with Mr. Bridge, and do not know the nature of the manifestations that are seen in his presence. I bespeak for him your respectful attention.

At the conclusion of Professor Carpenter's remarks, which were heartily applauded, Mr. Bridge, who had been standing against the piano, listening attentively, came forward with a rope and said he was ready to be tied. He wanted it understood that there was no collusion between him and Professor Kellar, and if that gentleman was present he desired him to come on the stage. There were loud cries of "Kellar, Kellar!" and as the wizard rose from his seat in the audience and came forward the applause was loud and long. His gray eyes twinkled merrily, and his habitual smile was as engaging as ever as he said, in his blandest tones:

"I shall treat Mr. Bridge fairly, and if he succeeds in doing anything that I cannot explain I will acknowledge my defeat. I have everything at stake here to night, for I have been openly challenged, and should forfeit my reputation if I were baffled. I believe that all spiritualistic phenomena can be accounted for by

PURELY NATURAL AGENCIES;

but I would not scoff at Spiritualism or at any one's religious belief. That is a sacred matter. Some years ago I offered to put up $1,000 that I could duplicate or expose any physical manifestations of any Spiritualist medium. Mind you, I say physical, for I do not attempt to reproduce mental phenomena. I would willingly give $10,000 if Mr. Bridge or any one else can convert me to Spiritualism."

A huge basket of roses had been handed over the footlights while Professor Kellar was speaking. When he had concluded he went to it and looking at the card on the handle said: "I see this is addressed to me. But honor to whom honor is due. These flowers shall go to the conqueror this evening."

Professor Kellar then called on several gentlemen to come forward to assist in tying Mr. Bridge. Five came forward, including Messrs. Braman, Colcher and two of the professor's assistants. They fastened the medium to the bench directly in front of the cabinet by tying his hands to iron bolts in the seat. A loose black screen was stretched across in front of him, leaving only his face exposed. A young lady took her seat at the piano and struck up a lively tune, the medium rolled his eyes, the tambourine in the cabinet began to rattle, and a portion of the audience, applauded. The racket in the cabinet increased in volume, then ceased, and a snare drum accompaniment to the piano was heard. Professor Kellar moved around the cabinet, chatting pleasantly with Professor Carpenter and the other gentlemen. He did not appear to be greatly impressed. Hands were seen for an instant above the curtain, one on each side of the medium's head, bunches of roses were handed out, enough almost to fill a bushel basket if loosely thrown in. Professor Kellar took one of the "spirit" roses and stuck it in his buttonhole. The "manifestations" lasted about 15 minutes and then ceased. The curtain was taken down from in front of the medium, the gentlemen examined the knots and found Mr. Bridge to be securely tied. He was freed and moved toward the right wings of the stage.

Professor Kellar kept his eye on the bench, and as soon as Mr. Bridge had left it he pulled it to the front of the stage. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "Mr. Bridge was firmly tied, there is no doubt about that. But I never attend a spiritualistic séance without taking a few little implements. I have brought a key with me to-night."

It is reported that as soon as Mr. Bridge heard the word "key" he took his departure, having a carriage in waiting at the rear entrance of the theatre. At least he was not seen again.

Professor Kellar went on in his inimitably bland way to explain the "key of the situation. "He showed that the bolts in the bench to which the ropes were tied were not riveted, as they appeared to be, but that they could be easily removed by pressing with a thin key against a spring concealed under the seat. He suited the action to the word and removed the bolts one by one. The audience went wild with delight, although there were a few crestfallen faces here and there. Professor Kellar called attention to the fact that the medium's hands had been free only his wrists being tied. He had been able to reach into his pocket for the key, press it against the bolt, and free his arm. When the "phenomena" were over he put his hands back and the bolts were fastened by a spring lock.

"It is one of the neatest contrivances I ever saw," said Professor Kellar. "I never had one that was better."

The audience roared. There were loud and repeated calls for Bridge, but he never came. Professor Carpenter took the stage and said:

"We have had an experience which ought to teach us all a lesson. We ought to thank Professor Kellar for what he has done, and hope that Mr. Bridge's fate may be that of all deceivers."

Professor Carpenter won the sympathy and respect of the audience, and they showed no signs of disapproval when he said that his faith in genuine Spiritualism was as firm as ever.—*Boston Globe, June 25th.*

General News.

Bellew, the well-known artist and writer, is dead at New York.—Henry Lenier jumped from a train at Peoria and was instantly killed.—The coal-ring of New York has posted notice of an advance in rates to take effect July 1.—Joseph Orr is under arrest at Bement, Ill., on a charge of criminal assault preferred by Mrs. Hollis. Orr is married.—C. Kickman walked off a train while asleep near Clinton, Iowa. He fell on a soft spot of earth and was not seriously injured.—The Rankins Implement company, at Sioux City, Iowa, has assigned, and W. A. Rankins, head of the concern, has disappeared.—Failures for the first half of 1888 numbered 5,189, with liabilities aggregating $68,114,159, as against 4,912 and $55,138,092 for the first half of 1887.—Bancroft, the California historian, has a library worth $200,000.—Judge Thurman, is 74, Mr. Morton 64, General Harrison 55 and Mr. Cleveland 51.—Nearly 3,000 excited people blockaded a New York street to see the spooks said to be frightening the children in a public school.—President Cleveland will attend the Ohio Centennial at Columbus in September.—Japan has 250 newspapers, 1,000 miles of railway, and 2,000 or 3,000 miles of telegraph line. A Japanese reporter collects news, but does not in every case write it. He tells what he knows to news writers.—Mrs. Sidney Smith Swann, the wealthiest woman in Maryland, with the exception of Miss Garrett, has sued her husband, Donald Swann, for divorce on the ground of unfaithfulness. Mrs. Swann inherited $20,000,000.

Professor Huxley's second son is a student at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London.—Lord Wolseley has presided over a meeting to consider military cycling, and pronounced the bicycle a military instrument of great promise.—The Queen of Italy, who is a clever artist, has designed what is considered to be the most beautiful lamp at the Italian Exhibition in London.—Miss Mary A. Rice, who has just been graduated from the department of pharmacy of the Kansas State University, is the first lady in the state to receive a license permitting her to put up prescriptions.—Uncle Elias Harper, of Blakely, Ga., is ninety four years old, but still quite hale and active. He is a veteran of the war of 1812.—The youngest justice on the Supreme bench of Tennessee is Judge Snodgrass, of Chattanooga. He is thirty-seven years of age.—Miss Beatrice Clugston, who was one of the most prominent and active philanthropists in Scotland, died suddenly last week.—Professor Angelo Motta died recently at Turin. He had been for years at work upon a process by which with the aid of electricity, he hoped to be able to convert a human body into solid metal. He had succeeded with the arm of an infant.

The Voices.

The twelfth edition of The Voices by Warren Sumner Barlow is just from the press. This book of poems has had a wonderful sale and the demand is now greater than ever before. The price has been reduced to $1, and is cheap at that. A new edition also of Orthodox Hash has been issued, and with this popular author's well known poem, If Then and When is being called for by all readers that have not now got a copy. These pamphlets are 10 cents each and well worth the time spent in perusal. For sale at this office.

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INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Death.

HERMAN SNOW.

It seems well to recall and preserve the many proofs of advanced spiritual thought to be found even among the dark overshadowings of the long-ago past, showing that there has ever been an influx of the higher spirit-wisdom blending with the workings of a false theology. The extent of these bright rifts through an overhanging darkness, still but too thick and impenetrable, has never been over estimated, and were some of our well qualified Spiritualist writers to undertake the task, a volume of exceeding interest and value might be the result. This remark might be applied with especial force to the advanced views concerning death often met with among the poetic writers of the past, an instance of which I now send for the columns of the JOURNAL, which seems to portray with remarkable vividness the process of transition as often described through our mediums. I know not of the authorship or historic date of the lines which follow, but they have been brought vividly to my mind amid the intuitions of the night, as I used to hear them sung as an anthem of the old-time singing schools sixty years ago, and more:

Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame,
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper! Angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be Death?

The world recedes; it disappears;
Heaven opens to mine eyes, mine ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?

Actuated by a Good Spirit.

Under the Old Roof.

"Hello, Jim! Where have you been lately?" shouted a broker the other evening to a portly, finely dressed man in the corridor of the St. James. The gentleman stopped, shook hands with his friend, and replied: "I've been home to see my old father and mother, the first time in sixteen years, and I tell you, old man, I wouldn't have missed that visit for all my fortune."

"Kinder good to visit your boyhood home, eh?"

"You bet. Sit down. I was just thinking about the old folks, and felt talkative. If you have a few moments to spare, sit down, light a cigar, and listen to the story of a rich man, who had almost forgotten his father and mother."

They sat down and the man told his story.

"How I came to visit my home happened in a curious way. Six weeks ago I went down to Fire Island fishing. I had a lunch put up at Crook & Nash's, and you can imagine my astonishment when I opened the hamper to find a package of crackers wrapped up in a piece of newspaper. That newspaper was a little patent inside country weekly published at my home in Wisconsin. I read every word of it, advertisements and all. There was George Kellogg, who was a schoolmate of mine, advertising hams and salt pork, and another boy was postmaster. By George! it made me homesick, and I determined then and there to go home, and go home I did.

"In the first place I must tell you how I came to New York. I had a tiff with my father, and left home. I finally turned up in New York with a dollar in my pocket. I got a job running a freight elevator in the very house in which I am now a partner. My haste to get rich drove the thoughts of my parents from me, and when I did think of them the hard words that my father last spoke to me rankled in my bosom. Well, I went home. I didn't see much change in Chicago, but the magnificent new depot in Milwaukee I thought was an improvement on the old shed that they used to have. It was only thirty miles from Milwaukee to my home, and I tell you, John, that train seemed to creep. I was actually worse than a school boy going home for vacation. At last we neared the town. Familiar sights met my eyes, and, darn it all, they filled with tears. There was Billy Lyman's old barn just the same; but, Great Scott! what were all of the other houses? We rode nearly a mile before coming to the depot through houses but only occasionally I saw one that was familiar. The town had grown to ten times its size when I knew it. The train stopped and I jumped off. Not a face in sight that I knew, and I started down the platform to go home. In the office door stood the station agent. I walked up to him and said: 'How-dy, Mr. Collins?'

"He stared at me and replied: 'You've got the best of me, sir.'

"I told him who I was and what I had been doing in New York, and he didn't make any bones in talking to me. Said he: 'It's about time you came home. You in New York rich, and your father scratching gravel to get a living.'

"I tell you, John, it knocked me all in a heap. I thought my father had enough to live upon comfortably. Then a notion struck me. Before going home I telegraphed to Chicago to one of our correspondents there to send me $1,000 by first mail. Then I went into Mr. Collins' back office, got my trunk in there and put on an old hand-me-down suit that I use for fishing and hunting. My plug hat I replaced by a soft hat, took my valise in my hand and went home. Somehow the place didn't look right. The currant bushes had been dug up from the front yard, and the fence was gone. All the old locust trees had been cut down and young maple trees were planted. The house looked smaller somehow, too. But I went to the front door and rang the bell. Mother came to the door and said: 'We don't wish to buy anything to-day, sir.'

"It didn't take me a minute to survey her from head to foot. Neatly dressed, John, but a patch and a darn here and there, her hair streaked with grey, her face thin, drawn and wrinkled. Yet over her eye-glasses shone those good, honest, benevolent eyes. I stood staring at her, and then she began to stare at me. I saw the blood rush to her face, and with a great sob she threw herself upon me and nervously clasped me about the neck, hysterically crying, 'It's Jimmy, it's Jimmy!'

"Then I cried, too, John. I just broke down and cried like a baby. She got me into the house, hugging and kissing me, and then she went back to the door and shouted, 'George,'

"Father came in in a moment, and from the kitchen asked, 'What do you want, Car'line?'

"Then he came in. He knew me in a moment. He struck out his hand and grasped mine, and said sternly: 'Well, young man, do you propose to behave yourself now?'

"He tried to put on a brave front, but he broke down. There we three sat like whipped school children, all whimpering. At last supper time came, and mother went out to prepare it. I went into the kitchen with her.

"'Where do you live, Jimmy?' she asked.

"'In New York,' I replied.

"'What are you workin' at now, Jimmy?'

"'I'm workin' in a dry-goods store.'

"'Then I suppose you don't live very high, for I hear tell o' them city clerks what don't get enough money to keep body and soul together. So I'll just tell you, Jimmy, we've got nothin' but roast spareribs for supper. We ain't got any money now, Jimmy. We're poorer nor Job's turkey.'

"I told her I would be delighted with the spareribs, and to tell the truth, John, I haven't eaten a meal in New York that tasted as well as those crisp roasted spareribs did. I spent the evening playing checkers with father, while mother sat by telling me all about their misfortunes from old white Mooley getting drowned in the pond to father's signing a note for a friend and having to mortgage the place to pay it. The mortgage was due inside of a week and not a cent to meet it with—just $800. She supposed they would be turned out of house and home, but in my mind I supposed they wouldn't. At last 9 o'clock came and father said: 'Jim, go to the barn and see if Kit is all right. Bring in an armful of old shingles that are just inside the mill and fill up the water pail. Then we'll go off to bed and get up early and go fishing.'

"I didn't say a word, but I went out to the barn, bedded down the horse, broke up an armful of shingles, pumped up a pail of water, filled the wood-box, and then we all went to bed.

"Father called me at 4:30 in the morning, and while he was getting a cup of coffee I skipped over to the depot cross lots and got my best brass rod. Father took nothing but a trolling line and spoon hook. He rowed the boat with the trolling line in his mouth, while I stood in the stern with a silver shiner rigger on. Now, John, I never saw a man catch fish like he did. To make a long story short, he caught four bass and five pickerel, and I never got a bite.

"At noon we went ashore and father went home, while I went to the postoffice. I got a letter from Chicago with a check for $1,000 in it. With some trouble I got it cashed, getting paid in $5 and $10 bills, making quite a roll. I then got a roast joint of beef and a lot of delicacies and had them sent home. After that I went visiting among my old schoolmates for two hours and went home. The joint was in the oven. Mother had put on her only silk dress and father had donned his Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, none too good, either. This is where I played a joke on the old folks. Mother was in the kitchen watching the roast. Father was out to the barn, and I had a clear coast. I dumped the sugar out of the old blue bowl, put the thousand dollars in it and placed the cover on again. At last supper was ready. Father asked a blessing over it, and he actually trembled when he stuck his knife in the roast.

"'We haven't had a piece of meat like this in five years, Jim,' he said; and mother put in with, 'And we haven't had any coffee in'a year, only when we went a visitin'.'

"Then she poured out the coffee and lifted the cover off the sugar-bowl, asking as she did so, 'How many spoons, Jimmy?'

"Then she struck something that wasn't sugar. She picked up the bowl and peered into it. 'Ah, Master Jimmy, playin' your old tricks on your mammy, eh? Well, boys will be boys.'

"Then she gasped for breath. She saw it was money. She looked at me, then at father, and then with trembling fingers drew the great roll of bills out.

"'Ha! ha! ha! I can see father now as he stood there on tiptoe, with his knife in one hand, fork in the other, and his eyes fairly bulging out of his head. But it was too much for mother. She raised her eyes to heaven and said slowly, 'Put your trust in the Lord, for He will provide.'

"Then she fainted away. Well, John, there's not much more to tell. We threw water in her face and brought her to, and then we demolished that dinner, mother all the time saying, 'My boy Jimmy! My boy Jimmy!'

"I stayed home a month. I fixed up the place, paid off all the debts, had a good time, and came back again to New York. I am going to send $50 home every week. I tell you, John, its mighty nice to have a home."

John was looking steadily at the head of his cane. When he spoke he took Jim by the hand and said: "Jim, old friend, what you have told me has affected me greatly. I haven't heard from my home way up in Maine for ten years, and I'm going home to-morrow."—*Boston Traveller.*

Emersonian Telepathy.

PROF. JAMES D. BUTLER.

"Telepathy is a connatural force,
Powerful at greatest distance to unite,
With secret amity things of like kind,
By secretest conveyance."

Ralph Waldo Emerson's grandfather was a revolutionary chaplain. In 1776 he was among the Massachusetts troops who then garrisoned Ticonderoga. His health failing he started for his home in Boston, but died on the way at Rutland, Vermont. A son of Ralph Waldo is now preparing for a Massachusetts antiquarian society a military memoir of his ancestor. In quest of materials he addressed a letter to one of the Rutland librarians. Nothing, however, on the subject was to be found in the Rutland library, or was known to its oldest inhabitant. Rutland was my native town, yet since my leaving the place a generation has risen unknown to me, and to whom I am unknown.

One man, however, remembering me, advised forwarding Mr. Emerson's letter to me,—and his advice was followed. It is strange that I was thought of. It is ten times stranger that I could supply what Mr. Emerson desiderates.

More than fifty years ago, while still in Rutland, I wrote out a volume of Rutlandia—which I have preserved to this day—though no Rutlander has ever heard of it. Turning to my manuscript, I found, on page 84, the following details, derived in part from church and town records, but largely set down in the words of my father, who had settled in Rutland more than a century ago: Chaplain Wm. Emerson graduated at Harvard in 1761, and at the opening of the revolution was pastor in Concord. One of the first settlers in Rutland, Harry Gould, used to say that, though almost a boy, he was among the Concord militia on the day of the first fight. When he heard the British drums and the head of their column came in sight, he was panic-struck, and could scarcely stand. Just then Pastor Emerson, passing along behind the line, clapped him on the shoulder and said: "Be of good cheer, Harry. God is on our side. He will protect you!" Gould said that he trembled no more.

In 1776, August 16, Mr. Emerson parted with his people and set out for Ticonderoga. On September 18 he was discharged as sick. On October 20 he died in Rutland. His disease was bilious fever. In 1791 his son, Rev. William Emerson, a Boston minister, came to Rutland in search of his father's burial place. Though no tombstone had been set up, he ascertained the spot by inquiring of Mrs. Roots, the widow of the minister at whose house the chaplain had died. He dug down to the remains, which had lain there fifteen years, and found his father's hair to have grown very much after his interment. Many years after, other Emersons,—among them, as was thought, Ralph Waldo—came to Rutland, but were unable to identify the resting place of their ancestor, whose ashes they wished to remove to the sepulchre of his family and fathers. Thus much is, however, certain that the chaplain,—buried with the honors of war,—was not laid in the earth near either one of the principal Rutland villages, but half way between them and a little north of the Falls of the Otter.

It may be that but for my youthful chronicle these details regarding a noble ancestor of a noble lineage might now be beyond discovery, and that but for the Emersonian question having been sent where it was not at all likely to be answered, these particulars might never have been read, save in my note-book.

Not So Fast, if You Please.

Dr. Field told the members of the Medico-Legal Society, in a paper on Spiritualism, that if a person believes he has seen the dead face to face it is evidence of insanity.

Now, we haven't any interest in so-called Spiritualism except as a very curious phase of modern belief, but a broad assertion of that kind is simply an illustration of scientific bigotry. It is a good deal like setting up your own personal opinions as a universal standard and declaring that if anybody dares to see what you haven't seen he is therefore crazy. This is a pretty big world, and there is a lot of queer people in it, but the queerest of all queer men is the man who honestly asserts that if you know any more than he does you ought to be sent to a lunatic asylum.

According to this reasoning the characters of the Old and New Testaments were nearly all stark, staring mad. St. Paul when he heard the threatening voice from heaven, was in a fit of hysteria, and St. John on the Island of Patmos, when that marvelous vision was presented the details of which are in the book of Revelation, was crazy. Besides, the records of the Roman Church in every century are full of just such things, and there is hardly a saint in the calendar who hasn't had experiences of this phenomenal kind.

It is neither safe nor fair nor wise to question a man's sanity because he differs with you in opinion. It is a dangerous principle to advocate, for if you carry it to its extreme limits, why, the Baptist might pronounce the Methodist and the Democrat might declare the Republican crazy. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy, Doctor, and the true scientist very seldom uses the word "impossible."

But humbug and charlatanry, obvious and plain? That is another matter.—*New York Herald.*

Miss E. T. Wragg of Charleston, S. C., is gaining an enviable reputation as the leading woman engraver of America.

Farming for Women.

Louise Seymour Houghton, in "Lend a Hand," argues as follows in favor of farming as an employment for women:

Among the new industries for women, farming is steadily growing in favor. In the four States, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota and Nebraska, there were, according to the census of 1880, 2,379 farms owned and cultivated by women, and the number has very largely increased since that time. In Dakota, a young woman physician, in the leisure of a slowly growing practice, has homesteaded and is carrying on a farm, and two young women of sixteen, in the same State, are very successfully engaged in stock-farming, while in California and Florida a very considerable number of women are profitably engaged in the culture of oranges and other fruits. The reversal, by the Secretary, of the Interior, in 1886, of the decision of the Commissioner of the General Land Office, declaring that women who had made homestead entries forfeited, or by marriage, their right to complete the same, has doubtless tended to increase the number of women farmers, and by drafting off women to the new States and Territories, may indirectly tend to relieve the Eastern States of their surplus female population, and of some of the perplexing problems incident thereto.

This is altogether a move in the right direction. Farming is entirely a suitable, dignified, and profitable occupation for women. The prejudice against their employment in agricultural labor, which arose from the brutish and degraded condition of the peasant women of some European countries, and of the women of barbarous tribes, has been gradually dying out. It has come to be understood that the degradation of these women is the result of other conditions than the mere fact of out-of-door work, and it has come to be recognized that not only the superintendence of the labors of a farm and its financial management are duties eminently suited to woman's best powers, but that the details of its work are by no means beyond her physical powers. The use of machines in large farming makes much possible to women which might otherwise be beyond their strength, but even the more arduous labors of pioneer farming, the felling of trees and fencing of land and breaking of sod, have recently been performed with entire success by young women of no less education and refinement than strength and courage.

Horticulture and floriculture are especially adapted to women, and market gardening is a truly ideal occupation for women whose education in practical finance is sufficiently thorough to make them equal to the management of a business which requires a large capital and involves many risks, but the labors of which are admirably fitted for women, and the profits of which, under intelligent management, are enormous and seldom failing.

One circumstance that renders farming preeminently desirable as an industry for women, is that its demands are in no manner incompatible with their duties as wives or as mothers. Nearly every occupation of equal dignity and profit has its fixed days and hours, and any irregularity in meeting its demands is disastrous; but the exigencies of farming permit of such flexibility of plans and arrangements, as leaves ample room both for the ordinary and extraordinary demands for home and domestic life. Especially is this true of tree planting and forest culture, an industry which has yet to be developed in this country, and which is especially a woman's business, since women rather than men have a genius for minute care and for patient waiting, and find it more easy to live sparingly and self-denyingly while waiting for future returns.

Too much emphasis can not be laid upon the gracious influences of the contact with nature, the free out-door life, the active exercise of farming. No more wholesome correction of the narrowing tendencies of women's lives, the minute economics, the petty carefulnesses, the anxious consideration of minor laws and traditions inevitable in most of them, can possibly be found. A marked improvement, not only in the health but in the moral tone of American women, would be sure to follow upon their adoption, on any considerable scale, of this industry in its various branches.

Up to the present time, women farmers are round almost exclusively in the West or extreme South. Why should not New England Women take up farming, and take it up right here, in their homes and on the farms which their brothers are abandoning for more remunerative work elsewhere? The problems of the industry of New England women is only more perplexing than that other problem of the rapid deterioration and abandonment of New England farms and homesteads. Granting that there is "not money enough" in a worn-out New England farm for an active and ambitious young man, there may still be enough for a woman to whom a home in a settled country among refined associations, with the privileges of a cultured society, churches, schools, and libraries, is worth more than a chance of future riches. All over New England, especially in Maine and New Hampshire, are houses, large, roomy, luxurious even, in comparison with the city quarters of poor folk, standing deserted in the midst of worn-out farms, which, turned into timber lands, or even cultivated as farms, would give a home and health and happiness to the hard-worked, almost starving, widowed mothers of unruly city boys, who are growing up to be the pest and the problem of their time, but who transplanted to such country homes, would be redeemed to usefulness and manhood.

ETHICS OF SPIRITUALISM.

Mrs. Clara A. Field Appeals for Purity of Heart and Life.

Mrs. Clara A. Field, who has recently returned from the South, lectured last evening at Eagle Hall on the interrogatory subject, "Has Spiritualism an Ethical Side?" Mrs. Field is a so-called inspirational speaker, but her inspirations seem to come from her own active, original mind and her warm heart. She is of the Baptist persuasion, her spiritualistic affiliations never having led to the dropping of her church membership. Her strong voice, her flashing eyes, her intense earnestness, brightened by the scintillations of wit, the ceaseless torrent of her words, every one laden with meaning, make her a fascinating speaker. She hits straight from the shoulder. Her line of thought last evening was approximately as follows:

If Spiritualism taught us nothing more than the mere fact of man's existence after the dissolution of the body, its mission has been in vain, because it was not necessary for Christians to have proofs of this. Jesus taught it 2,000 years ago. All human progress, all advance in knowledge, in the arts and sciences, finds its root in selfishness. So with Spiritualism. It appeals at first to the mourners, the bereaved, who had lost their dear ones, and brought them consolation. It aroused the interest of the idle and curious. For years it contented itself with weak and worthless phenomena. Charlatans and tricksters saw their opportunity to profit by the credulity of mankind. Spiritualism was honeycombed with fraud and could scarcely be disassociated from it in the mind of the public. A crisis has come. The world will class all Spiritualists as knaves or fools, unless they stand for something higher and nobler and purer, for something that will bear the strong light of moral investigation. Mediums must see to it that their lives are blameless, that their bodies are fit temples for the indwelling of the holy spirit. Spiritualists must be clean in body, pure and unselfish in mind, make right conditions for the working of spiritual forces, and we shall wake up some fine morning to find that the vast majority of upright, thinking men and women are Spiritualists. Mrs. Field closed with an impassioned appeal for uprightness in heart and life.—*Boston Daily Globe.*

The Japanese Sunday.

While the shops never close and Japanese streets wear the same look all the seven days of the week, the recognition of Sunday as a regulation day of rest by the Government has gradually marked the day as the special holiday of the week. With Government offices and establishments closed, Sunday becomes the successor of the old holidays for the lower classes. Last Sunday the masses picnicked under the grand old cherry trees of Uyeno, and yesterday, the Mukojima blossoms being at their perfect stage, the plebeians' festival was held on the river bank. Although Uyeno is a public park of the city, custom's unwritten law keeps its charming groves and avenues for the merrymaking of classes of citizens higher than the cotton-clad coolies of which the Mukojima's crowd is chiefly composed. A Japanese swell utterly scorns any acquaintance with the Mukojima, although many go to see the spectacle of the lower classes pleasuring.—*Tokio Letter.*

Scientific Misstatements.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I do not know that your approval, or that of your readers, is always extended to me for venturing to correct the scientific misstatements which sometimes gain place in the JOURNAL, though letters of commendation from subscribers are not infrequently received. This remark is made as an expression of some hesitancy in regard to the use of correcting the very palpable mistakes contained in that pretty "Letter from New York by Mrs. L. M. Child," dated 1842 and inserted in your issue of the 9th. There is so great an abundance of both real and symbolical beauty in the facts of Nature, as revealed by science, that it is unnecessary to hunt up false theories whereon to build fanciful ideas of harmony. Let us ever erect our beautiful city of refuge upon the basic rock of truth and not upon any false mirage, or slippery quicksand of imagination. The passage objected to in said letter is here extracted:

"There is an astronomical theory that this earth, by a succession of spiral movements, is changing its position, until its poles will be brought into harmonious relation with the poles of the heavens; then sunshine will equally overspread the globe, and spring become perpetual. I know not whether this theory be correct; but I think it is—for reasons not at all allied with astronomical knowledge. If the millennium, so long prophesied, ever comes, if the lion and the lamb ever lie down together within the souls of men, the outward world must likewise come into divine order, and the poles of the earth will harmonize with the poles of the heavens; then shall universal spring reign without the emblem and offspring of universal peace within."

Permit me to assure the youthful students who read the JOURNAL (and we trust their name is legion) that the earth has no such "spiral movement," and that the poles of the earth are now in perfect and harmonious accord with the poles of the heavens; that they have always been so and will thus ever continue, that the axis of the earth which marks the north and south polar points on the earth's surface, extends onward and outward in both directions until it intersects (so to speak) the stellar vault and thereupon necessarily indicates the corresponding poles of the heavens. Thus are the celestial poles ever in the same straight line with, dependent upon and in accord, most perfectly, with the earthly poles.

Doubtless Mrs. L. M. C. had misunderstood and confounded the poles of the heavens (around which all heavenly bodies apparently perform a diurnal revolution, and which are, withal, real objective points to us) with the poles of the ecliptic, which are mere imaginary points of reference for astronomers, and around which the poles of the heavens describe circles (not spirals) on the stellar vault once in about 26,000 years. But this long periodic circuit of the celestial poles around the poles of the ecliptic in no way affects the wonted distribution of sunlight upon earth. Furthermore, science indicates no possible position in which our revolving earth can be placed that will permit sunshine to "equally overspread the globe and spring become perpetual," as her letter stated.

Hockessin, Del. J. G. JACKSON.

A Curious Incident.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In 1884 I formed the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Eisen, Spiritualists, the latter partly developed as a trance medium. I and my wife were skeptics, I being very much opposed to the "fraud," as I was wont to call it; but thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Eisen's great patience and perseverance, they induced me to investigate, and formed a private circle, which turned out to my greatest satisfaction, convincing me that I was mistaken in condemning what I knew nothing of; and that I had lost a good many years of valuable time in not undertaking an investigation before. A curious incident happened about three months after we began the investigation, which to this day I can not account for. Mrs. Eisen's sister, a devout Catholic, celebrated her wedding in the Eisens' home, and being short of crockery and glassware, they borrowed a basketful of my wife. Among the dishes were eight small glass fruit dishes; and when Mr. Eisen returned the loan, he emptied his basket and placed everything on the table. When he had completed the task, he remarked that his wife had not sent all the small glass dishes, there being only six returned, being two short of the loan. He went home to get the missing ones, but came back and said they were not at his house, and must be among the other ware. Upon looking through them thoroughly they could not be found, much to his displeasure, as he was a poor man, but very prompt and honest in all his dealings. Well, they were counted over and over again by both Mr. E. and my wife, but they could not make out more than six dishes. In the evening when I came home from work, my wife requested me to count the dishes, remarking that she had counted them over and over so much that she was tired out. Well, I counted, and met with the same success. The two missing dishes and another article which was broken, caused a rupture in our friendship, my wife laying it to carelessness on their part, and so our circle was broken up and the Eisens remained away after offering to pay for the articles lost and broken more than their value a dozen times over; but my wife would not have it so, and that settled it.

A long time after this occurrence, about two months, I had occasion to look into the side-board where we kept our glass ware, and what should I see at the first glance but eight glass fruit dishes, being in two piles, four in each. As no one had access to this room, and the Eisens had not been in the house since the dispute, nor any one acquainted with them, the puzzler is, how were those dishes restored after being missed so long? I am confident they were not in the Eisens' possession, as they would have returned them without a faintest doubt.

FRANK W. DIEHL.

Remarkable Disappearance of the Corpse of a Young Man in Zenia, Ohio.

On the morning of the 14th day of August, 1872, Charles J. Reid, a young man of twenty-five years living at Xenia, O., fell dead while walking across the dining-room in his father's house. The family consisted of his father, mother, two sisters, and a cousin, a boy of fifteen.

All were present at the breakfast table when Charles entered the room, says A. G. B. in the San Francisco *Examiner*, but instead of taking his accustomed seat near the door by which he had entered, passed it and went obliquely toward one of the windows—with what purpose no one knows.

He had passed the table but a few steps when he fell heavily to the floor and never again breathed.

The body was carried into a bed-room, and, after vain efforts at resuscitation by the stricken family, left lying on the bed with composed limbs and covered face. In the meantime the boy had been hastily dispatched for a physician who arrived some twenty minutes after the death. He afterward remembered as an uncommon circumstance that when he arrived the weeping relations—father, mother, and two sisters—were all in the room out of which the bedroom door opened, and that door was closed. There was no other door to the bedroom.

This door was at once opened by the father of the deceased, and as the physician passed through it he observed the rigid outlines of the body under the sheet that had been thrown over it; and the profile was plainly discernible under the face, clear-cut and sharp, as profiles of the dead seem always to be.

He approached and lifted the cloth.

There was nothing there.

He pulled away the sheet.

Nothing.

The family had followed him into the room. At this astonishing discovery—if so it may be called—they looked at one another, at the physician, at the bed in speechless amazement, forgetting to weep.

A moment later the three ladies required the physician's care; all had fainted and fallen to the floor. The father's condition was but little better; he stood in a stupor, muttering inarticulately and staring like an idiot.

Having restored the ladies to consciousness the physician went to the window, the only one the room had, opening upon a garden. It was locked on the inside with the usual fastening attached to the bottom bar of the upper sash and engaging with the lower.

No inquest was held—there was nothing to hold it on; but the physician and many others who were curious as to this remarkable occurrence made the most searching investigation into all the circumstances, but without result. Charles J. Reid was dead and "gone," and that is all that is known to this day.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

Mott Haven, N. Y., has a female horse shoer.

A beautiful basket of fruit serves two purposes. It is both a decoration and a delicacy.

Truth is eclipsed often and acts for night, but never is it turned aside from its eternal path.

Anxiety is the poison of human life. It is the parent of many sins and of more miseries.—*Blair.*

It is declared by expert electricians that there are 11,000 miles of "dead" wires in New York City.

A nation's departure from right and justice is the measure of the spiritual blindness of its citizens.

Content not thyself that thou art good in the general, for one link being wanting, the chain is defective.

Extraordinary rainfalls are reported all over Mexico. They are causing much trouble for the railroads.

The pin factories of England, France, Holland and Germany are said to turn out 77,000,000 pins daily.

The one story frame cabin in which Andrew Johnson served his apprenticeship as a tailor is still standing in Columbia, Tenn.

To rejoice in another's prosperity is to give content to your own lot; to mitigate another's grief is to alleviate or dispel your own.

OUR COUNTRY!—In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be right; but our country forever—right or wrong!—*Commodore Stephen Decatur.*

Within a week three attempts have been made to chloroform and kidnap Miss Barnett, of Canton, Ohio. A rejected lover is supposed to be at the bottom of it.

It has been discovered that a little band of Apaches who have been committing depredations in Sonora, Mexico, are led by two Americans named Red Murphy and West.

The population of Canada is less than that of the State of New York; and yet while New York has a debt of only about $7,000,000, Canada has a debt of nearly $240,000,000.

Miss Minnesinger, of Beaver, Pa., wants $10,000 from the estate of an invalid cousin, whom she nursed for eight years, and the wonder is that anybody should oppose her claim.

William Dandy, free man of color down in Georgia, rests his hope of fame upon the fact that he can kill, pick and clean a chicken in the nicest possible way inside of thirty-three seconds.

The trustees of Cornell University have decided to build one of the largest and finest library buildings in the country. It will cost nearly $250,000, and is to accommodate 400,000 volumes.

Spend your time in nothing which you know must be repented of; spend it in nothing which you might not safely and properly be found doing, if death should surprise you in the act.—*Advocate.*

Let it be borne in mind that the cords of love, which bind hearts so closely together that neither life nor death nor time nor eternity can sever them, are woven of threads no bigger than a spider's web.

Small amounts of the old postal currency continue to be offered for redemption at the New York Sub-Treasury. The amount still unredeemed is $15,000,000, but the most of it is doubtless worn out or destroyed.

There was exhibited in the window of a store in Charlotte, N. C., the other day the skull of a noted Seminole Indian chief of the early days. A collector of the firm had become possessed of it while traveling in Florida.

How fast we learn in a day of sorrow! Scripture shines out in a new effulgence, every verse seems to contain a sunbeam, every promise stands out in illuminated splendor; things hard to be understood become in a moment plain.—*H. Bonar.*

We should remember the truth is many-sided; that all truth comes from one source. There is only one sun in the heavens, yet, as you know, there are many beautiful colors, all of which come from the one sun.

The lumber from which the gallows was constructed on which John Brown was executed is owned by a resident of Harper's Ferry, who is waiting for some relic hunter to come and take it off his hands. The modest sum of $1,500 is asked for it.

One hundred bottles of beer were delivered by mistake at the house of Mrs. Travers, a prominent member of the Women's Christian Temperance Union in Detroit, recently. Mrs. Travers promptly smashed the bottles in the gutter, and a suit at law is the result.

Isaiah V. Williamson, of Philadelphia, is reported to be the wealthiest bachelor in the United States. He has a fortune of $20,000,000 and gives away a large portion of it annually in charities. He is a plainly dressed old gentleman, very modest and retiring in his ways.

True individuality is careful to keep within its own orbit. It does not reach out to adjust, dictate to, or control another being. Its aim is to find and know itself—i. e., when the real living has begun, which is seeking to know what life is and what the personality is responsible to do with life.

Berlin has supplanted Switzerland in the carved wood industry. Six hundred artists in wood carving, the same number of turners and 700 carpenters are engaged in manufacturing such articles as cigar cases, newspaper and picture frames, napkin rings, etc.

Mrs. John Drew, who appeared at the Arch Street Theatre in Philadelphia a short time ago as Lady Teazle, has been on the boards for sixty-one years. Her stage career has been longer than that of any other actor or actress in America, with the possible exception of John Gilbert.

Rev. Nathan Smith, of Ackworth, Ga., has preached the gospel for more than fifty years. He is a well-preserved old gentleman of seventy-five. He has a unique cure for dyspepsia. After suffering from that complaint for a number of years he cured himself by swallowing a mouthful of bran after each meal.

In one apartment of Windsor Castle, called the Gold Room, there is stored away gold plate to the value of $12,000,000. One piece alone, a salver of gold, is worth $60,000, and there is a gold candelabrum in the room valued at fully as much. It is so heavy as to require the combined strength of two men to lift it.

Charles Primeau, the aged interpreter at the Standing Rock Agency in Dakota, was an early Indian trader among the Sioux in the Northwest. He had many perilous and exciting adventures, sometimes barely escaping with his life, and once had $100,000 of property destroyed in a twinkling by the savages.

Seabrin Storke, an eccentric old cobbler in Jefferson, Ga., who still keeps at his trade, although eighty-nine years old, is a veteran of three wars. He beat a drum in Jackson's army at the battle of New Orleans, fought in the Mexican war and served with credit through the rebellion. Despite his advanced age he makes as good a shoe as any shoemaker in the State.

The Italian Government has devised what may be a useful plan for diminishing the number of duels. Dueling in Italy is allowed under certain conditions, and it is supposed that many duels are due to the fear of those challenged that if they do not fight they will be treated as cowards. In future any Italian who calls a countryman a coward because the latter will not fight will be made to pay an extremely heavy fine.

There is a black lily at Chico, Cal., which catches flies. It is shaped something like a calla, but much larger, being sixteen inches across the top by ten inches in breadth. The pistil emanates from a pouch about ten inches in depth, and is itself fifteen inches long by nearly an average width, and is perfectly black. The flower has an offensive odor like that of decaying flesh. Flies swarm about the flower. Attracted by the odor they find their way into the pouch from which the pistil comes, and once down in there they never get out.

A big spider was placed on a rock in the center of an aquarium in a recent experiment, and a larva of a water beetle put near. The beetle seized the spider and pulled it into the water, but after a sharp struggle the spider broke away and escaped. The beetle soon afterward renewed the attack, and fastened itself on the spider by its pincers. The spider also got a good hold, and the duel resulted in the death of both. It is said that if two of the larva are placed in the same aquarium they will fight until one or the other is dead, and the victor will decapitate the dead one.

The Boy at the Gate.

I bet they ain't a man in the shop,
'At works as hard as what I do;
But the moment the whistle blows I stop,
An' the way I get out of the mill ain't slow,
Fur soon as six strikes, as sure as fate,
My blue-eyed baby runs down to the gate.

Look, thaar he is, he don't see me yet—
You can't hardly see him under that hat;
He's a boy, every inch now, you just bet;
Purty? I'd smile, from his ma' takes that;
He'll be two next month, the fifth's the date,
Waal!—that's the latest, climbing up the gate!

I made him that cart, an' painted it red—
My wife, she says he draws it all day,
An' every night he lugs it to bed;
Talk? Waal, I guess, and's chock full of play.
Got a kiss for pop? now u-u-p he goes!
Hullo! been tumblin' on your nose?

Thank God, I'm away from the noise uv my loom,
I b'lieve it will drive me out uv my head;
It seems to be sayin' all day in the gloom,
This terrible world—dead—dead—dead—dead.
No use to hurry now, no one ull wait
An' watch for my comin' beside the gate.

Thaar's my wife—O, to-night, what word shall I say
To her, when I go in without the boy?
I'll walk through the field, it's the longest way,
But the birds an' flowers there may give me joy,
Here's a mildewed shoe on this rubbish heap
'At baby wore when he used to creep.

Off a river of tears, hope an' stronger faith
Have sailed this hour into my dark life,
An' now without pain I think uv his death,
An' I can go home to comfort my wife!
Fur I feel, when life's work is over, he'll wait
An' watch for our comin' beside Heaven's gate
—*Mary M. McCarthy.*

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

A Curious Vision.

About one year ago I was spending an afternoon with a friend. As I went to her home, I met the lady's father, and spoke to him. As she and I were sitting by the window talking, she busily sewing and with her back to the window, I happened to look out and saw her father coming home, he being a few feet from his own gate, and about the same distance from the road leading by the house. He had a bundle under his arm done up in brown paper. He didn't come into the house as he naturally would, and I wondered where he was, but did not speak of having seen him to his daughter, as I concluded he had sat down in the doorway to rest. In about half an hour or so, I happened to glance out of the window again and saw him in just the same place as I saw him before, and with just such a bundle under his arm. This time he came. I said to him: "I thought I saw you coming home sometime ago."

"No," he replied.

"Why," I said, "didn't you come almost home a little while ago, and go back."

"No!"

Then I began to wonder what it meant, and not being able to explain it to myself, I did not tell his daughter, thinking the circumstance might trouble her. As I went home at night I called on another friend and related the circumstance to her; she laughed at me, and said I had mistaken him for some one else; but I knew better. The man was very large and of a peculiar form, and could not very well be taken for any one else. I was only sorry that I had not watched him as he approached the door; but I had no doubt of his identity, and at the moment, my attention was called to some remark of my friend.

I am not a medium, and that was the first time I ever saw anything of the kind that I could not account for. I do believe in the truths of Spiritualism, and it rejoices my heart when fraudulent mediums are exposed, and they receive their just treatment from your hands. I hope you may be prospered in your good work and that in time Spiritualism may stand on a solid and thoroughly proved foundation.

I would add that the man whom I saw under such peculiar circumstances was eighty-six years of age. He died only a few weeks ago. A. S. S.

Spiritual Baptism.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kershaw, members of the Second Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia, received his name and a spiritual baptism on Sunday, June 10th, at their church. It was the first event of the kind in the Association, and was conducted by the spirits throughout. The child received the name of his father (Thomas Kershaw) and was confided to the kindly care of guardian spirits who, we trust, will enable him to live a better, purer and higher life than he otherwise would have done. The ceremonies were different from the church regulations, no water being used, but was a purely spiritual baptism and dedication to the spiritual cause. The Association welcomed its youngest member, and congratulated the parents for the consistent and fearless course they pursued in dedicating their child to the cause they themselves espouse. The Association will close its church during the months of July and August, resuming again in September. L. I. ABBOTT.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Capital Punishment.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I agree with your remarks upon capital punishment as far as they go; but I would beg leave to amend by adding: Take away the pardoning power from both Governor and President, except upon evidence which, if produced before a court, will convince a jury that the subject of imprisonment is innocent of the crime for which he has been incarcerated; in which case, let the State make, so far as possible, restitution to him for the error committed. Now when it turns out that an error has been committed, no matter how long a term may have been served, the victim is simply kicked out of prison and told to go and earn his living, and no sort of reparation for the wrong done is offered him. Truly, the "law is the last of the institutions of society to make a step of progress. In fact, it clings more tenaciously to the barbarisms of the past than any other thing which the spirit of the present age is striving to reform. O. B. ORMSBY.

Murphysboro, Ill.

Negroes Changing.

The negro is changing in appearance and losing some of the birthmarks peculiar to the African race. The new generation is showing the effects of a higher culture. Especially is this noticeable in the towns where contact with the whites shows its effect. The flat-nosed, kinky-headed negro is passing away and becoming an unknown race. All the colored children, no matter how dusky in hue, show the change. Among the females long hair of that peculiar woolly appearance hangs in long braids of curls down their backs. Aquiline noses and smaller mouths with thinner lips are the rule. For years, and in fact ever since their freedom, the negresses have endeavored to do away with the short and kinky hair bestowed upon them by their ancestors. Much of their spare change is invested in various hair tonics and invigorators, and the long attention and care bestowed upon it is shown in their descendants. The South Georgia negro is an evidence of evolution, the survival of the fittest.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

"As glares the tiger on his foes,
Hemmed in by hunters, spears and bows,
And, ere he bounds upon the ring,
Selects the object of his spring."

So disease, in myriad forms, fastens its fangs upon the human race. Ladies who suffer from distressing ailments peculiar to their sex, should use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

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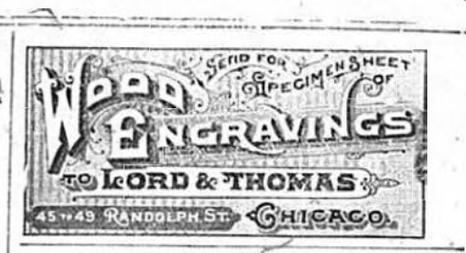
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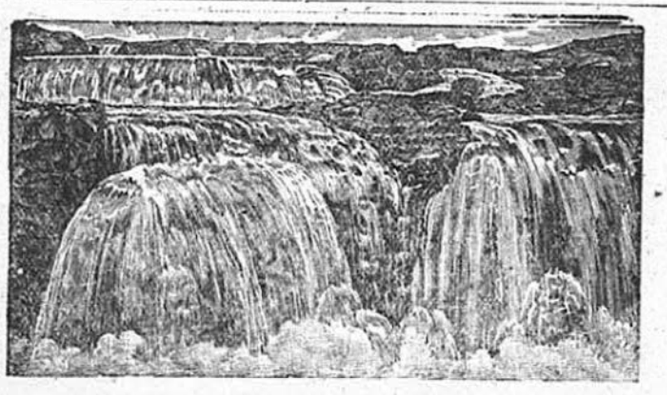
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(Continued from First Page.)

is hypercritical, but I do not care for names. I do not know how telepathy, or mesmerism, or any other 'ism, will explain anything in this connection. I know nothing but Spiritualism that will.

Another question which I have is:

"Can you give one instance in your own experience of intelligence communicated at a séance totally unknown to the sitters?"

I can give fifty; and as I have placed myself in evidence a long long time ago, and have now no time to search my records for other cases, I will tell you what absolutely convinced me of the existence of unembodied or disembodied intelligence. When I first began to investigate Spiritualism I went to a séance conducted by a lady who, I believe, is present in this room, Miss Lottie Fowler. I got from her an evidence of external intelligence which seems to me, as I look back over that vista of fifteen years, just as good now as it seemed then I was once living in the Isle of Man, and there I made the acquaintance of a gentleman who was one of the ablest men that I ever came across; a man who did more to influence me in his way than any man I had known at that time. He was a man of extreme ability, keen logical power, perfectly fearless thought, and altogether a very brilliant example of a thinking man. He was perfectly blind and his life was, I am afraid, a sad one; it was life that was deprived of all the blessings and pleasures that sight means; it was a life that was not enriched by any luxuries that go to smooth sickness and affliction, and in the end his pecuniary troubles and his sorrows drove him to that desperate refuge of the distressed, suicide. He took his life by drowning himself. Worn out with the endless conflict, he walked one night to the sea shore and disposed of the burden of life in the friendly ocean. That was some time before what I am going to tell you. When I first began to look into these things. I tried to find out what séances there were going on, and I was told that on a given evening a séance was to be held by Miss Lottie Fowler, to which I could obtain admission. I went there. The controlling spirit, of whom I desire to speak with all respect, was not giving us any particular information, so I thought in my then ignorance. I fancied that when I came into relations with a spirit, all secrets would be thrown open to me. It is a common mistake with young beginners. I said, after some time fruitlessly spent, "You are wasting our time and not giving us information that seems to me to be of value. Go away; we want somebody who can tell us something more to the point." Instead of snubbing me as I deserved—oh! the infinite patience of these beings!—the spirit said to me, "You have nothing to do with me. I won't go." I said, "Yes, you will. You'll go and send somebody else who can instruct us better than yourself." After more colloquy the medium shivered convulsively, as she stood in the middle of the horse-shoe circle, rooted to the spot, and crouching down as if in dread of some approaching influence. Presently the voice came again, and it was utterly changed; the voice, this time, of a man, very calm and unimpassioned, instead of the child's voice which was speaking before.

"You want me?"

"Yes. What is your name?"

"I'd rather not tell you. You can ask me any questions."

"No. Tell me what you see, or describe any one whom you see near me. I will answer yes or no; no more."

The voice came again—"I see a man, very old, tall, with a long white beard and long hair."

"Yes."

"The beard is very white indeed."

"No; go on."

"He has a very high broad forehead, and his eyes are drawn down. Why, he's blind!"

"Yes."

"And his face is black and blue." (And here the medium shuddered violently.) Oh! what's that in his mouth? It's like slime ....and mud....and....oh! blood." (The words came in broken utterances.)

"Yes."

"And....it's dark. I can't see."

"Go on. How is he dressed?"

"He has on a long blue coat. No, not exactly a coat....something long. I can't see his feet." (He wore a long dressing gown.)

"Where does he stand?"

"Right opposite; close by you."

"Can you see his name?"

"No. He seems in trouble. I think it's money. He looks so horrible. Let me go! Why do you keep me here?"

"Go then. Do you know me?"

"No." (This very emphatically.)

I shall not attempt to describe the scene during the time that this conversation was being held. I have quoted from a full and careful record written at the time, and the whole scene is photographed indelibly on my mind. Every one seemed petrified and astonished. They would have been more so had they known with what photographic accuracy a scene in my own private experience was being re-enacted before my eyes. It was, I am sure, absolutely unknown to any human being in the room. That convinced me of some external power or force. Some people tell me sometimes that evidence for these facts is not good. I think that you will be of opinion that an experience such as this requires explanation from any one who regards it as of no value.

The case of Abraham Florentine is no better and no worse than several others within my knowledge, but it happens to be a compact, excellent case for citation. If you will allow me I will give you the real points in that case. It dates back to the year 1874, and on December 11th in that year I addressed a letter to the Spiritualist newspaper, which, in view of things which came to my knowledge after that, I reproduced with some additions on March 19th, 1885. In the month of August, 1874, I was staying with my friend, Dr. Speer, at Shanklin, Isle of Wight. We were in the midst of a number of long, continuous sittings, during which phenomena of a most remarkable nature were of ordinary and daily occurrence. At one of the séances there came a spirit who moved the table—and a very heavy one it was—in a very aggressive manner. Supposing he wished to rap at the letter L (we would begin to call the alphabet A, B, C, etc.), the table, some time before we reached the letter, used to get up in the air, and begin to fidget, and when we came to L it would come down with a thump which, if your toe happened to be underneath the leg of the table—well, you would have known it. The whole communication was rapped out in this manner, and it was done without contact of our hands. This spirit gave the name of Abraham Florentine. He said that he had been concerned in the war of 1812, and that he had lately entered spirit-life at Brooklyn, U. S. A., on August 5th, at the age of eighty-three years, one month, and seventeen days. We had some difficulty at first in making out whether the month and the days referred to the age or to the length of his illness, but he returned on the following evening and cleared up the difficulty. The manner in which the communication was made was the most singular and impressive. At the conclusion of the sittings I wrote a letter to the *Spiritualist* detailing the case and asking the American papers to copy. There was in Brooklyn at that time one Dr. Eugene Crowell, a friend of mine, with whom I had had a long correspondence. He had published a book on Spiritualism, which I had introduced to the English public. He went to Mr. Epes Sargent, another valuable friend of mine, and between them they inserted for me a paragraph in a well-known Spiritualist journal in the States, the *Banner of Light* of December 12th, 1874, embodying the same inquiry which I had made in the *Spiritualist*. The paragraph in the *Banner of Light* is this:

"At a séance in England lately a spirit communication was received by means of the tilting of a heavy table. The whole table seemed alive, and as though it were being disintegrated in the very fibres of the wood. The gist of the communication was that the spirit was one Abraham Florentine, who died at Brooklyn, N. Y., on August 5th, 1874. He said he was in the war of 1812, and then, after an interval, added, 'a month and seventeen days.' Can any of our Brooklyn friends inform us whether they ever heard of Abraham Florentine?"

No sooner had that issue of the paper found its way to the public than we received by due course of mail the following reply, which speaks for itself:—

"In the *Banner of Light* to-day received here, is a paragraph concerning a spirit who manifested through the medium of a dining-table at some place in England, and gave the name of Abraham Florentine, a soldier in the war of 1812. You make inquiry whether anyone ever heard of Abraham Florentine. I cannot specifically answer that question, but having been engaged some fourteen years since in auditing the claims of the soldiers of 1812 in the State of New York, I am yet in possession of the records of all such who made claims for service in that war. In those records appears the name of Abraham Florentine, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and a full record of his services can be obtained in the office of the Adjutant-General of the State of New York, in claim No. 11,518, war of 1812. I think, however, that he there claimed for a longer term of service than he gave in England, his allowance being for fifty-eight dollars."

You will agree with me that that is pretty specific. My friend then went to what there corresponds to our War Office, and he received from the Adjutant-General the following certificate:—

"In reply to your communication, dated January 22nd, I have to furnish you the following information from the records of this office:—Abraham Florentine, private in Captain Nicole's company, 1st Regiment New York Militia, Colonel Dodge, volunteered at New York on or about September the 2nd, 1814, served three months, and was honorably discharged. He received Land Warrant No. 63,365 for forty acres. The above is taken from the soldier's sworn statement, and not from official records.—Very respectfully,

"FRANKLIN TOWNSEND, Adj.-Gen."

I had ventured to say in detailing this case that from the way in which Abraham Florentine's spirit had conducted himself, I thought he was probably a fighting man, not nice to meet. My friend, Dr. Crowell, found out the house of the widow of Abraham Florentine, and went to interview her. He knocked at the door, and an elderly, well-dressed woman came forward. He said, "I am inquiring about Abraham Florentine."

"Sir," she said, "he is dead."

"Are you his widow?"

"Yes, I am. Will you step in?"

Accordingly he went in and sat down, and gradually inquired about this Abraham Florentine. He told her what he knew and she was astonished and said, "Where did you get your information from?" He told her, and further said, "What was your husband like?"

"He had a temper of his own," she said.

Dr. Crowell told her that these communications had been made in London. The good woman had never heard of Spiritualism, and was considerably astounded. Now I take it that that is a good case, though I have necessarily abridged the evidence in my narrative. These are my reasons, not to labor the evidence further, for saying that I do believe in the action of unembodied or disembodied spirit, and I do not believe in any explanation derived from telepathy or mesmerism. Not that I do not believe in telepathy; I do. I believe we are accustomed to put down to the action of spirit unembodied much that may possibly be explained by the action of spirit embodied. I think that is possible enough. I do not enlarge on that point. I know there are so many admirable men whose lives are devoted to the task of proving telepathy and disproving the action of spirit, that I do not enter into competition with them. I devote myself as much as I can to prove the action of spirit, and leave telepathy to ake care of itself. I will pass from that subject now; having given you two instances of intelligence communicated at séances totally unknown to the sitters.

I turn now to the best way of developing mediumship. These are the queries:—

Can anyone become a medium if he or she cultivates the powers? Can you tell us of a man or a woman who can develop the occult powers of nature so as to become a medium? Can a bad man or woman be a good medium?"

I take it that the powers we call psychical—the powers of mediumship—are the common property of the human race; but as certain gifts and graces are more developed in some men than in others, so the sensitiveness which we call mediumship (every sensitive person is not a medium, though every medium is sensitive) is more highly developed in some persons than in others. To take a common instance, automatic writing is often developed by sitting regularly at a certain time and seeking to get that particular manifestation. That is a plain case of the development of a latent faculty. Whether it is desirable and wise in any particular case to develop mediumship is another point. I do not think it would be reasonable to say that it is wise and well for everyone to become acquainted with mediumship in his own proper person. It would not be honest in me to disguise the fact that he who meddles with this subject does so at his own peril. I do not say that that peril is anything that should always be avoided. In some cases it is not, but I do say that the development of mediumship is sometimes a very questionable benefit, as in others it is a very decided blessing. In developing mediumship one has to consider a question involving three serious points. Can you get into relation with a spirit who is wise enough and strong enough to protect, and good enough for you to trust? If you do not, you are exposed to that recurrent danger which the old occultists used to describe as the struggle with the dweller on the threshold. It is true that everybody who crosses the threshold of this occult knowledge does unquestionably come into a new and strange land in which, if he has no guide, he is apt to lose his way. That is the saving clause which I am disposed to insist on. With regard to manifestations through a medium that is good or bad, by which, I presume, I must understand one sincere or the reverse in heart, and honest or not in intent, such as Tennyson describes in his "In Memoriam"—

"How pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold
Should be the man whose thoughts would hold
An hour's communion with the dead"—

I will consider that in connection with another of the queries, "Do the lower spirits ever try to draw down to their level those who are wishing and trying to live a higher life?"

If I am to answer that question in briefest form, I must say "Yes." If I answer the question above mentioned, whether a good spirit ever manifests through a medium who is a bad man—by "bad" I must again read as intended a person who is not leading a pure and honest and sincere life—I should say, "Yes," but not necessarily. Mediumship *per se* has nothing to do with good or evil. It is merely a quality appertaining to the person who exercises these gifts, and it must be within the experience of investigators that the most convincing evidences of the action of spirit power are obtained through persons who would not be held up as models in their lives of that which is honorable and of good repute. That is matter of common knowledge. I hold that psychical or mediumistic power is a physical peculiarity which has no connection whatever with moral qualities. And I believe that a spirit can and does manifest through a medium whose gifts he finds himself able to use, without reference at all to the moral character of that individual. But I also believe that like usually attracts like, and that the higher spirits are not likely to enter into the atmosphere of one whose moral being is degraded by vice, or even depraved by self-indulgence. Rather will they seek the association of the pure and healthy both in mind and body. And this applies, be it distinctly borne in mind, in equal measure to sitters and medium. The real point to be considered is the kind of manifestations the querist has in view. If only objective evidence of spirit power, then the medium matters little: if teaching of a philosophical order, then he matters much. For those who come from the high places of knowledge and experience to our lower world breathe its moral atmosphere with difficulty, and are likely to select their instruments with care.

Then I am asked, "In the case of spirits who communicate with earth, can they tell us of the state in which they live and of the work in which they are engaged?"

Yes, they can, so far as our language lends itself to the translation of their ideas. We are told sometimes that we learn nothing from spirits, if we do not it is our own fault. We are told that spirits cannot tell us of the state in which they are. I think that is in a measure true. The conditions of life are so absolutely different in the new state, that they cannot be translated in terms of our language. I believe if we could all in this room be endowed with a sixth sense we should find that our conditions of life would be so totally different that we should not be able to explain to an ordinary five-sense man how we are conditioned in that new state. I believe it is fair to say that we get quite as much knowledge from spirits as we can reasonably expect to get. I believe also that we shall get more knowledge as we get more fitted for it, and perhaps as we seek for it more diligently. Hitherto we have been largely occupied in exercising the faculty of wonder. We have been agape.

Another question is:

"Is it likely that as we develop more, we shall learn more of the future life?"

It is not only likely, but it is certain; or else progress is a myth. I believe in eternal progress upward and onward to perfection.

Then there is a group of questions which I have not touched. They are concerned with re incarnation. If I may venture to make a perfectly candid confession to you, I will say that I know nothing about it. I am not aware that re-incarnation, as taught by the school of Allan Kardec, and re-embodiment, as taught, for instance, by Mrs. Cora Tappan Richmond (in a series of lectures of great lucidity and beauty which have recently come under my notice), are the same thing. The only inquiry I have made from reliable spiritual sources of information was addressed to an old Egyptian spirit with whom I was long in communication. I asked him whether he had ever been re-incarnated, and he said, "I have left your earth 4,000 years and I have never been re-incarnated; and I never expect to be." That is the most direct piece of information I have on the subject. I fancy that questioners and answerers on this subject are often at cross purposes. It is at least remarkable that spirits should not know clearly whether or not re-incarnation on this earth is a fact or not.

I have three questions from Mr. Everitt dealing with dreams on which I am afraid I can not throw any very strong light. The questions are these: (1) "If, as some contend, the action of the mind as well as the activity of the body is suspended during sleep, what is the explanation of the commencement of dreams, or the sudden entering of ideas into the mind?" (2) "Again, if man never loses consciousness, is he, when his body is in the state called sleep, actively engaged in the spiritual world?" (3) "Have you been permitted to remember a conscious active existence in the spiritual world during the state called sleep? or, do you know of anyone who has been so permitted—I do not mean by that what is commonly called dreaming?"

With regard to this subject physiologists tell us that what we call dreaming is an imperfect recollection, a flash of consciousness which comes usually immediately before waking. There have been cases of persons hearing a knock at the door when asleep, and it has sent them through an apparently long series of experiences, whereas the time that passed was so brief that the sensation could not have lasted more than a few seconds. My differentiations between a "vision of the night" and a dream is this: A dream is usually grotesque, and the dreamer is quite unaware of the grotesqueness until he thinks it over after waking. A "vision of the night"—for there are also waking visions which are not "day-dreams"—is always coherent, and has no elements of absurdity in it. What I prefer to call a vision is a well remembered experience of the liberated soul in the world of spirit. A dream, for example, may be attributable to a disordered digestion, or to any of the varied causes that engender a disturbed brain action.

I do not feel able to say, except in a case with which I should be perfectly acquainted, how certain ideas, e.g., in prophetic dreams, are put into the mind. Is it not probable that they are waking reminiscences of the soul's clear sight, or partake of the nature of that direct suggestion from spirit, a phase of which we call inspiration!

I may say that I have myself had rare cases of very distinct remembrance of my doings during the sleep of the body. These usually fade gradually after waking. I know at least two other persons who have similar experiences.

The last question is by Mrs. Boole:

"How much is known about the practical use of the Pentagram in training the hand to act independently of the volition of a free agent for inspired art needlework?"

I am not an authority on needlework, and I am not an authority on the pentagram. I am afraid I can not answer the question. If there is anybody present who can answer the question, it would be interesting to hear it.

The usual complimentary vote, proposed by Mr. Newton Crossland, and acknowledged by the President, closed the formal proceedings on the platform. The meeting, which had been remarkable for the interest displayed and the close attention shown, then became social and conversational. Some music of exceptional excellence was very highly appreciated. The warm thanks of all present are due to Miss Withall and the friends who generously and ably assisted her.—"M. A. (OXON.)" in *Light*, London.

The California State Camp Meeting.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The fourth annual camp meeting of the California Spiritualists has been in continuous session in Oakland since Sunday, June 3d, and taken altogether it has been the most successful gathering of the four. The brilliant array of eloquent speakers, the number of leading test mediums occupying the platform, and the uniformly large audiences that have flocked thither, have served to render this camp meeting truly a great success. Despite the very heavy expense incident to securing the attendance from the far east of lecturers and mediums, and to the increased musical attractions that have been provided for the meetings, the directors are assured that financial success will crown their labors.

Mrs. R. S. Lillie and Edgar W. Emerson have each become universal favorites, the one for her refined and eloquent oratory, the other for his remarkable and startling tests. The excellent singing of Mr. J. T. Lillie is the subject of general commendation. J. J. Morse's continued popularity is evidenced by the overflowing audiences greeting his various lectures, and by the large attendance upon his tri weekly developing circles. Mr. Morse is also especially well-placed when acting as chairman of the camp meeting, to which position he is at times called by the regular chairman, President I. C. Steele. W. J. Colville also draws very large and well pleased audiences, and his spiritual science classes are numerously attended.

Besides Mr. Emerson, such noted test-mediums as Dr. J. V. Mansfield, John Slater, and Ada Foye have occupied the platform from time to time at the camp; so that phenomenally this session has been exceptionally favored. Up to this time the following local talent, in the matter of lecturing, has been utilized at the camp: President, I. C. Steele, W. W. McKaig, and J. J. Owen have delivered excellent addresses, and Wm. Emmette Coleman has spoken upon "Spiritualism and Science."

The San Francisco Cornet Band, brass and string, furnishes choice music inside and outside the grand pavilion, while the piano is presided over most efficiently by the accomplished musician and *cantatrice*, Mrs. Eugenia Wheeler Clark. This lady also sings one or more charming selections at most of the daily sessions of the camp. Each Friday evening is devoted to a literary and musical entertainment, and dance; in the former of which the cream of the Oakland and San Francisco talent in our ranks participates, including the general favorites, Dr. Thos. L. Hill, J. J. Morse, Miss Valerie Hickethier, Miss Florence Morse, and Mrs. Eugenia W. Clark. Brother Morse presides over the literary and musical departments at these socials, while W. E. Coleman engineers the dancing exercises.

On Sunday afternoon the 17th inst. special memorial services were held in the pavilion in honor of the spiritual laborers who had departed for the higher life during the past year. An immense crowd was present, and eloquent addresses were delivered by J. J. Morse (the chairman) J. J. Owen, Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, Mrs. R. S. Lillie, and W. J. Colville. An original inspirational poem was read by Mrs. Julia Schlesinger. Next Friday, the 22d, will be Children's Day, when the entire day will be devoted to the children, with the usual social and dance in the evening. Over $60 was generously donated by the audiences last Sunday to provide candies, ice-cream, cake and other nice things for the children next Friday.

Some fifty odd tents are occupied at the camp grounds this year, and a large number of mediums are present, most of whom, I learn, are doing well in their several séances.

With commendable enterprise, the publishers of the *Carrier Dove* are issuing a daily *Dove*, of four pages, during the camp meeting. The President, I. C. Steele, the indefatigable secretary, Geo. H. Hawes, and the other directors and officers have been and are working most assiduously to carry on the camp smoothly, pleasantly, and successfully; and our thanks are due them for the very efficient manner in which their work has been done.

J. J. Morse has concluded to remain in San Francisco a few months longer, and he will begin a series of Sunday evening lectures in Washington Hall on July 10th.

San Francisco, Cal.

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Chautauqua County, N. Y.,

FROM JULY 21ST TO AUGUST 26TH, 1888.

PROGRAM.

July 21, Saturday: Walter Howell, London, Eng.
July 22, Sunday: Walter Howell and Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Chicago, Ill.
July 23, Monday: Conference.
July 24, Tuesday: Dr. J. C. Street, Boston, Mass.
July 25, Wednesday: Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.
July 26, Thursday: Miss Jennie B. Hagen, Massachusetts.
July 27, Friday: Dr. J. C Street.
July 28, Saturday: Lyman C. Howe, Fredonia, N. Y., and Miss Jennie B. Hagen.
July 29, Sunday: Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond and A. B. French, Clyde, Ohio
July 30, Monday: Conference.
July 31, Tuesday: Walter Howell.
Aug. 1, Wednesday: Chas. Dawbarn, New York City.
Aug. 2, Thursday: Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.
Aug. 3, Friday: Chas. Dawbarn.
Aug. 4, Saturday: Walter Howell and Mrs. Cora Richmond.
Aug. 5, Sunday: Chas. Dawbarn and Mrs. Colby Luther Crown Point, Ind.
Aug. 6, Monday: Conference.
Aug. 7, Tuesday: Mrs. Colby Luther.
Aug. 8, Wednesday: J. Frank Baxter, of Chelsea, Mass.
Aug. 9, Thursday: Mrs. H. S. Lake, Boston, Mass.
Aug. 10, Friday: J. Frank Baxter.
Aug. 11, Saturday: W. F. Peck and Mrs. Colby Luther.
Aug. 12, Sunday: Mrs. H. S. Lake and J. Frank Baxter.
Aug. 13, Monday: Conference.
Aug. 14, Tuesday: Mrs. R. S. Lillie, Boston, Mass.
Aug. 15, Wednesday: Mrs. H. S. Lake.
Aug. 16, Thursday: Rev. Samuel Watson, Memphis, Tenn.
Aug. 17, Friday: Mrs. H. S. Lake.
Aug. 18, Saturday: Rev. Samuel Watson and Mrs. Clara Watson, Jamestown, N. Y.
Aug. 19, Sunday: Rev. Samuel Watson and Mrs. R. S. Lillie.
Aug. 20, Monday: W. J. Colville, Boston.
Aug. 21, Tuesday: Mrs. R. S. Lillie.
Aug. 22, Wednesday: W. J. Colville.
Aug. 23, Thursday: Mrs. R. S. Lillie.
Aug. 24, Friday: Walter Howell.
Aug. 25, Saturday: W. J. Colville and Mrs. Clara Watson.
Aug. 26, Sunday: W. J. Colville and Mrs. R. S. Lillie.

For circulars address A. E. Gaston, Secy., Meadville, Pa.

How to get to Cassadaga Lake.

Passengers over the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway, Nickel Plate Railway, Western New York and Philadelphia Railway, and Western Division of the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railway, change cars at Dunkirk, N. Y., and take the Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley and Pittsburgh Railway to Lily Dale Station.

Passengers over the "Erie" system, including the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio Railroad and the Buffalo and Southwestern Railway, change cars at Falconer Crossing, three miles East of Jamestown, N. Y., and take the Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley and Pittsburgh Railway for Lily Dale Station.

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VOL. XLIV. CHICAGO, JULY 14, 1888. No. 21

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

HEAVEN REVISED.

AND A VOICE SAID UNTO ME, "WRITE."

"It Shall be Given You in That Same Hour What Ye Shall Speak."

MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

CHAPTER I.

DEATH.

I am a traveler, and having passed the first stage of my journey, and being now fairly set out upon my second, the impulse seizes me, as it seizes upon all who have left dear friends behind, to let them hear from me—to write them a letter, telling of the new things I have seen, the strange experiences encountered. One of earth's famous poets has spoken of that land in which I am journeying as the "bourne from whence no traveler returns." That is true in a certain sense. We cannot return to take up our old lives again, to resume our old relations, and assume our old duties. We have struck our tents and passed on—into the inevitable future which awaits us. You may not even behold us, until you, too, join us, the first stage of your journey left behind. But we may send you messages; we may impress your minds with pictures of ourselves, both as we have been and as we are, which shall be so vivid, that you may be excused for mistaking them for realities. But they are, after all, only faint images of the real living personalities which still exist, and amid their changed conditions still preserve their identity.

We may, too, write you letters; for in this nineteenth century a postal system has been established between the here and there, the is and the was, which makes communication possible. That which for ages has seemed the greatest difficulty—how to send a letter—has been conquered, only to find a still greater one rising up behind it—how to write a letter which shall be intelligible; how to transcribe conditions and translate ideas into a language which shall be comprehensible to you.

Alas! my dear friends, I shall, I fear, be able only to give you a shadowy idea of this newly-discovered country, which is, after all, the real, while your earth is but the shadow and prototype. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive of that which is in this land beyond the grave.

In looking back from where I now stand, I cannot but wonder that the earth-life assumed such importance. The perspective is entirely changed. Much of that which, in the first stage of my journey, seemed of the greatest magnitude, has strangely dwindled in its proportions; and apparently everything concerning it has taken on a new coloring and a new meaning. The reason is that now I begin to perceive, from my present position, the true relations of all earthly conditions and happenings. When I was in the midst of them, I gained only narrow and distorted glimpses. Those nearest me were magnified beyond reality; those at a distance dwarfed in like degree. Thus even I who prided myself upon being a close and correct observer, a careful analyzer of all that came under my observation, and a deep and original thinker, have been overwhelmed with astonishment, not to say chagrin, in discovering how little I knew of even the surface life around me—how still less of that deeper and inner life which is the real and actuating power of humanity, but of whose existence there is so little realization until it comes to the surface here.

But I did not set out to either moralize or philosophize in writing this letter; though I dare say I shall unwittingly do enough of both before I have finished it; otherwise I should not be true to my own character. But I will suppress the impulse for the present, and tell you of the first stage of my journey, that stage which you call death.

Of the mere happenings of my earthly life what matters it? What I am is of the only importance; by what means my character was disciplined, my intelligence cultivated, possibly my nature warped in some ways, is of no moment. When you behold a gem, you admire its beauties and deplore its flaws; but it never occurs to you to inquire about the processes by which the lapidary polished it. I am what I am, I shall be some day—a day so far distant in the unending ages of eternity that it seems no nearer to me than to you, save as a clearer comprehension of the fact brings it with fuller force to my mind—united with the great source of power and wisdom and love which overshadows and permeates the universe, my identity lost in all save memory, which shall forever individualize every soul that has lived and suffered. When memory goes, then comes annihilation; and there is no such thing as annihilation in this vast universe.

I lived, I toiled, I suffered, I loved, I struggled with temptations, and I sometimes sinned—the common lot of humanity. In these words may be summed up, not only my earthly existence, but that of most mortals. For those to whom any of these experiences are not given in the earth life, they are reserved in fuller measure in the life into which I have now entered.

I knew that I was standing face to face with death, but I did not tremble nor shrink. The terrors of orthodoxy had long lost their hold upon me, and I was prepared to meet the inevitable change like a philosopher, nay more; I was prepared to watch its approach, and analyze its effect upon myself, with all the enthusiasm of a student who did not wish to miss this one supreme opportunity to gain knowledge which had hitherto eluded the grasp of mortals. I would be calm, and note death's approach, step by step. If it were possible to me, I would impart my newly-acquired knowledge to others, and perhaps do mankind a service by robbing this dread hour of its terrors.

Earth would fade away, and I seemed to be floating out into an unknown realm of existence; of all that which I expected to remember at this hour, nothing occurred to me. There was no review of my life, such as I had read about; no thought of either past or future; only this one feeling, which sprung up in my heart to the exclusion of all else—my loved ones! I had not regarded myself as an excessively affectionate woman. Reason had been trained to govern all my impulses and emotions, and I truly believe my life-work had been better performed in consequence. But in this last hour love seemed the sum and substance—all that was worth cherishing—of life. Then would suddenly come back to me a remembrance of the task to which I had set myself, and in striving to accomplish it, my will, which was always strong, and was strong even in death, would rally my life-forces, and thus defeat its own object. As I had all my life fought and struggled, and sought to attain the unattainable, so, true to my nature, I would not even allow myself to die in peace, but all unwittingly prolonged and postponed the hour.

At last I became wearied, and fell into a sweet sleep, a sleep so restful that in the half consciousness which preceded the moment of complete unconsciousness, I remembered that in all my life I had experienced but one or two as perfect and satisfying. For such a sleep I was contented even to postpone the hour of death.

When I awoke it was with that almost guilty sense of one who feels that he has slept longer than custom or prejudice sanctions; and for the instant I was glad that I was very ill, that such an indiscretion might be forgiven me. The waking even sweeter than the sleeping. I did not care to open my eyes, but lay filled with a sense of peace and rest—peace and rest—such as in the long, weary years of my life I had dreamed of and longed for, but never before experienced. How sweet was the rest, how perfect the peace! If it only might endure forever! But I was better; I was not to die after all; and I must presently submit to the old bondage, and again know the weariness and unquiet of life. Presently I became aware that there was a sound of subdued voices in conversation in an adjoining room. Though I could hear them plainly through the open door, at first I gathered no sense of what they were saying; and then, as I became more fully awake, I heard a sentence which fixed my attention in an idle way.

"I have no doubt she meant well; but then she was so very peculiar."

The response came: "Yes, very; and very set in her way."

Again the first speaker: "She saw a great deal of trouble, but I have no doubt she brought much of it on herself. You almost always find that that is the case."

"That is so. Why, I know ——," and then followed a grotesquely distorted narration of certain incidents in my own life.

I was startled. Of whom were they speaking? Of me—me? "She was?" What did it all mean? Did they really think me dead? With a guilty consciousness of having played eavesdropper, I hastened to call one of the speakers by name, to assure her that I was still in the land of the living. They were both neighbors, and I knew them well. She paid no heed to my voice, and the conversation went on without interruption. Again I spoke louder than before, and still they heeded not. I was now aroused to the fullest mental activity, and utterly forgetful of my supposed enfeebled condition, started up to manifest myself to them in some manner which should secure their silence, when ——

For an instant I seemed frozen with terror, or something akin to it, by a strange object which met my view. What was that in my chamber, my chamber, where I lay so ill—that object lying rigid and white, in the familiar yet ever repulsive attitude of death? There were the outlines of the head, the projection of the arms crossed upon the breast, the extended limbs, and the upturned feet. Over all was thrown a white sheet; but with a new experience in vision, as I looked at it my sight seemed to penetrate beneath the snowy pall, and I recognized my own features. My God! was I then really dead? How can I describe to you the emotion which swept through me, and which seemed to shake my whole being to its very center. Then, and not till then, did the past sweep like a wave over me, and all that I had been taught and hoped and feared of the great transition, and the life which was to follow it, seemed to come out in my memory with unparalleled distinctness. It was a solemn, an awful moment. The terror passed as soon as it came, but its solemnity impressed itself upon me. Yet you will scarcely believe it that the next sensation was one of mirth. Then I was playing eaves-dropper in spite of myself; and verifying the truth of the adage that listeners never hear any good of themselves, while I wondered in grim humor if the act under the circumstances in which I was placed were as dishonorable as if I were still alive.

As in the earth-life the sublime frequently borders upon the ridiculous, and there is often but a single step from solemnity to mirth, from joy to sorrow, from hope to despair, and all this that our characters may acquire their proper equilibrium; so my first experience in the Spirit-world was of the same nature.

I could not silence those babbling women, and so I let them talk, and for the first time in my existence had an opportunity to see myself as others see me. Well, the lesson was a good one, and not without its uses, even though I had passed beyond the influences and conditions of earth. It held up an imperfect mirror before my spiritual vision in which my defects of character were brought into greater prominence by distortion; and thus the first lesson was imparted to me.

After a time the impulse seized them to look upon the face of the dead whose character they were dissecting so candidly, not to say mercilessly. We were a group of three, although one was invisible to the other two. As they were unconscious of my presence, so I soon forgot theirs, while I looked with a strange wonder upon the form of that which had once been I. As I regarded the pale worn features, and with invisible hand smoothed back the grizzled hair from the forehead, an ineffable pity filled my soul for my old self, which now seemed separated and apart from my present one. In my life I had affected to scorn the earthly tenement which imprisoned my soul. But when I gazed upon it dispassionately from an outside standpoint, another feeling overwhelmed me. How wan, how worn it looked! How heavy were the lines of care upon brow and cheek! How the hair had whitened! How the body had struggled and suffered, and toiled for the spirit within—always losing—always losing—first youth and beauty and then health and strength, in the service of that spirit; and at last when the soul stood triumphant in a newer and fuller life, a complete victor over body—that body had met its final and its greatest loss in that it had lost the life which had animated it. No longer should it love, or suffer, or toil. It was completely vanquished, and yielded all that it had to give. With a new-born love and pity for self, which were as unselfish as though they had been expended upon another, and with a reverential feeling as well, I tenderly kissed the cold brow, and in that moment forgave it all for which I had reproached it in the past: for its weaknesses which had crippled my spirit; its imperfections which had warped it; its limitations which had chained it. Surely in that moment of triumph over mortality I could afford to be generous. More difficult still, I could be just. I realized and acknowledged how even through the infirmities of the physical frame my spirit had been strengthened and disciplined.

Then I was dead! How strange it seemed to be dead, and yet with such superabundant life! How mortals misapprehend the meaning of the word. To be dead means to be alive with a vitality earthly humanity does not know. How long had I been dead? It seemed to be early morning. The watchers were silent, having dozed off to sleep in their arm-chairs. The rays of the lamp were paling before the light of the approaching day, which was heralded in the east by scarlet banners flung across the sky. When I had fallen asleep—into that peaceful sleep from which I had wakened in another world—the night had been far spent. I must have passed away at the ebb of the tide, when day was struggling with darkness, and nature itself was at its lowest ebb. I had probably been dead twenty-four hours. I had fallen asleep on earth; I had awakened in the land of spirits.

The land of spirits! Strange as it may seem, I for the first time realized this fact. My thoughts and emotions up to this point had all been connected in some way with the world and the life I had left behind me. But where were the spirit forms of the loved ones who had passed on before, and whom I had expected to meet me at the gateway, and to welcome and guide me into the life eternal? On the threshold of this new life I felt no fear at my seeming isolation, but a sense of disappointment and loneliness, and of bewilderment also, stole over me. Even as these thoughts passed through my mind, the room and all it contained seemed to dissolve before me. I found myself upon a great plain which gently inclined toward a valley through the depths of which flowed a stream. I can not describe the beauty of the scene. Earth is beautiful, and its beauties found their way to my heart; but the Spirit-world is far more so. The scene seemed strangely familiar. It was so like, and yet so unlike, an earthly valley, where I had spent many happy hours—perhaps the happiest of my life. It seemed, indeed, the earthly valley glorified and spiritualized, as who shall say that it was not? The grass was intensely yet softly green, and starred with myriads of daisies. When last I had beheld the earthly valley, it was still beautiful, but it had the beauty of death, that sent a chill to my heart, and over it there hung a pall of cloud which completely enshrouded its depths. But my valley was resurrected, and was mine evermore.

I was walking, but strange to say my feet did not touch the ground. I walked along just above the surface of the earth, just as I had done many times in dreams—the realest dreams I ever had. What a strange sensation it was to be freed from the weight of the earthly body—to be released from the physical law of the attraction of gravitation! I felt that I might rise to any height to which I aspired, yet was content for the present to keep near the ground.

But my friends—my spirit friends—where were they? Why was I thus so isolated in my new life? I was not conscious of having uttered a thought aloud, but as if in response to it, I found myself in the presence of two youths whose radiant countenances possessed more than mortal beauty. Years ago I had laid away with an aching heart and many bitter tears, two beautiful babes, first one and then another; and many times thereafter I stretched out my arms with soul-felt longing towards the unknown land whither they had gone, as if to reach to them and bring them back to me. But when I clasped my arms to my breast again, they were always empty. My babes, how I had longed for them, yearned for them! They had always been babes to me in my memory, little tender clinging things, finding their whole world in mother-love. But when I beheld these youths beside me, some subtle instinct revealed to me that they were my babes now nearly grown to manhood. I felt neither hesitation nor surprise in the recognition. It was as though I had always expected them to appear thus to me. I only held out my arms with an unutterably glad impulse, crying, "My boys! Mine!"

Is there a more contentful, more blissful word in our language—in any language—than that word "mine"? Whether we say it of child, friend or lover, home or heaven, we have expressed the supremest emotion of our hearts. It indicates the fullest fruition of our hopes and desires, whether they be worthy ones or unworthy ones. Barren and pitiful indeed is the life of that wretch who can not say "mine" of some joy, some hope, or some love. It is the first feeling of the infant heart when it begins to realize its possession of motherly tenderness and care, long before it can give the feeling its appropriate word. It will be the ultimate emotion of the soul, when, having passed through the cycles of eternity, it shall at last have reached the center and source of all, and shall be able to say of infinite wisdom and love, "mine!"

CHAPTER II.

THE GRAVE AND THE RESURRECTION.

My lost ones were in my arms, and for a time my soul was filled with a bliss too deep for words. At last emotions struggled into utterance.

"Our mother!" were the glad words I heard from lips which had never learned to pronounce them in their brief earth lives, and then there were eager questionings and glad responses.

"We have been with you, mother," said the elder, "through all these years. Daily we have visited you; we have nestled in your arms. You never called us that we did not come. And we spoke to you, and tried to comfort you, but you did not always hear us; and sometimes when our messages reached your heart, you did not comprehend from whom they came. You have been our mother still, our helper and our guide. And we in turn have helped and guided you as far as lay in our power, as we could not have done had we remained with you on earth. As far as we could understand your troubles we have helped you to bear them; when they were beyond our comprehension, as they sometimes were, we were still permitted to give you our sympathy and love, and thus you have been unconsciously soothed and strengthened."

This is the substance of what my boy said to me, though not perhaps the very words. I was in such a tremor of joy my memory may not have taken exact note of them.

Then my younger boy spoke: "To us was reserved the privilege of first meeting you on your entrance to the Spirit-world. Others are waiting to see and to welcome you, but we felt that the first hour ought to be ours."

"My blessed guardian angels!" I exclaimed.

"No, not your guardian angels; only your loving children. Your guardian you will presently see. It is through her kindness and considerateness that we are with you first. She is here even now."

I turned, and saw standing at a little distance a woman of apparently mature years, but with the radiance of heavenly youth and beauty upon her brow. She held out her arms to me exclaiming: "My child!"

I felt impelled towards her, and yet hesitated for an instant. "You are not my mother?" I said, half by way of assertion, half in inquiry.

"Your spiritual mother, not your earthly one. The ties of the spirit are far more real and enduring than those of the flesh."

Her arms were still extended, and as we mutually advanced, they encircled me, and I felt a deep inward conviction of the truth of her words.

"My child," she continued, "the ties which bind us are those of a kindred spiritual nature and kindred earthly experiences. My trials on earth were similar to yours; my struggles and even my failures like to yours, only mine more desperate, more complete. When I entered this life, and realized, as I had not done before, the meaning of it all, and saw my own mistakes and failures, and comprehended how I might have avoided many of them, I cried out in agony of spirit that it was unjust that I was not permitted to undo them—to set them right. And then my work was revealed to me, and rebuked and humbled I accepted it. The higher spirits, to whom knowledge is given which is withheld from us who are still so near the earth, pointed out to me a child whose womanly destiny was to be like my own. I must go to her, stay by her, and help her by the light of my experience. Oh, that was so long ago, you were yet a little child. And I have been with you all these years, helping, strengthening, comforting; and it makes me glad and grateful to know that my influence has been felt, and has been in many instances attended by good results, so that your life is not the complete failure that mine seemed to be. But remember, only seemed to be, my child. For by my own failures did I know best how to help you. And thus all things have worked together for good."

"But how did you speak to me?" I queried. "I know some are privileged to hear spirit voices, but I have—had, I mean—not that gift."

"There you mistake. There are few mortals to whom some spirits, or class of spirits, cannot speak and make themselves heard. If they draw around them good spirits, then their messages lift them upward, and give them spiritual strength and wisdom. If through their vices they seek the companionship of evil spirits, then their tendency will be downward. We do not speak in audible words, but our messages are to the heart, and are felt rather than heard. You often heard me, when you imagined it was only your own mind, your own thought speaking. Sometimes you repulsed me, and then other spirits, whose influences were not good, came in, and you morally retrograded. But at all times your children could approach you. You never even unconsciously repulsed them; and through their loving agency I would find my way back to you again. My child, I have been with you all these years; I know your heart far better than your own mother could know it, who, strange to say, does not possess that spiritual kinship with you which I possess. I know you far better than you know yourself."

And again gathering me in a tender embrace, she kissed me gently, I almost fancied pitifully. It was so sweet to be thus offered and to accept the manifestations of affection. A reserved woman on earth, I was thought to be a cold woman as well; and thus, though many respected, and some few felt a genuine friendship for me, the number of those who really loved me was very small.

I have not narrated the conversation of my guide exactly as it occurred. It was more or less interrupted by questions by myself; but I have given the substance of what she said to me.

"My more than mother," I said at length, "I want to ask you a question about something that perplexes me. I thought our departed friends met us at the threshold of the spirit existence. Why was I condemned to pass from one world to another alone?"

"Condemned is not the word, my child," she replied with a bright smile. "Nor were you alone. You were only seemingly so. We and many more stood near you, anxiously watching and eagerly waiting, ready to make ourselves manifest. To many souls the passage from mortality to immortality is a dread one, and they need all the assistance that loving spirit presences can give, to keep them in courage until they become familiar with their surroundings. But you were not one of these. Alone you chose to walk in most things during your earth life; your thoughts and experiences, even your emotions you kept shut within your own soul. You breasted the tide of death with a brave heart, calling for no help. You needed the apparent solitude and isolation when the new experiences of spirit life were forced upon you, in order that you might the more fully understand them. When the need came to you for companionship, you called for it, and behold how quickly we responded to your call."

I stooped and gathered a cluster of daisies which grew at my feet. They had long been my favorite flowers, so common and yet so

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

PSYCHOMETRIC EXPERIENCES.

H. G. M. MURRAY-AYNSLEY.

Some regard to the science of psychical research as treading upon dangerous ground; are they not confounding the unknown with the unknowable? The former expression may be held to apply to things which, though not of daily, or of common occurrence, yet, like comets or meteors, follow certain natural laws, whereas the unknowable or the supernatural is hid from mortal ken and sight.

There are those persons who can walk by faith alone, whilst others, like St. Thomas, need ocular demonstration that there is a power above us, and a world beyond the grave. The veil of the unseen world is sometimes drawn aside for us, in dreams, most commonly; but occasionally a waking prescience comes to us and tell us things which it is impossible we should know in the ordinary course of events. If we were to question our circle of friends or general acquaintances, we should probably find many who have had such experiences in their own persons, or who could relate them of their friends. This subject is a novel one to some, because till recently those who had felt them, hesitated to speak of them even to relations and intimate friends, but now that the ice is once broken, and it is acknowledged that spiritual manifestations and second sight are within the bounds of possibility, we hear of numerous cases. One of the most ordinary forms is, that at the moment of death, a dying person appears to a dear friend or relation, or within a house or a room which they formerly inhabited.

We may not unreasonably gather from passages in the New Testament, that spirits did appear to men in those days, why then should similar phenomena be impossible now? If then, communication with the spirits of the departed has been, and is sometimes permitted at the present time to some on this earth, does it seem more unlikely that psychometric or soul-measuring intercourse should establish itself, even between persons at a distance from, and unknown to each other? Kindred minds and thoughts may beat in unison, and the invisible cord of sympathy bind them, so that the one may feel the individuality and know the physical condition of the other.

The how we know not, but it does take place, almost involuntarily on the other side, and without knowledge on the other side, that such a connection exists between themselves and a perfect stranger.

It has been stated that the French nation are infinitely more susceptible to mesmeric influences than we English people.

The citizens of the United States appear to possess a much more highly strung nervous organization than ourselves—Americans were also the first to recognize and draw attention to the new science of Psychometry. Certain of the natives of India, both Hindus and Mahommedans, have for untold generations practiced at will a species of waking hypnotism; they attain to a complete state of mental abstraction, and when in this condition, all their bodily functions appear to be suspended, they neither eat, drink, see, hear or feel. (On two occasions the writer has seen men in this state.)

The following legend (Related in "Panjab Notes and Queries," Vol. 16, ii.) would appear to show that the natives of India are not unacquainted with mesmerism, and also recognize a kind of thought transference. "There is a well with steps leading down to it, near a Mahom nedan *fagér's takiya*, (shrine or cell) at Nurmahal in the Jalandhar district—Panjab—India, which is much reverenced by Mahommedans and Hindus. The fagér who formerly lived there is said to have taken a great liking to a Hindu boy who used to visit him. The boy's relatives went on a pilgrimage to the Ganges leaving him behind, though he would have liked to have gone with them. The fagér saw that he was vexed at being left behind and promised to show him something that would please him as much as if he had gone thither. So he took the lad down the steps leading to the well, and put him to sleep. The boy then saw in a vision the Ganges at Hurdwar, and pilgrims coming and going, and among them his own friends. On the return of these latter, they began to inquire when the lad had come back as they had met him at Hurdwar after all, whereon the boy told them what had happened.

"This well is still known as Ganga, and is supposed in some way to partake of the sanctity of the river Ganges."

This legend has an obvious resemblance to the idea that dying persons appear to people or at places at a distance; it proves how wide spread is the belief that a person on their death bed, who has a strong desire to see some friend, or visit some spot once again, is projected thither in some mysterious manner, whether objectively or subjectively we can not tell.

It has been for many years a puzzle to all, by what means, during the Indian mutiny of 1857, the natives managed to convey news from one place to another. Intelligence was received by them more rapidly than our swiftest *dak*, (or post) runners or mounted men could take it. No pains were spared to ascertain how this was done, in order to circumvent their machinations. A suggestion has been recently thrown out that it was done by a system of thought transference. This is not improbable, for it is an undoubted fact, that in some things Asiatics are in advance of us, and what we deem new discoveries, as for example, the ordinary (not the electric) telephone was known to them, and used by them for generations as a means of communication. An instance of this came under the observation of the writer when in India, at a time when the telephone was first beginning to be spoken of in England.

In order that my readers may understand how I came to be interested in the subject of Psychometry, and was led (through the courtesy of persons unknown to me except by letters) to join the following experiments, it is necessary here to state, that for many years past I have been aware that I possessed at times a power which was completely apart from my ordinary self; I could not define it, or give it a name, but I knew that when very anxious about a friend's state of health or some other subject, I had frequently asked myself questions and received replies out of my inner consciousness as it were, and that when an answer came (which was not invariably the case) it was always correct.

About Christmas, 1885, I sent an article to the manager of *Mind in Nature* headed "Mind and Will Cures versus Faith Cures," which afterwards appeared in the April number of that journal. That gentleman sent me a letter dated January 19, in which was the following passage: "Pardon me for asking what may be an impertinent question, but I wish to know if your health is uniformly good—I will explain why when I receive your reply."

In another letter dated April 24, he says: "Have you read 'Psychometry' published recently by Professor Buchanan of Boston? I have been experimenting with a private Psychometer; she has often startled me with information of which she was unable to tell me the source, saying *it was her impression*. I have handed her letters from persons entire strangers to her, which after holding a few moments in her hand would make vivid mental impressions, and enable her sometimes to describe the person, but more often the mental condition of the person. I handed her one of yours, enclosed in a plain envelope. In a few moments she became overpowered with a desire to sleep, although it was early in the evening, and this was so strong, she was not able entirely to shake off the condition, and had to retire an hour earlier than usual. She then desired to know, who and what you were, said you were either an invalid, or a person of strong mesmeric power. You will understand from this why I asked you the previous questions in regard to yourself.

On receipt of your reply to mine of Jan. 19th, without letting the Psychometer (whom we will call Mrs. N.) know that I had had a letter from you, I enclosed this in another envelope and handed it to her. In a very few moments she was again in the same condition as when she held your former letter. The Psychometer merely holds the letter in her hand; she professes herself not always able to obtain impressions; many of them she described as cold and chilly, others warm, etc.; the sensation being the same to her as though she held the hand of the person instead of merely a letter from them; she says that the individuality of a person is in the letter."

It will easily be imagined that this communication was a startling one to me, though the inquiries made in the letter of Jan. 19th, had in some measure prepared me for it; still at first it was difficult to realize the possibility that a letter sent several thousand miles across the ocean, and of which the writer, the hand-writing, and its substance were unknown to the percipient, should influence her in that manner.

With the view of testing the powers claimed by this American lady, I put myself in direct communication with her. In a letter dated June 19, 1886, she tells me that she found out quite accidentally that she could read character by holding a closed letter carelessly in her hand; a friend once handed her a letter and requested her to read it. As an interesting conversation was going on she delayed opening it, but she speedily felt a chilly trembling sensation.

Without any conscious effort on her part, she then began to describe the peculiar temperament of the writer, herself amazed at what she felt and saw in her mind's eye (for she did not read the letter with her visual organs). She goes on to say, "it makes no difference what the letter contains, it is the individuality of the person that comes to me. I never know the contents of the letter, nor do my impressions relate to it, but only to the character or condition of the writer."

Mrs. N. also related that on another occasion her daughter having received a letter from a young friend at a distance, who was personally unknown to her mother, requested this latter to hold it, and see what impression she could obtain from it. The elder lady did so, and at once began to feel, as she expressed it, almost disabled, and compelled to recline in an invalid chair; she began to suffer both in mind and body, became almost hysterical, it was sometime before she returned to her normal state. This letter was merely a note the young lady had written to decline an invitation to visit them.

Some months later Mrs. N. met the writer of the letter, and then learned for the first time that the young lady was in very bad health, and had been compelled for some months to use an invalid chair. This was apparently not a case of simple thought transference from the daughter to the mother, for though the former knew that her friend was in poor health, she was not aware how grave her malady had been (hip disease).

The same Psychometer goes on to say "that any letters or papers in the handwriting of the writer of this article affect her when holding them in her hands. At first she begins to feel light as air, and is very happy, then there comes a wave of light in billows rolling in swift succession, each wave edged with a pink or a rosy tint" (she tells me she remains perfectly conscious always.) "Then she begins to feel so easy, sleepy and overcome with a desire to sleep that she has had on such occasions to give up an evening with books and retire to rest; all the while not knowing who had written, or the contents of the papers." She adds, "My greatest impressions have been with persons, and not with letters. I think I have made about a dozen experiments with letters, the writers of them being unknown to me like yourself."

In another place Mrs. N. says, "I have never attended a séance, and have kept clear of professional Spiritualists, and whilst I have never seen spirits, I have seen symbolic lights, the dark room will be illumined so that I can see the pictures on the walls, and everything in the room. I have often been conscious of an invisible presence."

Mrs. N.'s account of her feelings and her experiments was intensely interesting to me, nevertheless I was desirous to have some additional proofs of her Psychometric powers, and to this end, about the end of July, I prepared and sent to America, under cover, to the manager of *Mind in Nature*, some small envelopes of thick paper, each containing a scrap of the handwriting of persons known to me. The envelopes were numbered 1, 2, 3, and 4, and closely fastened.

I received a letter from him dated Sept. 22d, giving an account of the result of the experiment he had made with them, through another American lady—a Mrs. P.—who mentioned to him one day that she had been making trials of her Psychometric powers. The envelopes were given to Mrs. P. in the following order—3, 4, 2, 1. To use his words, "She sat in a room beneath a lighted gas jet, no one being present except her husband and the manager, who wrote down her impressions as she spoke them. Mrs. P. was all the time in her normal state—no trance or clairvoyant condition. She held each envelope in her hand fastened as I received them, her hand resting upon her lap."

I will now proceed to give a faithful transcription of these papers, accompanied by my own remarks on the accuracy or mistakes in the delineations of character made by Mrs. P.

No. 3. "By this envelope I come in contact with a woman of sunny nature, who has had clouds in her life, but whose buoyancy of spirit surmounts all obstacles—a woman of rare executive ability. A brilliant conversationalist, though not any great depth of learning—one whose endurance for pleasure is inexhaustible, fond of the luxuries of life, though not depressed if she does not attain them. I find a weakness in I think the right leg; it seems like a lameness. I come so closely *en rapport* with the lady that she seems to say—that is sufficient. She does not wish to be lauded."

Observation on No. 3 were Mrs. P., a most perfect judge of human character, and did she know No. 3 intimately, she could not have given a more accurate description of this lady than the above; it is exact in every particular, except perhaps the weakness in the leg, but of this I can not speak positively.

Of No. 4 Mrs. P. says: "This brings me in contact with a large, dark man, about whom there is something which leads me to think him a physician. He is profound in his reasoning, and often misses a point which would be gained through simplicity. He would not like to be termed an assuming man, nevertheless he is quite conscious of his own ability. He is versed in languages, of great dignity of character, and not at all domestic. If this latter point were left to himself, he would refute the statement, but his wife would coincide. He is not affectionate. His intellectuality predominates over spiritual and physical nature."

Observations on No. 4. This envelope contained a small unimportant piece of the handwriting of a man, dark but short—a man who has made his mark in the literary world. He writes and studies much, and when sitting, appears much taller than he really is. The rest of the description is very just.

Concerning No. 2 Mrs. P. says: "I can not get anything from this envelope—either the nature of the person is blank to me, or the envelope contains only a piece of blank paper."

This same envelope was some time afterwards given to Mrs. N. She says of it:

"I find no warmth in it—feels as though my hands were in water—cannot get anything from it."

Observations on No. 2. The writer of the fragment enclosed in No. 2 has been known to me for many years. It describes the individual exactly—a cold, heartless being.

Of No. 1 Mrs. P. says: "The impression which comes to me by holding this envelope, is of a younger person than either of the others, and I think a woman, partially an invalid, certainly not strong, inclined to be irresolute, is not self-reliant, is of a child-like and clinging nature. One so sensitive as she could be crushed by a word. She is like a tropical plant, requires much sunlight and warmth in her social and domestic life to enable her to live. She has the same gift I am now trying to demonstrate. Superabundance of patience, but very strong when driven to assert herself, not from choice, but only in self defense."

Observations on No. 1. In some respects we have here the most interesting of the experiments made by Mrs. P., for it illustrates a point alluded to by Dr. Buchanan in his work on Psychometry, viz.: that a piece of paper written upon by one person, and kept for a time in the pocket of another, acquires the individuality of the latter, instead of retaining that of the one who wrote upon it; a thing which seemed so incredible that I resolved to test it in the following manner:

In this envelope I placed a scrap of paper on which were a few lines written by a gentleman, but which had been kept some two or three weeks in the pocket of a lady to whom the letter had been sent.

Mrs. P. was mistaken in saying that the character was that of a younger person than any of the preceding ones; the reverse is the case. But in every other particular, as far as I am able to judge, she has exactly described the lady who received and carried the letter about with her for some time.

In the month of October I made one more experiment. I sent a lock of hair (cut from the head of a little girl of five years old) to Mrs. P., under the same conditions and through the same channel as before. This child's state of health and bodily development has caused her relatives much anxiety.

In a letter dated Nov. 23, I received Mrs. P.'s report in this case. She has not been so successful in this as in the former ones. She does not seem to have seized the identity of this child. She describes this little girl's character as that of a person whose intellect is fully developed; but her observations on the physical condition of this subject would appear to be valuable. She speaks of irritation at the base of the brain and down the spine, both highly possible, as this little girl has not grown in height since she was two years old, and her limbs are too weak to bear the weight of her body, which is large in proportion to her age and much distended, which fact she seems also to have realized, as she hints at torpidity of the liver.

It would appear to be true from these experiments that some persons possess the gift of psychometry or soul-measuring; many more, perhaps, have it also, though they are unconscious of it. One of its most important and obvious uses may be to serve to counteract the materialistic spirit of our day, and lead our thoughts from nature to nature's God.

Woman's Work and Wages.

The following very sensible paragraphs on the subject of "Womans Work and Wages," which we take from an exchange, are well worth reading and consideration:

While within the last few years many new avenues have opened up for woman, and her choice when thrown upon her own resources is no longer limited to the needle or to teaching, it is a sad fact that practically her prospects as money-maker seem but little improved. Why is this? It is not our purpose at present to enter upon the vexed question of the increasing disinclination for domestic service and the preference shown for underpaid work in stores and factories further than as it in itself emphasizes the necessity of convincing women how largely the existing conditions are dependent upon themselves.

For it is a strange and pregnant fact that, even in the field of domestic service which women are refusing to enter, men, when they embrace it, either as cooks or waiters, command higher wages. And this question of comparative remuneration is not confined to any one branch of trade or business, but enters into every position where woman as a worker is employed either in private families, stores, factories, or the business world.

This is in itself discouraging, but would scarcely call for a remark, being as it is so universally acknowledged and deplored, were it not for the fact that there is another side to the shield which is rarely brought forward, and which in our opinion is now worthy of serious consideration. For while it is true that in fields of employed labor woman is

TOO OFTEN UNDERPAID,

it is no longer the case when she becomes herself a producer, when instead of working for others, she enters the lists with them, and on her own account makes, manufactures, or offers the result of her own labor to the public.

Inquiry on this subject has elicited some curious facts. Thus, as a clerk, a woman commands less than a man; as an agent her commission is the same; as a copyist she takes less per folio; as an author she receives equal remuneration; as hack writer her value is depreciated; as reporter she is on an equal footing; as clerk in a large office, underpaid; as stenographer, on an independent footing, paid by time as man is; employed in a store she is engaged at the lowest possible rate; but as store-keeper herself, nothing but incapacity limits her opportunity. In all the professions she commands, if she chooses, equal fees—as minister, doctor, lawyer, dentist, it is her own fault and not man's tyranny which lowers her price.

The same is true in regard to all work brought to the open market. No woman is underpaid for eggs, butter, fruit or flowers, poultry, pork, or bacon. She receives the market price, subject to precisely the same trade conditions as man; and moreover, in spite of all assertion to the contrary, she never fails of finding a market if her goods are of first-rate quality. There never was a day yet when too many fresh eggs entered the market, or too many of the finest kinds of any fruit or vegetable. Mediocrity may flood the market, but excellence has never yet done it in the productive field.

TESTIMONY ON THIS POINT

is unanimous. Every dealer in the large markets will assure us that he can not get enough of the best quality of any produce, be it butter, mushrooms, poultry, eggs, or what not. Luxuries always command a price. So does all good individual work. If it is not secured it is for one or two reasons: Either because it is offered in the wrong market, or because it is not really as good as it appears to be. Public taste is fickle, but trustworthy. Fashion changes, but appreciation of the rarely excellent always remains. This is the reason for devoting all one's energy to a special production as little as possible like that another is working upon. Unfortunately there is a decided tendency in human nature to copy. As soon as one woman succeeds in any undertaking a dozen others set out to do the same, and glut the market if they can, instead of individualizing their energies and striving to succeed in producing something suitable to their own talents.

Even in cities where the contest is animated and conditions hard, the woman who, instead of looking for employment under others, resolutely and persistently produces for herself, has the best chance, as the girl who goes into families to sew by the day is (if she is competent) always in demand, whereas when employed in a store she is needed only when work is brisk.

But the real solution of this vexed question of underpaid work lies in the direction indicated. As a producer and independent worker, woman will always command the actual value of her work, neither more nor less than it is worth at the market value, and it should not be forgotten in earnest consideration of the question that woman has not infrequently received more than a fair valuation for her work, on the score of her sex and out of

SYMPATHY FOR MISFORTUNES.

Now sentiment has no place whatever in the business world, and the woman who has not mastered that fact will never succeed in any field until she realizes that her work will be paid liberally, not because the purchaser is sorry for her, but because it is wanted, whether her claim to consideration is a valid one or not.

If a woman places on the market a good novel or a good pie, and earns a character for excellence in either, her work will command fair price. People will read her book or eat her pie, and remain perfectly indifferent as to her sex.

Excellence in production has nothing to fear from competition, while excellence in work which every one can do, has everything to dread, for the field is already full to overflowing. The moral of which in regard to woman's work is plain and simple. Let her strive to produce an excellent article of one kind, seek the best market for it, which can always be found by diligent seeking, and accept the fair market value for it, expecting no less and desiring no more. If she fulfills these conditions she will have, not light or easy work and good pay for it, but a fair equivalent for her labor, equal to man's, which is all she has any right to ask. She will soon realize not only that there is a field open to her, but that there is a public desirous of obtaining all that she can offer that is excellent in quality and punctually brought to the right market.

INDIAN GHOST CHARMS.

Queer Superstitions and Beliefs.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The superstition that prevails now, and has prevailed in the past, is a fruitful theme for consideration by the student of mystic lore. A Hindoo, writing in the London *Graphic*, gives a very interesting account of some Eastern superstitions. The dread of ghosts, he says, is common to all the aboriginal races of India, from whom it has been very generally adopted by their Aryan conquerors, and even by the lower classes of Mohammedans. All ghosts are believed to be mischievous, and some of them bitterly malicious, and the only means employed to oppose their rancor is to build shrines for them, and to make them offerings of a fowl, a pig, or, on grand occasions, of a buffalo. Any severe illness, and more especially an epidemic disease, such as small-pox or cholera, is attributed to the malignity of certain of these spirits, who must be propitiated accordingly. The man tiger is, perhaps, the most dreaded of all these demon ghosts; for when a tiger has killed a man the tiger is considered safe from harm, as the spirit of the man rides upon his head, and guides him clear of danger. Accordingly, it is believed that the "only sure method of destroying a tiger who has killed many people is to begin by making offerings to the spirits of its victims, thereby depriving him of their valuable services." The ghosts most propitiated are of those who have met a violent or untimely death, whether by design or by accident, including poison and disease. All these deified spirits are often distinguished by some term denoting the manner of their death; thus, the "toddy ghost," the ghost of a man who was killed by falling from a toddy (palm) tree; the "tiger ghost," the ghost of a man who was killed by a tiger; the "lightning ghost," the ghost of a man who was killed by lightning; the "snake ghost," and so on. Most of the deceased persons whose spirits are now worshiped were the ancestors of some of the aborigines; and as General Cunningham, the head of the archæological survey of India, says, their worship is generally local and confined to the limits occupied by the respective tribes to which they belonged. The ceremonies observed in propitiating the ghosts consist mainly of the offerings of goats, fowls or pigs, as well as flowers and fruits, and of the recitation of prayers and of the singing of certain mantras or charms, the last being the most important of all. These charms, which are always sung by men at the different shrines, are of two different kinds—the "Sabara charms" (Sabara being the name of one of the aboriginal tribes) and the "mythical incantations." The former are addressed to the deified ghosts of the dead, the performances being generally carried out in the country, or the place where the corpse was burned, and the latter are used for the purpose of compelling spirits to appear and receive the orders of the performer. The following are the translation of a few of the Indian ghost charms of either kind:

Hail! Glory to the demon Aglya Bir!
Down in the seventh hell,
'Mid flames of fire,
Sitting on Brahma's head!
With fish, and dung of kites we come,
With yellow arsenic and gum,
All these we bring—if you come not,
May Mother Kali curse you!

"Aglya Bir" is the Demon of Fire; "Brahma" is the Supreme Divinity; "Kali," one of the bloodthirsty Hindoo goddesses; the gum mentioned is the bdellium, a fragrant gum, which is much used in carrying out any of these charms. The offerings do not seem very inviting, but they are quite as presentable as the "eye of newt and toe of frog" of the witches of Macbeth.

Hail to Hanuman!
An urchin twelve years old,
With sweetmeats in his hand,
And in his mouth a Pan.
Hooting come,
Baba Hanuman!

"Baba Hanuman" is baby; "Hanuman," the name of a dead child; "Pan," betel, chewed by the natives of India and adjacent countries. This charm must be begun on the first Tuesday of a month, fasting and wearing red clothes. Red lead mixed with oil should be rubbed over the image of Hanuman, and a lamp should be placed in front with some lighted fragrant gum or incense. A large wheaten cake, covered with clarified butter and coarse sugar, should be offered to the image, and the charm recited 1,100 times daily, counting the beads of a coral necklace. On the fortieth day the ghost Hanuman will appear before the charmer and take his orders. Here is a direction for raising a spirit or fairy: When new moon falls on a Thursday prepare some rice and milk to eat and select a solitary clean house for the performance. Bring some sweet-smelling flowers, some sweetmeats, some incense-yielding gum and the scented root agar. Draw a circle with a piece of red lead and put in eight cloves, eight betelnuts and a new lamp lighted with clarified butter. Next put all the sweetmeats and flowers inside the circle and then, first, pronouncing the prayer for safety (a prayer generally repeated by Brahmins every morning), begin reciting the charm:

Hazrat Jinnon aur Parlyon ki.
Tara-turi-swaha.

This is to be repeated 5,000 times a day for several successive days. The performer must change the flowers and sweetmeats daily, but not the lamp; he must wear colored clothes, and keep himself pure and clean. The spirit or fairy will then appear to receive the charmer's orders.

Bismillah, ar-rahman, ar-rahim!
With chains of bells upon his feet,
Dances Muhammada Bir.
After a hearty breakfast,
With a ninety-pounder bow, and a ninety-pounder arrow,
Sports Muhammada Bir.

Shouting beat! beat! he comes;
Bind she-demon, bind she-devil!
Bind the witch, the ghost, the spirit!
Bind the nine man-lions,
Bind the two-and-fifty Bherons,
Bind the nine different kinds of ghosts,
Bind weak and strong and quarrelsome!
Bind the red and bind the yellow,
Bind the blue and bind the green,
Bind the white and bind the black, bind, bind, bind!
Close their wells and springs of water,
Stop their sleeping, stop their sitting,
Stop their drinking, stop their eating, stop, stop!
Stop their sleeping, stop their cooking, stop, stop,
Quickly stop.
From the thigh of Iman Huse draw near!
From Lady Fatima's foot appear;
Stay them not!
May the milk of mother's breast be forbidden!
I appeal to the throne of Suliman!

This tremendous incantation must be begun on an evening when the new moon falls on a Thursday. Place a ghee (clarified butter) lamp in front and burn some incense, and repeat the charm 108 times, at the same time making an offering of sweets. The charm must be repeated thirty-one successive Thursdays, which will compel the ghost to appear and obey the orders of the charmer. I shall conclude with the following song sung by men to conciliate Yankshas, a particular kind of demon, for the safety of their children:

As we call, one and all,
Brother Jahks, attend our call.
Flowers, sweetmeats, cocoanuts we bring,
With flags and pigs as our offering.
As we call, etc.

See goats and fowls and black cotton seed,
With cowries six before you spread—
As we call, etc.

Money and wine, with our bare feet,
And everything for worship meet:
As we call, etc.

Preserve our children safe and sound.
Our prayer is as we circle round—
As we call one and all,
Brother Jahks, attend our call.

* * *

Emperor Frederick shortly before his death gave audience to a little English boy 6 years old who had undergone the operation of tracheotomy about a year ago. The boy had not only survived the operation but had grown strong and healthy. Emperor Frederick heard of his case and, desiring to see him, paid his expenses from London to Potsdam. He examined the child's throat and heard him talk, while the Empress Victoria plied him with bonbons that he might show how well he could swallow.

Uncle William Clark of Clarksville, Pa., who is still alive at the age of 95, was present at the conference between Gen. William H. Harrison and Tecumseh, which occurred near Vincennes, Ind., seventy-eight years ago, just before the battle of Tippecanoe, at which the Indian Chief was killed.

Col. Elliott Shurtz of Marshalltown, Ia., filed a claim of $75 with the War Department in 1848 for the loss of a horse in the Mexican war. Last week he received notice that his claim had been allowed.

Oscar Lepine, a planter of Raceland, La., had two spans of zebra horses which were considered a great curiosity and which he would not part with for any money. Last week all four animals died of sunstroke.

Matthew Arnold had a son who possessed all the propensities of a millionaire's offspring without a millionaire's bank account behind him. The continuous effort to pay off the debts of this scapegrace was the reason why Mr. Arnold died poor.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Witch of Endor.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

The unfortunate are always superstitious; just in proportion as the calamities of life impair the freedom of the human mind, do the elements of the dark and the mysterious gather about it. The past has been embittered by care and disappointment; and, in the words of scripture, their "way is hedged up;" there is no hopeful vista to relieve the gloom of the present, and they appeal to omens, predictions, and the rude superstitions current among the vulgar, in hope to divine the future.

Too feeble to boldly enter the precincts of Truth, grasping with a strong faith the very horns of the altar, and thus learn how the temporary yields to that which is eternal, and how the partial is lost in that which is universal, they linger about the threshold, perplexing themselves with dim shadows and faint intimations. They pause in the vestibule where Superstition sits portress, rather than enter to worship Truth herself.

It is the error of their destiny more than their own. The light that is in them has become darkness. The clearness and vigor of perception are lost under the pressure of circumstances, in which human wisdom would seem to be of no avail, and they yield at length as to an irresistible fate.

This history of Saul, the first King of Israel, is an affecting record of this kind. Raised to the dignity of royal power by no ambition of his own, but by Divine appointment, in compliance with the will of a people weary of their Theocracy, we look upon him from the first as an instrument—a being impelled rather than impelling.

Painful, indeed, is the contrast of the proud and handsome youth commencing his kingly career in the freshness and freedom of early manhood, when life presented but a long perspective of sunshine and verdure, to that of the stricken man, weighed down by calamities, bereft of hope, bereft of faith, forsaken of God, forsaken of his people, yet marching manfully to that fatal battle field, where death only had been promised him.

From the commencement of his career the "choice young man and goodly" seems to have a leaning to the occult, a willingness to avail himself of mysterious power, rather than to reach results through ordinary, recognized channels. We find him commissioned by his father, going forth in quest of three stray asses, which he seeks, not by the hillsides and pastures of Israel, but by consulting the Seer Samuel. The holy man hails him king, and gently rebukes him as to the object of his visit, saying, "Set not thy mind upon the asses which were lost three days ago, for they are found."

Ardent and impulsive, he now goeth up and down in the spirit of prophecy, with the weird men who expound mysteries; and anon he sendeth the bloody tokens to the tribes of Israel, rousing them from the yoke of oppression.

Generous and heroic, he repels the foes of his people and loads the chivalric David with princely favors; yet beneath all this splendor of action and magnanimity of mind, like hidden waters, heard but unseen, lurked a dark and gloomy mysticism that embittered even his proudest and brightest hours. An evil spirit troubled him, which only the melody of the sweet Psalmist of Israel would beguile.

Moses had been familiar with all the forms of Egyptian worship, and all their many sources of knowledge; but as the agent of Divine power and the promulgator of a new and holier faith, he wished to wean his people from the corruptions of heathenism imbibed by their years of bondage, and from those subtilties of divination common to the Pagan world, and teach them a direct and simple reliance upon Him who alone "knoweth the end from the beginning." No insight to the future is needed by the strong in faith and strong in action. Hence the divinely appointed Legislator prohibited all intercourse with those who dealt in this forbidden lore—forbidden as subversive of human hope and human happiness. The mind loses its tone when once impressed with the belief that the shadows of coming events have fallen upon it.

The impetuous and vacillating Saul, impelled by an irresistible instinct to this species of knowledge, sought to protect himself from its influence by removing the adepts in it from his kingdom, for it is thus that the weak in purpose hope to escape the snares of their own unstable conscience by removing a temptation which they are incapable of resisting. Thus the unhappy Saul had put in force the severe enactments of Moses against dealers in what were termed "familiar spirits," "wizards that peep," and "sorcerers" of every grade. We have thus the testimony to the infirmity of his manhood, in the fact, that in secret he dwelt upon a lore which he had in public denounced.

Vain and superstitious, unbelieving and pretentious, oh! "choice young man and goodly," thou wert no match for the chivalric David, with his earnest faith in God; the warrior Poet; the kingly Minstrel; the man of many crimes, yet redeeming all by the fervency of his penitence, and his unfaltering trust in the Highest; in Him who had led from the first the armies of Israel. Yet the noble and heroic did not quite desert thee, oh, Saul! even when thou didst implore the holy prophet to honor thee in the presence of "the Elders of the people," and he turned and worshiped with thee. A kingly pageant when the sceptre was departing from thee!

Disheartened by intestine troubles, appalled by foreign invasion, the spirit of the unhappy king forsook him, and it is said, "his heart greatly trembled." Samuel, the stern, uncompromising revealer of the truth, was no more. Unsustained by a hearty reliance upon divine things, Saul was like a reed cast upon the waters, in this his hour of trial and perplexity.

"When Saul inquired of the Lord, the Lord answered him not, neither by dreams nor by prophets." Unhappy man! thy prayers were those of doubt, not of faith, and how could they enter that which is within the veil? In the utterness of his despair he consults the Woman of Endor. She might not control events, but she could foresee and foretell them. Perilous and appalling as his destiny threatened to be, he would yet know the worst. There was majesty in thee, oh Saul! even in thy disguise and agony, as thou didst confront thy stern counselor brought from the land of shadows—"the old man covered with a mantle." When Samuel demands: "Why hast thou disquieted me?" we share in the desolateness and sorrow which the answer implies: "God is departed from me, and answereth me no more, neither by prophets nor by dreams; therefore have I called thee, that thou mayest make known unto me what I shall do."

The Woman of Endor! That is a strange perversion of taste that would represent her hideous in aspect. To me she seems all that is genial and lovely in womanhood.

So great has been the suffering of Saul that he had fasted all that day and night, and at the terrible doom announced by the Seer, his strength utterly forsook him, and he fell all along upon the earth.

Now cometh the gentle ministry of the Woman of Endor. "Behold, thou hast prevailed with me to hearken to thy voice, even at the peril of my life, now, also, I pray thee to hearken to the voice of thy handmaid, and let me set a morsel of bread before thee, and eat, that thou mayst have strength."

Can aught be more beautiful, more touching or womanly in its appeal? Aught more foreign from a cruel and treacherous nature, aloof from human sympathies, and dealing with dangerous and unholy knowledge?

To the Jew, trained to seek counsel only from Jehovah, the Woman of Endor was a dealer with spirits of evil. With us, who imbibe truth through a thousand channels, made turbid by prejudice and error, she is a distorted being allied to the hags of a wild and fatal delusion. She has neither grace nor comeliness. We confound her with the witches of Macbeth, cruel, misleading, and repulsive, with the victims of Salem, or the Moll Pitchers of modern days.

Such is not the Woman of Endor. We have adopted the superstition of Monk and Priest through the long era of darkness and bigotry, and every age has lent its shadow to the picture. Let us separate her from all others, and behold her as she stands alone, grand, statuesque—projected from the past—more ancient than Hypatia, but like her a noble representative of what Paganism had done for her sex.

"Hearken to the voice of thy handmaid, and let me set a morsel of bread before thee." Beautiful picture of primitive and genial hospitality! The Woman of Endor riseth before me in every attitude of her kind, earnest entreaty. The braids of her dark hair mingle with the folds of her turban; her Oriental robes spread from beneath the rich girdle, and the bust swells with her impassioned appeal. I behold the proud contour of her features, the deep, spiritual eye, the chiseled nostril, and the lip shaming the ruby. The cold, haughty grace, becoming a daughter of the Magi, has given place to the tenderness of her woman's heart.

Woman of Endor! thou hast gathered the sacred lotus for the worship of Isis; thou hast smoothed the dark-winged Ibis in the temple of the gods; thou art familiar with the mysteries of the Pyramids; thou hast quaffed the sweet waters of the Nile, even where they well up in the cavernous vaults. The ancient Cheops; thou hast watched the stars and learned their names and courses; thou art familiar with the sweet influences of the Pleiads, and the bands of Orion. Thy teacher was a reverent worshiper of nature, and thou a meek and earnest pupil. Thou didst hold a more intimate communion with nature than we of a later and more worldly age. Thou didst work with her in her laboratory, creating the pearl and the gem; and all things whatsoever into which the breath of life entereth not.

There was neither falsehood nor diabolical power in all this. Men were nearer the primitive man; nearer the freshness of creation, and they, who patiently and religiously dwelt in the temple of nature, learned her secrets, and acquired a power hidden from the vulgar, even as the learned do now in their dim libraries, and amid their musty tomes.

Thus was it with the Woman of Endor. She was learned in all the wisdom of the East. She had studied the religion of Egypt; had listened to the sages of Brahma, and studied philosophy in those most ancient schools, to which the accomplished Greek afterwards resorted for truth and lofty aspiration; yet in all these did the daughter of the Magi feel truth unattained, and she went onward in the search.

She had heard of a new faith—that of Israel—a wondrous people who had at one time sojourned in Egypt, gorgeous temples strewn Egypt, and yet had struggled forth, led by a strange, invincible power, to other lands and a new faith. Hither had come the Woman of Endor in the humble spirit of inquiry to learn something more of those great truths for which the human soul yearns with an undying thirst. Hence it was that her learning and her beauty separated her from the dealers in forbidden arts, whom Saul had pursued to exile and death. He respected her as a Sibyl, a Priestess, who had left the tripod, searching for higher inspiration. She was no trifler with the fears and credulities of the vulgar, but a patient dealer in the best truth which the Pagan genius had been able to evolve. But prejudice was against her, and she suffered the ban of interdict. All night had she watched the stars, and firmly did she believe that human events were shadowed forth in their silent movements. She compounded rare fluids, and produced creations of wondrous beauty.

There were angles described in the vast mechanism of nature: in the passage of the heavenly bodies; in the congealing of fluids, and the formation of gems, which were of stupendous power when used in conjunction with certain words of mystic meaning, derived from the vocabulary of spirits; spirits, who once familiarly visited our earth, and left there symbols of their power behind them. These angles and these words, the learned, who did so in the spirit of truth and goodness, were able to use, and great, marvellous, were the results. This was the knowledge which Solomon in his turn imbibed from his pagan wives, and it may be from the Queen of Sheba, who came to teach and to learn also.

Such was the wisdom, such was the faith of the Woman of Endor, the wise, beautiful daughter of the Magi. She was yet young and lovely; not the child, nor the girl, but the full, intellectual and glorious woman.

Willing to relieve the unhappy king she had used a spell of great power in his behalf, unknowing the rank of her visitor, for she seems only to have pitied his misery, and thus had compelled the visible presence of one of the devoted servants of the Most High God, and she was appalled at beholding the earth-gods, whom she evoked, descending before the "old man covered with a mantle."

The fate of Saul would have been the same had not the prophet from the dead pronounced that fearful doom: "To-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be as I am," not where I am, but dead. The same, but till the last he might have realized that vague comfort to be found in the uncertainty of fate, and in the faint incitements of hope. Fancy might have painted plains beyond the mountains of Gilboa, where the dread issues of battle were to be tried, and he would have been spared that period of agony when the strong man was bowed to the earth at the certainty of doom.

Saul and the Woman of Endor, ages on ages since, fulfilled their earthly mission, leaving behind this simple record to testify to the identity of human emotions in all times and all places. We cease to regret the sufferings of Saul in view of an enlarged humanity, for had he been other than he was the world would have been unblessed with this gorgeous representative of Pagan learning, this episode of woman's grace and woman's tenderness, in the person of the Woman of Endor.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

PHALLIC WORSHIP, An Outline of the History and Symbology of the Worship of the Generative Organs, as Being, or as Representing, the Divine Creator, with Suggestions as to the Influence of the Phallic Idea on Religious Creeds, Ceremonies, Customs and Symbolism—Past and Present, Illustrated by over 200 Engravings. By Robert Allen Campbell, C. E. Price, on paper of extra size, weight and quality, $15; full morocco, full calf, full Russia gilt top, $25; regular edition, cloth binding, $7.50.

This is undoubtedly a valuable work, the aim of the author being to present a popular sketch of the history, customs, and symbolism of Phallic worship—past and present—written in plain English. Without using quotation marks, or announcing special credits in detail, the author states that he has quoted a truth, culled a fact, borrowed an illustration, and adopted an interpretation wherever found or by whomsoever before stated—and often in nearly, or even exactly, the words of the early writers. Those who are familiar with Higgins' Anacalypsis and his Celtic Druids, Payne Knight's Worship of Priapus and his Symbolic Language, Furlong's Rivers of Life, Inman's Ancient Faiths, and his other kindred works, Lajard's Culte de Venus, DuLaure's Divinités Génératrices chez les Anciens et les Modernes, Hargrave Jenning's Rosecrucians, and his Phallicism, etc., will readily recognize the sources from which much in this work has been called.

As to the importance and dignity of the theme, and hence the propriety of its treatment—which some may question—and as to its purity, which many will question—the author simply quotes Hargrave Jennings, whose extensive and patient study of this and kindred subjects renders his opinion valuable. He says:

"It may be boldly asserted that there is not a religion that does not spring from the sexual distinction. There is not a form, an idea, a grace, a sentiment, a felicity in art which is not owing in one form or another to Phallicism, and its means of indication, which, at one time, in the monuments—statuteque or architectural—covered, the whole earth. All this has been ignored—averted from—carefully concealed (together with the philosophy which went with it) because it was judged indecent. As if anything seriously resting in nature, and being notoriously everything in nature and art (everything, at least, that is grand and beautiful), could be—apart from the mind making it so—indecent."

From a casual examination of the work we judge that it will prove of great value to the ordinary business or professional man, and be the means of illuminating his mind with facts that will give him a far clearer, more comprehensive view of religion as a factor in the world during the misty ages of the past, as well as in the ever active present, and lead him to conclusions which can not fail to give him a better conception of those curious processes of evolution through which man has passed in order to reach his present standard of excellence.

In olden times man personified the dawn and twilight, designating the former as Oki and the latter as Œmmerick,—their father being Ukko, the sky. The same practice existed also with reference to the wind, clouds, rain, whirlwinds, waterspouts, lightning, thunder, echoes and mirage—each one represented as a living being acting an important part in those events constantly transpiring in the natural world. Such being the case it is not strange that man originally adopted a peculiar system of worship as succinctly laid down by Mr. Campbell; it was one of the peculiar processes of evolution, and a thorough acquaintance with the facts he has collated will tend to clear the atmosphere surrounding the origin of religions, and give man a clearer conception of the agent that has acted a prominent part in shaping the religous aspect of the world.

AGNES SURRIAGE. By Edwin Lassetter Bynner. Fourth edition. Boston: Ticknor & Co. Pp. 418. Price, 50 cents.

This volume is appropriate at the present season when our coasts are thronged with yachtmen and pleasure seekers. Through its pages the waters of Massachusetts Bay sparkle in the sunshine. It aims to portray New England Colonial life in the form of a novel. The Boston of olden times is reproduced with a fidelity which makes the book apart from its interest as a story, of historical value.

NO. 19 STATE STREET. By David Graham Adee. New York: Cassell and Company, Limited; Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co., Pp. 339. Price, 50 cents.

This story is somewhat in the style of Rider Haggard's "She." An American and his family figure in it as snake worshipers. On keeping from the police and public, knowledge of the possession of a huge serpent brought to this country and kept at their home, hangs the interest of the story.

A PURE-SOULED LIAR. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co. 1888. Pp. 191. Price, 50 cents.

The author of "A Pure Souled Liar" draws the characters of the story from the students of a modern Art Institute. The style is entertaining, and there is a life-like naturalness in the incidents of the work, especially in the earlier chapters. The merit of the novel is more in its literary style than in its plot, or than in any moral lesson it conveys.

Partial List of July Magazines Received.

The Century Magazine. (New York.) The opening article by Edward L. Wilson is on Sinai and the Wilderness. Appropriate to the Gettysburg Reunion are the poems by a Northern and a Southern soldier, Colonel Higginson and Will H. Thompson. George L. Kilmer in an article entitled A Note of Peace, gives an account of the reunions of the Blue and the Gray. A supplementary paper in the War Series deals with the career of the Confederate ram Albemarle. The Life of Lincoln, and Kennan's Siberian Papers, are continued in this number. Rev. Dr. Buckley has an essay on Dreams, Nightmare, and Somnambulism. The frontispiece is a portrait of Pasteur and is in connection with a timely article on Disease Germs, and How to Combat Them.

The New Princeton Review. (New York.) The Study of the Eighteenth Century Literature is a striking discussion by Edmund Gosse; M. G. Maspero, the eminent French Egyptologist, gives the result of his original investigations in Egyptian Souls and their Worlds; The Hon. Eugene Schuyler concludes A Political Frankenstein; Prof. Alexander Johnston advances some novel views on the character and necessity of political Machines, and The American Party Convention; H. Marquand, Esq., speaks from personal experience of The Duty on Works of Art. In Humanistic Religion, Prof. A. T. Ormond argues against the validity of the Positivist creeds, and Madame Cavazza gives another of her sketches of Calabrian peasant life. Criticisms, notes and reviews are varied and timely.

St. Nicholas. (New York.) This number can well be called a patriotic number for the Fourth of July is well represented. The frontispiece rings in the day we celebrate and an appropriate story on the subject follows. Two chapters of Two Little Confederates is given, and Tom and Maggie Tulliver is continued. In Dogs of noted Americans we find much that is amusing. Drill and Recollections of the Naval Academy will interest the boys. Several pretty poems with illustrations are given and the young readers will find much to amuse them through their vacation days.

Woman. (New York.) In looking over this new literary enterprise we find much that is unique and valuable. Its contributors comprise many of the leading writers and its pages are embellished with engravings of high merit. Club Life has been widely discussed. In Helen Campbell's thrilling account of Prisoners of Poverty Abroad, the hard experiences of the London working poor are graphically depicted.

The English Illustrated Magazine. (New York.) The continued stories furnish their usual chapters and are followed by William Hutton, and A Hampshire Hamlet. The frontispiece is a picture of Dr. Samuel Johnson, from the portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The American Magazine. (New York.) The July number is particularly interesting. Wilfred Patterson has a well-written and finely illustrated article on the famous Walters Art Collections; Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton contributes a paper on Spiritualism and Like Delusions; a feature is a story of Southern life, entitled T'other Miss Norie, by Marah Ellis, a young writer who makes her first bow before the literary public. A stroke of enterprise is a discussion by eminent American authors, of the Chace International Copyright Bill; Ecuador and her Cities, brings out much information of that part of South America which is not generally known.

The Chicago Law Times. (Chicago.) A portrait and biographical sketch of Morrison R. Waite, late Chief Justice of the United States is the initial article and will be read by many true friends of this true-hearted man; there is also a sketch of Melville W. Fuller, lately appointed to fill the vacancy left by Chief Justice Waite. Labor, Capital and Land; Law Reform in Civil Cases; Suffrage in Washington Territory; Marriages in the Middle German Ages; Representative Members of the Chicago Bar, comprise some of the leading articles.

The Kindergarten. (Chicago.) The July number of this new monthly is ready and has an attractive appearance. Mrs. Mary B. Willard contributes Some Distinctive features of the German Kindergarten, and Mrs. Alice H. Putnam gives some typical lessons. The publishers, Alice B. Stockham & Co., 161 Lasalle St., aim to have every number contain lessons and stories adapted to home and school, with kindergarten methods for primary teachers.

The Homiletic Review. (New York.) With the July number opens the sixteenth volume of this monthly. All the departments are up to the high standard maintained by this Review, and furnish a varied amount of material in the way of thought, fact, and discussion, that cannot fail to inform and inspire the readers of the Review.

Lucifer. (London, Eng.) Theosophy or Jesuitism opens the June issue of this monthly, and is followed by such good reading as: Leylet-En-Nuktah; The Romantic Story of Genhis Khan; The Woman in the Stone Tower; The Sraddha; Karmic Visions, Etc.

Buchanan's Journal of Man. (Boston.) Excellent articles fill the July number of this sterling monthly.

Also:

The Manifesto, Canterbury, N. H.
The Unitarian, Ann Arbor, Mich.
The Season, New York.
Mental Science, Chicago, Ills.
Our Little Ones and the Nursery, Boston.
L' Aurore, Paris, France.
Sphinx, Munich, Bavaria.

New Books Received.

Temperance and Prohibition. By G. H. Stockham, M. D. Oakland, Cal.: Published by the author.

The Growth of Religious Thought. By Mrs. Laura Ormiston Chant. Unity Pulpit. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis. Price, 5 cents.

Works Treating Upon the Spiritual Philosophy and the Spirit World.

Book on Mediums; or Guide for Mediums and Invocators: containing the special instructions of the spirits on the theory of all kinds of manifestations; the development of mediumship, and the means of communicating with the invisible world. By Allen Kardec. Also, The Spirits' Book, by the same author, containing the principles of spiritist doctrine on the immortality of the soul and the future life. Price, $1.60. each.

Spirit Workers in the Home Circle. By Morell Theobald, F. C. A. An autobiographic narrative of psychic phenomena in family daily life extending over a period of twenty years, and told in a most delightful and interesting manner. Price, $2.40.

The Spirit World, its Inhabitants, nature and philosophy. By Eugene Crowell. Price, $1.00.

Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism, by the same author, Vol. II. The volumes of this work are independent of each other and since Vol. I. is entirely out of print. Vol. II is selling at $1.20.

The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism. By Epes Sargent. As the title indicates this work is a scientific exposition of a stupendous subject and should be read by all Spiritualists and investigators. Price, $1.60.

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From the Old to the New.

The present is remarkable as a period of transition from old to new ideas and methods. In religious thought the change is very marked. During the last twenty years "the decay of faith" has been a subject of a vast amount of comment and discussion from every point of view. Herculean efforts have been made to turn the tide, but these efforts have apparently served only to strengthen and extend doubt and disbelief.

The rapidity with which doctrines, once firmly fixed in the popular mind, have, during the last two decades especially, lost their hold upon the masses is, on so large a scale, without precedent either in the ancient or modern world. The spread of skepticism in regard to the Pagan faith when Christianity was making its early conquests and preparing to assume imperial control, affords no parallel to the present rapid diffusion of skepticism as to the essential theological dogmas of Christianity.

The facility with which ideas can now be widely and quickly spread, puts into the possession of millions at once, arguments and utterances, which if published a few years ago, supposing even that they had not been suppressed by the authorities, would have reached but a comparatively few. Now not simply business and news dispatches, but the opinions of eminent thinkers, sermons by famous preachers, speeches, lectures and essays by men who are attracting attention, chapters from, or the leading thought of, the latest important books are telegraphed from one community, from one country to another. In proportion to the intelligence of the people or their capacity to understand or assimilate the thought which is "in the air" do they profit by this rapid transmission of ideas and this diffusion of literature throughout the civilized world.

It is only a question of time that the agitation of thought induced by modern agencies and the habit of making facts the data of beliefs, and proofs the test of their validity, will cause the mass of people to become discriminating, as the few are now, and make reason prevail over authority and science triumph over superstition.

During the transition from the old to the new thought, there is sure to be a great deal that is inconsistent and anomalous. The desire to accept the new and yet to retain the old, results in some very grotesque combinations of thought. Human nature does not take on an entirely new mood at once. It does not break with the past suddenly and forever, but gradually. An extensive stroke of mental and moral evolution will have to be undergone even by the most enlightened minds before they can assume the Phrygian cap of perfect moral and intellectual freedom. If this is true of the most advanced class of thinkers, how difficult it must be for the average mind with its more limited knowledge and with its inherited predispositions to discard old beliefs and adopt new ones. Reverence for ancestral faith and practices, and attachment to religious associations and observances, together with the difficulty of finding anything to take the place of the dogmatism of the promises, of the prayers and hymns which have afforded to millions consolation through life and in the solemn hour of death, blur his perception of the absurdities of theology, and make him slow to accept anything thought to be in conflict with long cherished beliefs. He will naturally try to retain as much of the old faith and to adopt as little of the new truth as the demands of his intellect, influenced by his feelings, will permit; and such inconsistencies and stultifications as are seen, for instance, in the views of those who are trying to satisfy themselves with "progressive orthodoxy," are the result.

The hideousness of the doctrine of eternal torment with no chance for repentance and reform after death, is seen and a progressive step is taken by admitting first that there may be, and then that there is, according to the scripture, "probation after death." Joseph Cook is not up to this point, but he says that the soul remains in the body a short time after breathing has ceased, and between that time and actual death there is a chance for conversion and salvation! So while there is no probation after death there is probation after breath!

The absurdity of the doctrine that all who having heard of Christ die without belief in his saviorship, will be forever damned, is conceded unwittingly and unwillingly, by those who say that the actual condition of salvation is belief only in the "essential Christ," the "Christ principles," which need not include belief in the "historic Christ." It was in this the way that the *Independent* a few years ago assured the world that Montefiore and Victor Hugo were among the redeemed. With many the fallibility of the Bible was first conceded by admitting, as Dean Stanley did, that science contradicts Genesis and that the mosaic cosmogony, so-called, is mere legend and superstition.

In this period of transition there are occupants of Christian pulpits, men educated for the ministry, who have outgrown all the essential theological elements of Christianity, men who are without belief in "the fall of man," or "Salvation through Christ," without faith even in the more general doctrines held as indubitable in pagan nations, such as the immortality of the soul. On the other hand among the advocates of "free thought" are ex-preachers of orthodox sects, men who have broken loose from the churches, but who in many cases are saturated with orthodox bigotry and prejudice, and with whom declamation takes the place of argument, and ignorant assertion the place of proof. They appeal to "infidels" like themselves, men who know enough to be dissatisfied with their old beliefs, but who have neither the intellectual freedom and flexibility necessary to enable them to rise above the narrowing influences of their old faith, nor the education and knowledge to understand the best modern thought. They expend their force in denouncing the form of theology, while they are as thoroughly dominated by its spirit as they were when they were preaching its dogmas.

The terms "free thought," "liberalism," "materialism," "infidelity," etc., are indefinite labels which denote opposition to theological beliefs, together with a mass of indiscriminating or undigested thought on philosophical, social and moral questions. The JOURNAL appreciates the "infidelity" of Voltaire and Paine and of all other independent and courageous thinkers who have opposed popular error in times that tried men's souls. But it distinguishes between men of this character and clerical pretenders on the one hand and infidel ex-preachers on the other, without character or real moral purpose, who substitute cheap declamation for argument and appeal to the ignorance of their hearers and seek to skin the liberal public "along the line of the least resistance."

During transitional periods, like the present, there is much incidental to progress which is offensive to refined and conscientious minds. It must be endured where it cannot be avoided, but it should never be approved. It will neither drive the wise reformer from his purpose nor make him the tool of demagogues in the field of reformatory work.

In the old systems of philosophy and faith there is a vast amount of precious truth. He who can, while rejecting the errors of these systems, hold fast to the great truths they teach and add to them the best thought of to-day is the man who will find no difficulty in adjusting himself to the changes of this transitional period.

"Good all Through."—

An editorial writer for one of the most influential dailies and an author of national reputation, who is a spiritually minded man, though not technically a Spiritualist, in a letter to a friend says: "The RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is really capital; good all through. What is more, it is honest to convictions—which I do not believe is true of more than two or three religious journals in the United States. They know they are defending the unprovable and often the disproved."

Do the regular subscribers to the JOURNAL realize the cost and the sacrifices necessary to make a paper that secures such voluntary and unsolicited approval from people in every way qualified to express an opinion? We fear not. If they did they would never rest until they had lightened our burdens and strengthened our hands.

Mr. A. E. Carpenter, one of the most experienced of Spiritualists and known in nearly every city and large town in the country as an expert mesmerist, has an interesting letter on another page. It is high time he and hundreds of other rational spiritualists in Boston should join in an organized effort to regulate the public practice of mediumship in that fraud-ridden city. The *Banner of Light* has shown its sympathy with swindlers and has condoned the offenses of incorrigible scamps so long that it cannot now have any reformatory influence even if it had the sense and courage to try.

Frightful Theology.

The New York *Sun* gives this report written by a missionary in Japan, on the effect of the orthodox gospel on the natives:

They grieve over the fate of their departed children, parents and relatives, and often show their grief by tears. They ask us if there is any hope, any way to free them by prayer from that eternal misery, and I am obliged to answer there is absolutely none. Their grief at this affects and torments them wonderfully; they almost pine away with sorrow. They often ask if God can not take their father out of hell, and why their punishment must never have an end. I can hardly restrain my tears at seeing men so dear to my heart suffer such intense pain. Such thoughts, I imagine, have risen in the hearts of all missionaries, in all churches.

Yet this man feels bound to teach these people a horrid and unjust dogma which fills their souls with grief.

The question arises, why not let the pagans alone rather than fill their poor hearts with such hellish fancies of a wrathful God? A great many difficulties lie in the path of the missionary, but the greatest are those in his own creed, and in what those he would convert learn about Christian countries. In Africa the natives are far more readily converted by Mohammedan than by Christian missionaries, because vile oaths and trade in men and gunpowder are associated in their minds with the English language, while all they know of the Arabic is as a sacred dialect. Forty years ago our missionaries among the Kurens in Burmah had a great stumbling block in their way, the natives having found out that American Christians bought and sold each other as slaves, and frankly saying they were afraid to be Christians and perhaps be sold on the auction block. Mozoomdar wittily said that if the British should evacuate Hindostan they could leave behind, as their monument, a pyramid of champagne bottles ornamented with cigar stubs. With greater ease of travel the pagans know us better, and our task is so to act that they will respect us more.

H. Marquand has a good article in the *New Princeton Review* for July, showing the folly of imposing customs duties upon works of art. The words of the Secretary of State are appropriately quoted: "I would call your attention to the fact that no nation claiming to be civilized imposes duties upon works of art at all commensurate with those levied under the tariff of the United States." France, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Denmark, Greece, Italy, the Netherlands, Sweden, Great Britain, India, New South Wales and Victoria, are among the nations or colonies that admit works of art free of duty. American artists at home and abroad who are especially interested in cultivating the taste for art among their countrymen, have done their best to have the duties removed from foreign paintings and statuary. It is in their supposed interests that the Government imposes duties upon works of art, but they are the very persons who are the most dissatisfied with the present conditions. The way to encourage what is so much needed in this new country, the love of art, is to make it as easy as possible to obtain the best works, and give American artists the opportunity they ask to enter the market in competition, unprotected, with European artists. Mr. Marquand justly observes: "The picture buying habit grows with indulgence, and the man who once buys even the product of the pauper studios of Europe, is much more likely to patronize American art than he who has never been led into temptation."

The work of a party convention is not complete in these days until it includes the adoption of resolutions extending sympathy to the Irish people, in their efforts to secure home rule. Sympathy is a good thing when it is with the right, and its expression is always gratifying to the victims of injustice when there are no selfish motives or unworthy purpose behind it. The sentiment in this country in regard to Ireland is strongly in favor of home rule, and this sentiment is not confined to any political party. But everybody knows that these resolutions passed at party conventions are designed to catch votes. There is a large number of Irish voters in the United States and both parties want as many of their votes as they can get. Hence these tears. Hence this "taffy." The people—the intelligent Irishmen in this country, indeed—now very well that no party has a corner on American sympathy with the Irish home rulers, and the political tricksters who resort to the tactics mentioned, are not likely to gain much by employing them. Whichever party is successful it will make no difference to the cause of home rule in Ireland.

A New York *Herald* correspondent draws a very vivid picture of Rev. Giles Moss, the black El Mahdi, living near Rochester, Ky. His influence over his colored brethren is supreme. While being questioned by the *Herald* correspondent, his voice was low, cheerful, and distinct, and he exhibited no concern as to the credulity or incredulity of his hearer. In answer to queries he said that the Lord would not only appoint the time, but the manner in which his black children would be conveyed back to the ancient home of Ham. They would possibly spread over the entire continent in missionary bands and would find no trouble in converting their brethren to the true God. He was ready with an intelligent reply to every question, and when "voodooism" was suggested he denounced it as the machination of the devil and a relic of the superstition of the barbaric Arabs, who still practice it under the name of "sufism." His knowledge of many subjects was wonderful, which, he explained, was the result of much reading and reflection. Indeed, he is a puzzle to those who have visited him. The negroes throughout many counties have already been apprised of the new prophet and the news is spreading everywhere, creating excitement and even consternation, as the belief is general that his followers already number thousands. Many of these are hastily arranging their affairs and making preparations to depart at any moment their leader may command. Moss is holding religious services every night, closing each sermon with the warning to be prepared for the pilgrimage at any moment.

A dispatch from New York to Chicago dailies states that in the neighborhood of New Rochelle, just to the northward of the town, there is a ghostly animation among the residents. There are hundreds up there who believe that the apparition of Thomas Paine, the great infidel, appears every few nights. Paine was buried under what has become a very large walnut tree, in a sloping hayfield. Subsequently friends removed the remains to some higher ground a short distance away. The former site of his resting place still retains four posts that were the corners of an inclosure, but new-mown hay just now encumbers the ground, and there is nothing of the old mound visible. The monument erected to Paine considerably later was planned to stand on the original spot, hence the ashes of Paine were to be removed, but the owner of the land had a horror of infidelity, and would neither give away nor sell a square foot to be devoted to honoring his memory. Therefore the stone was placed over the spot where the remains had been reinterred. It is considerably chipped, the sacrilege having been committed in part by relic hunters and in part by opponents of the dead man's disbelief. Some of the dwellers in the neighborhood are now saying that they have seen a white ghost flitting at night between these two spots, sometimes rising high in the air like a cloud and sometimes seeming to tread the ground with a light step.

Influential representatives of the druggists the milk and lemonade dealers and fruit stand proprietors of Pittsburgh, Pa., have effected an organization, the object of which is to make parts of "Blue Laws" of 1794 so obnoxious that objectionable parts will be legislated out of existence. A committee of five have lately employed an ex-city official who will secure evidence and make informations in cases of worldly labor performed on the Sabbath day. Solid financial backing has been secured and counsel has been retained. Prosecutions will begin next week. Street car companies will probably be the first to answer in the courts. The publishers of newspapers will be called to account through the arrest of employes who work on Sunday. The uniformed liverymen who drive their employers to church on Sunday will be called upon. In fact prosecutions are to be entered wherever possible to do so, and the new organization hopes to make the public so hostile to the laws of 1794 that amendment or repeal will follow.

"Our party," said a political speaker the other day, "demands equality for all." His speech aimed to show that if his party triumphed by the election of its Presidential candidate, next November, it would see equality established and all wrongs righted. When the word "equality" is used it should be with some definite meaning. It is not those who by superior talent legitimately acquire advantages of wealth, education or influence. What society should strive to equalize as far as possible is the conditions under which each may attain his full stature, achieve the full possibilities of his being. An equality of opportunity for success is the only equality that reasonable men can expect or desire. Humanity requires that the unfortunate shall be encouraged, and when necessary, aided in the "struggle for life;" but the successful men, the men of intellectual power, of energy and commanding influence must not be crippled in order that the "inequality" between them and the weaker men may be lessened.

The statement that Lowell and Holmes are disgusted with the honors the Bostonians are lavishing upon Sullivan, the returned slugger, is probably true, but the report that they have decided to move to Chicago where the higher forms of literature and art are held in greater regard than slugging, needs confirmation. There is little doubt that if these distinguished writers were young men, the decadence of the modern Athens and the growing literary importance of this great commercial metropolis would make them decide to come out west and "grow up with the country." A literary gentleman, a Bostonian, writing in the freedom of private correspondence, and with some exaggeration we believe, says: "Boston is now chiefly known as the city of the Irish Gorilla Sullivan who has just returned from Europe, where he made a pugilistic failure. Chicago, in spite of its hog and hominy and dressed beef, is more of a literary centre than Boston."

These words of Cardinal Manning may be commended to the framers and supporters of the political free-whisky platform. His eminence says: "For thirty-five years I have been priest and bishop in London; and now I approach my 80th year I have learned some lessons, and the first thing is this: The chief bar to the working of the holy spirit of God in the souls of men and women is intoxicating drink. I know no antagonist to that good spirit more direct, more subtle, more stealthy, more ubiquitous, than intoxicating drink. Though I have known men and women destroyed for all manner of reasons, yet I know of no cause that affects man, woman, child, and home with such universality and steady power as intoxicating drink."

The counting room, book store and editorial rooms of the JOURNAL will close at one o'clock, P. M., on Saturdays during July and August. City patrons and country visitors will please remember this and avoid disappointment. The JOURNAL desires that its faithful helpers who have served so diligently through the year shall have at least a half-holiday every week during the summer. Those who have never been shut up in a city office year in and year out cannot appreciate what a boon a half-holiday is during the hot summer season. Help the JOURNAL to practice its humanitarian teachings by transacting your business with it so as not to infringe upon the Saturday half-holiday of its employes.

GENERAL ITEMS.

The JOURNAL'S photographic collection has been still further enriched the past week by fine pictures of Mr. Charles Dawbarn, the lecturer, and Mr. E. M. Jones of Philadelphia.

Mr. Cyrus Buckman of Oregon, writes that the cause of Spiritualism is steadily making progress in Oregon, and it is of a healthy growth.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Drake returned to Chicago on Friday of last week, and departed the next day for Lake Pleasant, Mass. Mrs. Drake's friends will be glad to learn that her health is much improved.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Shepard, the parents of Jesse Shepard, arrived from London, Eng., June 26th, and are stopping at Villa Montezuma. They were accompanied by Miss Letitia A. Shepard, their daughter.

The New England Camp Meeting Circular is ready for applicants. It gives full particulars in detail. Callers at this office can get one. Those at a distance can address J. Milton Young, Lake Pleasant, Mass.

The many friends of Rachel Walcott, the eloquent trance speaker of Baltimore, will regret to learn that she is lying critically ill at her residence, 817, N. Fremont Ave., Baltimore.

G. H. Brooks writes from Mapleton, Iowa, July 2nd.: "The grove meeting passed off finely. There were about five hundred people present and much interest was manifested. I speak in Belding, Mich., the third Sunday in July, and go to the southern part of this State for next Sunday."

J. M. Allen has finished his third month at Peoria, Ill., and will probably resume his labors there after the heated term is past. He reports a high degree of interest among the thoughtful people of that city in the cause of Spiritualism, as a result of his public and private work. Peoria address, 607 Hamilton St.; St. Louis address, 1217 Washington Ave.

After six weeks' successful ministrations on the Pacific coast, and while on their way to the Eastern camp meetings, Mrs. R. S. Lillie, inspirational speaker, Mr. Edgar W. Emerson, seer and test medium, assisted by Mr. J. T. Lillie, composer and vocalist, will hold two public meetings and séances, at the Princess Opera House, 558 West Madison St., On Sunday, July 15th, at 3 and 7:45 P. M. Admission 25 cents.

There will be a ratification meeting of the National Prohibition Party at Battery D, Chicago, Friday, July 13th, at 7:30 P. M. Speakers: Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, candidate for President; John A. Brooks, candidate for Vice-President; Hon. D. H. Harts, Candidate for Governor; Hon. J. L. Whitlock, candidate for Lieutenant-Governor; Geo. W. Bain, Kentucky; and Miss Frances E. Willard, Evanston.

July 2nd was the forty-fourth day since John Seachar, the Caledonia farmer, partook of nourishment and fifteen days since he took medicine. He was in good condition until the afternoon, when he became very sick, and it is believed that he cannot live many days. When first taken ill he weighed one hundred and eighty pounds; now his weight is less than one hundred pounds. Physicians report it the most remarkable case of the kind on record, for the reason that Seachar has been up and about during the entire fast.

Mrs. Maria Woodworth, the faith cure evangelist, is conducting a tent meeting at Oak Ridge Park, Springfield, Ill., and setting the populace wild with the alleged remarkable cures occurring there daily. It is said that people come from a distance and camp in the woods to attend the meetings, and persons coming on crutches are reported as going away without them, perfectly cured. Among certain classes of people the excitement has become intense, and the meetings are expected to continue as long as the excitement lasts.

Lauville Combs, a boy not yet eleven years old, will shortly be put on trial at Jackson, Ky., for a most fiendish murder. Last spring he crushed his sister's skull with a hammer, then threw the body in the fire, and piled on the wood. The attempt to cremate the remains proving unsuccessful, the young fiend took them to the creek near by and threw the body in the water. It being too shallow for his purpose, the murderer again moved the body and buried it in the sand. The boy is a regular tough, chews and drinks, takes his arrest coolly, and says the only thing that worries him is that his sister comes back at night and won't let him sleep.

"Fortunate it is," says, the Lewistown, Me., *Journal*, "that the days of belief in witches are over, else the stories now going the rounds of the Maine papers might make it dangerous for somebody. The latest marvel, thus far, as chronicled by the Dexter *Gazette*, is a barn door that opens without hands. A Dexter man who drove into a yard in Cambridge, after trying the barn door and find-

ing it fast, hitched his horse to the side of the barn. While the man was in the house, the horse broke loose and started for home, but became frightened by some men at work with a road machine, turned back and rushed for the barn, the doors of which obligingly opened to let him in, closing behind him. When the dozen men who witnessed the affair reached the barn, no one was to be seen, and the door stuck so badly that it was opened with difficulty."

Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, whom we announced as having returned from an extended visit to Australia, will start east from San Francisco in a few days, and will visit her children in Kansas and Michigan, and in the mean time answer calls to lecture. Some eighteen years ago Mrs. Ballou was quite a favorite with Chicago Spiritualists as a speaker, and we have no doubt that with her large and varied experience since then, she will be able to more than sustain her former reputation. For the next two weeks she can be addressed at Delphos, Ottowa Co., Kansas.

Leon Bouland, in an excellent article on "Romanism and the Republic," in *The Forum* for July says: "The Roman Catholic vote has already become so important an element in politics as to decide the fate of parties. Every Roman Catholic is in duty bound to enter politics as a Roman Catholic, not as an American citizen. The press of this country understands perfectly well that if it would have the support of the Roman Catholics, it must say nothing in criticism, but everything in praise, of the Roman Church; so that even now there is a practical restraint, if not a positive check, upon the freedom of the press."

Transition of Will Watson.

One day last week the Angel of Death made another visit to Sunny Brae, the flower-bedecked and vine-clad home of Mrs. Elizabeth Lowe Watson. This time he took away with him the beloved teacher's only son. Between this mother and son existed the most beautiful relations of confidence and affection; each knew the other's innermost thoughts and each turned to the other in every emergency and trial of life. It was our good fortune to know this young man in his own home and to study him day by day as he quietly and manfully did the duty that lay nearest. Of a refined and gentle nature, fond of music and art, an excellent musician, a genius in painting, and with cultivated esthetic tastes, he went about the homely and rugged duties of ranche life cheerfully and without repining. At night after doing a laboring man's task it was his invariable custom to lay off the garb and mien of the field laborer and with his sister devote himself to study or to assisting in entertaining, with all the grace of a cultivated gentleman. At the early age of twenty-four years his summons came, and the Spirit-world is now the richer for his going. At the time of going to press we have no particulars of the parting, only a brief telegram from the afflicted mother announcing the sad event and that she would conduct the funeral service.

Hail and farewell, friend Will! In the life that now is for you, the relations between you and your beloved will be all the closer; in the sweet home at Sunny Brae and with your mother in her public work your gentle uplifting influence will be the greater. Mother and sister, we know you will not mourn the son and brother as lost to you; that great as is the blow you will bear it with the courage and assurance which can come only to those possessed of similar knowledge of the world that lies beyond the grave.

Orthodoxy vs. Spiritualism.

Orthodoxy versus Spiritualism, is an answer to the sermon of Rev. T. De Witt Talmage against Spiritualism, by Hon. A. H. Dailey. Although this was delivered in May, 1884, it is especially appropriate at this time, after the tirade of Talmage delivered April 29th, on the same subject. Judge Dailey is a fair-minded believer in Spiritualism, and states facts and truths that cannot be gainsaid. Thousands of copies of this tract should be distributed to vindicate the cause so dear to many hearts. Price only five cents. For sale at this office.

The Report of the Seybert Commission should be read by all fair-minded thinkers, price, $1; and this should be followed by A. B. Richmond's able Reply to the Seybert Commissioners, showing how unfair and narrow the experiments were carried on of which this is a report. Price, $1.25. For sale at this office.

The June number of *Lucifer*, published in London, Eng., is received. It is an attractive number, and has a good table of contents. Price, 35 cents a copy. For sale at this office.

The Esoteric for July is at hand and has a good table of contents. This monthly has rapidly come into favor with the reading public, and is early called for each month. Price, 15 cents a number. For sale at this office.

Buchanan's Journal of Man is now ready for the July readers. To say that Dr. J. Rodes Buchanan is the editor is sufficient to insure a large sale. His writings are always popular and widely circulated. We are prepared to furnish any number of copies. Price, 10 cents each.

Mrs. Harrison, wife of the Republican candidate, is witty as well as handsome. When she appeared to an unknown caller the other day he said: "Mrs. Harrison, I conclude, from the woodcut seen in the *Journal?*" "Yes," she replied, "the unkindest cut of all."

Exhibitions of Tricks as Demonstrations of Spirit Power.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I take up my pen to write from a sense of duty, feeling compelled to say something that ought to be said better than I shall be able to say it, and about which I shall be unable to express myself as strongly as I feel. Well do I appreciate the brave and sincere efforts that you have made to drag into the light and expose the vile impositions that have been practiced upon the public in the name of mediumship. Your fearless efforts in this direction are beyond praise, and ought to have called to your aid every honest and conscientious believer in spirit communion in the land. What are known as physical manifestations and materializations have furnished a fertile field for unscrupulous tricksters and deceivers to work. They have flourished and increased until their name has become legion. I think that it is safe to say that nearly all of the public exhibitions of so-called physical mediumship are nothing but tricks and most of them have not even the merit of being good tricks. A professional magician of any note would scorn to use many of the flimsy methods that are employed by these mediums (?) to deceive the people. Fifteen years ago a medium here in Boston, one of the first materializers, exhibited a bundle of rags draped in an old white skirt with a wire mask face at the top, as a spirit baby. A young man stopping at my house grabbed it out of her arms at the expense of being knocked down. It was captured, however, and we had it on exhibition for some time. Previous to this some ladies found concealed under the skirts of the same medium, two or three masks, a quantity of black jute that had figured as the long hair of an Indian maiden. These facts were published in the Boston papers at the time. The medium said that the rag baby had been brought there by her enemies, and carried away again. It was unfortunate for her, however, that the white skirt used to drape the baby was marked in indelible ink with the name of a friend who gave it to her.

The most remarkable part of it was that notwithstanding this exposure, she went on giving séances for years, and those who completed the expose lost caste among her credulous followers. Later Gordon exhibited materializations in New York City, for nearly a year, exciting a great interest, until finally two level-headed Spiritualists sprang over the table which separated him from the audience and he threw down his draped image, "the spirit bride," and ran. On searching about they found two poorly constructed images dressed, one in male and the other in female attire.

Gordon had them so arranged that he could remove their heads and change them for others. Something like a half-barrel of these heads were found at hand ready to be changed as occasion required. He had a stock company of spirits limited to the number of heads. It is a notable fact that most materializers are limited in the same way to a few devices for changes such as they may have at hand. Lately we heard of a medium who marched out of the cabinet, followed by a spirit who kept just behind her, and seemed to move as she moved. Some close investigator discovered that she had a draped stick attached to her bustle; the present fashion of large bustles being especially convenient for such an arrangement. The dim light that pervades these séances makes it possible for these poor tricks to have the appearance of reality.

Then we must not forget that the minds of the observers are usually dominated with the idea that they are going to see a spirit. A state of mental expectancy may change in a poor light almost any object into a ghost. We are told that these conditions are absolutely necessary. Now no one is more conscious of the necessity of proper conditions for success than myself; but if the conditions are of such a character as to make accurate observation impossible, then the experiment becomes valueless. Until materializations can be presented under positive test conditions, it is but a waste of time to attend such séances. This statement, it seems to me, must commend itself to every intelligent person.

Let us look this matter squarely in the face. What we want to know is the truth, and knowing the truth we need not fear but it will lead us to the very best conclusions. I am confident that the majority of these fraudulent mediums are not even Spiritualists. They have no idea of what Spiritualism means in its best sense. They take up mediumship as a business, learn a few stale tricks, get the necessary equipments, and advertise. The more extraordinary and extravagant their claims the greater their success in drawing a crowd. I was talking with one of these wonder-workers a few days ago. I asked him how he came to be a medium. He quite frankly said: "Being out of a job I thought I would try the medium business, and so took it up as a profession." We shall find that this is true of nearly all of these people whose exposes fill the columns of the daily press. They see an opening to make money, and being without principle they do not hesitate to "coin our tears into dollars," as the New York *Herald* remarks in commenting on the Dis Debar trial.

The early mediums had a different history. They were developed in private home circles where members of the family gathered and a few neighbors came in and reverently sat together to invite the communion of their departed loved ones. Some one of the company peculiarly gifted proves to be a medium, and unexpectedly becomes the object of interest to all. With no thought of deception and no motive to deceive, her development goes on, and through her ministrations much joy is carried to sorrowing hearts. Many come to her until her time and strength is taxed to that extent that she is finally compelled to charge pay or cease to use her gifts. It is proper and right that she should do so. This is the history of true mediumship. It comes unsought and oftentimes has proved a source of poverty and martyrdom to its possessors. The record of the lives of our early mediums is a sad story of trial and persecution, and yet an imitation of the phenomena that occurred in their presence, and the confidence and faith which their honesty built up, has been the stock in trade of these vile impostors that have sprung up on every hand and flourished for a time "like a green bay tree."

Honest mediumship has been at a discount because of its modesty of claiming only what is true, while the blatant deceiver and trickster, claiming everything and doing nothing, wears broadcloth, silks and satins, and is covered with diamonds. Sometimes they meet with their deserts like the Dis Debars.

How do you suppose they regard the honest people who patronize them, and who often with tears and sobs, recognize their masks and images in the darkness as some loved friend whose body has been laid away. They laugh in their sleeves, do these wretches while they spend the money of those whose "tears they have coined into dollars." They say, "What precious idiots these people are."

And those who endeavor to apologize and explain away the evidence of their fraudulent practices, instead of exciting their gratitude, become still more the subjects of their contempt and ridicule. They brutally and recklessly play with the most sacred feelings of the human heart for paltry gain. To what depths of depravity have such beings sunk, and who can imagine a punishment superior to their deserts.

The end will be as the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL has predicted: that the law

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

Excellent Books for Sale at this Office.

The Art of Forgetting. By Prentice Mulford. This pamphlet was issued in the White Cross Library series and has been widely circulated. It is full of suggestions and hints for those who feel depressed and heart sick. It is comforting and just what they ought to read. Price, 15 cents.

Psychography. By M. A. (Oxon.) A treatise on one of the objective forms of psychic or spiritual phenomena. The author's object has been to present a record of facts bearing on one form only of psychical phenomena. Price, paper cover, 50 cents.

Home circles, how to investigate Spiritualism, with suggestions and rules; together with information for investigators, Spiritualists and skeptics. 10 cents a copy. A good pamphlet to use for missionary purposes.

Four Essays Concerning Spiritism. By Heinrich Tiedemann, M. D. The subjects embodying the four essays are, What is Spirit? What is Man? Organization of the Spirit-Body; Matter, Space, Time. Price, 30 cents,

The Watseka Wonder. A narrative of startling phenomena occurring in the case of Mary Lurancy Vennum. Also a case of Double Consciousness. These cases are wonderful psychic and physio-psychological studies and have attracted world-wide attention by their authenticity and startling phenomena. Price, 15 cents.

The following works are by Giles B. Stebbins: Chapters from the Bible of the Ages. These chapters are selected with great care from the Hindu, Vedas, Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster, Talmuds, Bible, Plato, Luther, Milton, Max Muller, Lucretia Mott, T. Starr King, Parker, Emerson, Denton, Tuttle, and many other authentic sources. It is a most valuable collection and is a work that has received enconiums from high authority. Cloth bound, price reduced from $1.50 to $1.00 postpaid.

After Dogmatic Theology, What? Materialism or Spiritual Philosophy and Natural Religion. The aim of this work is to state materialism fairly, and to hold it as inconsistent. A wide range of ancient and modern proof of the higher aspects of the God idea in history is given. Cloth, 150 pages; only 60 cents, postpaid.

The American Protectionist's Manual. This work is especially sought after at this time when the tariff question is discussed by all stanch American citizens. A subject that has entered as a vital question into the politics of America deserves careful thought and serious attention and the statements in this work are offered as a help to all classes. A chapter on protection and free trade will enlighten many that are present groping for light on this all absorbing subject. Price, cloth, 75 cents; paper cover, 25 cents, postpaid.

Progress from Poverty. This is a review and criticism of Henry George's Progress and Poverty and Protection and Free Trade. Price, cloth, 50 cents, paper 25 cts.

Advice to Mothers. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.

Campers Attention! Onset Station.

The Onset Station on the Old Colony Railroad is now open and excursion tickets are sold to Onset, which is the most direct way of reaching the Onset Bay camp-ground. The Onset street rail way is also in operation, connecting with all trains to and from the grove.

A new series of Mental Evolution, or the Process of Intellectual Development, by the Spirit Prof. M. Faraday, late Chemist and Electrician in the Royal Institute, London. Price, 15 cents; for sale here.

By its mild, soothing and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of nasal catarrh, also "cold in the head," coryza, and catarrhal headaches. 50 cents, by druggists.

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Seekers of Summer Sylvan Shades

should send for the Summer Tourist Folder of the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," and a copy of "In Summer Days," descriptive of the favorite Northern and Eastern resorts and the way to reach them, profusely illustrated, enclosing two stamps for postage. The tourist routes presented to the attention of the public by the Michigan Central are unrivalled in variety and interest, and should be carefully examined before deciding upon one's summer trip.

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Passed to Spirit-Life.

On June 16th, 1888, our sister, Mrs. J. C. Morgan, passed on to the higher life. She leaves a husband and three children to mourn her loss. She has ever been a good, true woman, and will be missed by all who had learned her true worth. She was a friend to progress and died in the belief of a glorious immortality. She is with us no more in body, but we trust that her influence will long be with us, through spirit power, in helping on the progressive thought of the time.

Her funeral was attented by a large concourse of sympathizing neighbors and friends. Services were conducted by the Newton Union Lyceum, Sunday, June 17th, at four o'clock. The choir sang, "There's a Home beyond the River." Mr. Munger read Bulwer Lytton's poem, "There is no Death," after which father Samuel Saylor made some very appropriate and consoling remarks. The choir sang again and then we followed the body to the grave where an invocation and song ended the beautiful service

Newton, Kansas. C. R. MUNGER.

From his home in Utica Illinois on the 2nd inst., Mr. James G. Clark passed to spirit life, aged seventy seven years, after an illness of two months. The funeral took place on the 5th inst. Mr Clark was at the head of the Utica Hydraulic Cement Co. and well known in Chicago and the west. A man of large means and generous impulses, a devoted Spiritualist, and a public spirited citizen he will be greatly missed.

Charles N. Johnson, of Defiance, Ohio, aged 19 years, 9 months and 17 days, passed into the higher life at Toledo, Ohio, on Wednesday morning, June 13, of Bright's disease. Charley, as every one loved to call him, was a young man of more than ordinary ability and intelligence, one who bade fair to live a life of great usefulness. He was left an orphan at the age of twelve and went to live with an uncle, who early induced him to unite with the Methodist church, but he imbibed Spiritualistic ideas from his mother, and in his 18th year he espoused its cause. He was one who never hid his light under a bushel, and never gave offence. He thought of death as but the birth into that life which God, the Supreme Intelligence, has provided for all his children.

Toledo Ohio. A. W. C.

General News.

At Nicholasville, Ky., Ed. Sparks shot Charles Myers, inflicting a fatal wound.—The loss by the Haverhill fire will not exceed $50,000. The Opera House will be rebuilt.—Jacob Robb stabbed and killed Constable Jacob Medsker near Shelbyville, Ind.—A good flow of natural gas is said to have been obtained near Wabash, Ind. It is thought the well will produce 2,000,000 feet per day.—While attempting to rescue a servant from a burning building at Deer Lake, Mich., one morning lately, Mrs. Joshua Hodgkins was fatally burned.—A man killed by the cars near Vandalia, Ill., had in his pocket $50 and a letter addressed to J. Kaltenbach, Baden, Germany, postmarked Highland, Ill.—The marble and stone works of Peter & Burghard in Louisville, Ky., were burned out. Loss, $40,000.—Two children of Mrs. William Brocklehank of Lynn, Mass., were drowned in the lake at Laconia, N. H. A frightened carriage horse backed into the water with a load of women and children.—Mr. William Reese of Bolivar, Pa., aged 101 years, announces his purpose to vote for Harrison.—Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York *Sun*, will be the orator at the annual meeting of the Wisconsin Press Association this month. Belva Lockwood is a Presidential candidate for revenue only. She intends to stump the country and will charge an admission fee to her meetings.—The Rev. David Swing was a fellow-graduate with Ben. Harrison at Miami University, Oxford, O., in 1852. The graduating class numbered sixteen.—William O'Brien has injected the term "bloody shirt" into English politics. He used it against the British Government's cry of crime in Ireland as a justification of coercion.—Simon Bolivar Buckner, Governor of Kentucky, is a candidate for United States Senator to succeed Joe Blackburn.

Rev. F. J. Kennedy, a young priest of Philadelphia, is the new vice rector of the American College in Rome.—Before he discovered the cholera microbe, Robt Koch was known simply as Dr. Koch. Now he is Herr Geheimer Medicinal-Rath Professor Robert Koch.—Rev. Peter Hauermans, of Troy, is said to be the sole survivor of the 200 Roman Catholic priests who were on the mission in this country when he came over in 1838. He has been a priest fifty-eight years.—Mark Twain, in acknowledging the degree of M. A. conferred upon him by Yale, whose grave and reverend pundits evidently know a good thing when they see it, assures the university authorities that he is quite as much gratified over the honor as if he deserved it.—T. M. Wells has completed a clay model of the bronze statue of James W. Marshall, to be erected on the spot where gold was first discovered in California. It is of colossal size and represents Marshall clad in a miner's dress, holding a nugget in his right hand and with his left pointing to the spot whence it was taken.—John Niemann, aged 71, was killed at Reinbeck, Iowa, while walking on the railway track.—William C. Mitchell, the well-known theatrical manager of St. Louis, fell between a grip car and a coach and was instantly killed.—A 2-year-old child of Harry Slate, of Racine, Wis., was fatally injured by the person in charge tossing it up, its head coming in contact with a hanging lamp.—Near Janesville, Wis., Harry Kelly, a 12-year-old boy, fell under the sickle bar of a mower and was maimed for life.—The blunder of a train dispatcher caused a wreck on the Pennsylvania railroad near Nanticoke, Pa.—A farm-house belonging to George Dobbs, located about seven miles from Sault Ste Marie, Mich., on the Canadian side of the river, was destroyed by fire causing the death of four persons.

Four Chinamen united with the First Congregational Church in this city.—Rev. P. W. Longfellow, of Granville, O., has accepted a call to the Baptist church at La Grange.—The Mormons, through their agents, have contracted for the purchase of 400,000 acres in the State of Chihauhua in Mexico. The Roman Catholic church will now for the first time have to cope with this immoral and aggressive heresy.—It is said that the cost in dollars of the general conference of the Methodist Episcopal church in New York was $75,000,—$20,000 more than the church collections footed up, the difference having to be provided for by the book concern as a loan.—Rev. A. H. Strong, president of Rochester Theological Seminary, predicts that before the next annual convention assembles the Baptists of this country will exceed three millions, and that in a few years they will pass the Methodists and constitute the largest evangelical body in the land.—Grover Cleveland is the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, Benjamin Harrison is a Presbyterian elder, Clinton B. Fisk is a Methodist, Chester Arthur was an Episcopalian, James A. Garfield a Campbellite, U. S. Grant a Methodist, Andrew Johnson a Methodist, and Abraham Lincoln a devout non-sectarian.—A number of volunteer sisters of charity from Syracuse, N. Y., will soon go the Island of Molokai to take charge of the female lepers of Hawaii.

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Voices From the People.
AND
INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal

PATIENCE.

BY C. F.

Patience is needed all through life,
Patience for pleasure, patience for strife.
Patience to make the mountain grow,
Patience an evil to o'erthrow,
Atom by atom, the human form grows,
Leaf by leaf blooms the lovely rose,
One by one, barriers are overthrown,
Little by little our ills are outgrown.
One word at a time our thoughts are expressed.
From age to age the power of God is witnessed.
Patience and perseverance, twin faculties of the soul.
By virtue of both, we reach the goal.
The hope that sustains by patience is guarded.
In the end, perseverance is finally rewarded.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Materialization of Thought.(?)

Spiritualists seem to assume the theory that all works of art are first conceived and then presented, or formed objectively. Against this view I beg leave to protest. My convictions are that no original conception was ever formed in any human mind, and that, as a consequence, the material fabric is not the materialization of a precursory mental effort. However egregious may be the error I commit in this course of thought, it will be magnified in the reader's mind when it is remembered that it has been revolved over and over in mine for twenty-five years or longer, and now for the first time placed on paper (by the writer at least).

I cannot expect that a full discussion of the subject would find space in the JOURNAL, and I shall, therefore, be brief. Not only has all observation lead to the conclusion that we learn objectively, but the object method has so far as possible preceded the abstract in all of our institutions of education. The thought is really carried to the extreme by the teaching of what we believe to be incarnate persons. The first acts of a child are those which we choose to call intuition. Then by hearing, it is taught to utter sound; by seeing, to know the form of objects, and by experience to gain a knowledge of the utility of their combinations. We first get a hint from the universally conceded truth, that no man ever invented a perfect or even complete instrument, when nothing of the kind existed previously. It would be absurd to think of any one having invented a sewing machine, until by a tedious course of complicated experiences its necessity began to be felt. A similar statement may be made of all necessary works of art. It is safe to venture the suggestion that the harmonious blending of lights and shades in nature gradually created the love of the beautiful in art. All of these things are resultant evolutions. Man cannot conceive of an object which is absolutely and in all its parts original. We must speak of it in terms of the cognizant. He has no cognition of a thing of which he has never had experience or for which he has never felt a necessity; in short we cannot originate an idea.

How absurd, then, to point to a fine architectural structure and exclaim, "Behold the materialization of a human thought!"

Every step of the way to this colossal piece of architecture was presented by some object lesson or some previously known necessity. Caves, rocks and trees formed the rudiments; clouds, flowers, plants, air and water were suggestive of its successive steps. The close reasoner will thus observe that each addition to all our works was suggested by some object already known.

Before my office window where I am writing, loom up the beautiful forms of a fine court house, a school house, churches and various other buildings; but the architect drew his models from other buildings like them. Suppose now he should add some new device of beauty or utility, could he possibly conceive of it if he had never seen anything like it in either nature or art? Thus little by little of the material; then a reflected image of it in the brain; and finally the evoluted objects combined in one (it may be) are presented before us. But it is no mental conception, only a copy of what existed long before.

B. R. ANDERSON.

Concordia, Kansas.

A HORRIBLE DREAM.

A Railroad Man Quits the Road to Avoid Killing His Wife.

I began to dream, and I thought I was a boy again climbing the hills of my father's farm in Lancaster county with my little brother's hand in mine. Then gradually the subtle essence which inspires the tangled labyrinths of fancy took possession of my mind. I was again on my engine, throttle in hand, careering through the country at lightning speed. The telegraph poles flew by until I became dizzy. I thought I heard the wild birds shriek and the moan of the winds above the noise made by the engine. The exhilarations of the midnight ride made the blood in my veins tingle. But the night grew darker; the stars which had a moment before lit up the heavens with their luster paled and disappeared in the gathering dusk. Darker and darker grew the night. Suddenly I peered curiously ahead. The sight that in my dream met my gaze turned my blood cold and sent it back with a sickening sensation to my heart. I tried to scream with fright, but could not utter a sound. Just ahead—not more than five hundred feet distant—coming from the direction in which my train was going was the headlight of an engine approaching with what to me seemed almost lightning speed. I reversed my engine, but a collision was inevitable. The crash came, and, although I felt myself being hurled through the air, I could not see. I heard cries and moans and wild shrieks, as of women in terrible agony. I clutched at something and awoke.

I was standing on the bed, and had my faithful wife by the throat. She was black in the face and almost strangled. Horror-stricken, I loosened my hold, and she rolled helplessly to the floor, limp and almost lifeless. I applied such restoratives as I had at hand, and when she at last opened her eyes and looked at me with a wild stare I fell upon my knees and begged piteously for pardon.

"You meant to murder me!" she gasped.

I tried to explain that it was all a dream, and after talking to her for almost an hour the truth began to dawn upon her senses. Even with the terrible marks where my fingers had clutched her throat standing out to condemn me, a smile overspread her pretty face, and with tears streaming down her cheeks she asked me to give up railroading. I promised her, and now you know why I am running a stationary engine.—*Philadelphia News.*

She Was a Somnambulist.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

No one can demonstrate what somnambulism really is. Hundreds of speculations are afloat with reference to it, but no explanation as yet has been in all respects satisfactory. To the subject, it is a *new* existence, a *new* life in all respects, and the normal condition is not recognized. It appears from a Chicago daily that Officer John Ahern of the Stanton Avenue Police Station was traveling his beat early on the morning of June 29th past the corner of Thirty-sixth street and Prairie avenue. A miserable drizzling rain was falling and the officer had met few pedestrians during the night. No wonder that he was startled when he looked up and suddenly saw before him a light, airy female figure, dressed all in white. It was a young woman clad only in her nightdress. She was a petite blonde. Her head and feet were bare, and she was walking steadily along with the unconsciousness of her surroundings which at once indicated the somnambulist. The astonished officer interrupted the fair apparition. She awoke with a start, and recovering her presence of mind refused to tell the officer her name. Ahern led his capture to the patrol box and called the wagon. She was taken at once to the armory and cared for by Matron Hieland. In the morning, having had several hours of good rest, the young lady looked at the matter differently and concluded to tell her name. She said she was Miss Farley, and that her father, Daniel A. Farley, solicitor, lived at No. 3936 Prairie avenue. Miss Farley is a book-keeper for a South Water street firm, and is said to be subject to somnambulistic fits. Mr. Farley took his daughter home, and the case was stricken from Justice Lyon's docket without trial.

INQUIRER.

SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.

What Is Said to Have Happened in an Ohio Community of Shakers.

The following report of experiences is from the records of the Shaker Community of North Union, in Northern Ohio. The point of interest in it is the evidence of the vanity in the direction of the forces, the manifestations in New York and Ohio being strikingly similar. (Evidences of a most positive character of unity in direction of forces evolved in universal soul-communion are now coming in from all parts of the world);

"It was the year 1838, in the latter part of summer, some young sisters were walking together on the bank of the creek, not far from the hemlock grove, west of what is called the Mill Family, when they heard some beautiful singing, which seemed to be in the air just above their heads.

"They were taken by surprise, listened with admiration, and then hastened home to report the phenomenon. Some of them afterward were chosen mediums for the 'spirits.' We had been informed, by letter, that there was a marvelous work going on in some of the Eastern societies, particularly at Mount Lebanon, New York and Watervliet, near Albany. And when it reached us in the West we should all know it, and we did know it; in the progress of the work every individual, from the least to the greatest, did know that there was a heart-searching God in Israel, who ruled in the armies of heaven, and will yet rule among the inhabitants of earth.

"It commenced among the little girls in the children's order, who were assembled in an upper room, the doors being shut, holding a meeting by themselves, when the invisibles began to make themselves known. It was on the Sabbath day, while engaged in our usual exercises, that a messenger came in and informed the elders in great haste that there was something uncommon going on in the girls' department. The elders brought our meeting to a close as soon as circumstances would admit, and went over to witness the singular and strange phenomenon.

"When we entered the apartment we saw that the girls were under the influence of a power not their own—they were hurried round the room, back and forth, as swiftly as if driven by the wind—and no one could stop them. If any attempts were made in that direction it was found impossible, showing conclusively that they were under a controlling influence that was irresistible. Suddenly they were prostrated upon the floor, apparently unconscious of what was going on around them. With their eyes closed, muscles strained, joints stiff, they were taken up and laid upon beds, mattresses, etc.

"They then began holding converse with their guardian spirits and others, some of whom they once knew in the form, making graceful motions with their hands—talking audibly so all in the room could hear and understand, and form some idea of their whereabouts in the spirit realms they were exploring in the land of souls. This was only the beginning of a series of spirit manifestations, the most remarkable we ever expected to witness on the earth. One prominent feature of these manifestations was the gift of songs, hymns and anthems, new, heavenly and melodious. The first inspired song we ever heard from the 'Spirit-world,' with words attached, was the following, sung by one of the young girls, while in vision, with great power and demonstration of the spirit, a juvenile hymn, called by the invisible:

"THE SONG OF A HERALD.

"Prepare, O ye faithful,
To fight the good fight;
Sing, O ye redeemed,
Who walk in the light;
Come low, O ye haughty,
Come down and repent;
Disperse, O ye naughty,
Who will not relent."

A Dream Verified.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

It has long been my intention to send you the following account of clairvoyance; but like the good intentions that pave bad roads up to the present it has not been acted on. The subject of this experience is Mr. James E. Farmer, a laboring man 55 years of age, who knows nothing of Spiritualism and who has never had but the one experience. During the late war he was a member of Co. G, 3rd Regt. Indiana Cav., and in his capacity as a soldier was present at the battle of Stone River. I give the subjoined account as nearly as I can in his own language:

"The night of the last day's fighting found my battalion behind the main line of the infantry, where, tired out, we lay down folded up in our gum blankets in the mud, upon our arms, still holding our horses by a halter-strap wrapped around the left hand. In this position I immediately fell asleep, and soon saw the whole rebel army in great agitation and moving away from the field as fast as it could in the darkness of a cloudy night. Just as the first light of dawn appeared in the east, I awoke feeling certain that the enemy had retreated. I went at once to my Captain and asked permission to go out on the usual morning scout to the front (sent out every morning) to find out what changes had taken place in the night. His order to me was to go and see how matters were, and get back as soon as possible. I mounted my horse and passed through the infantry line on the road leading from Nashville to Memphis, in front of which a Colonel of infantry was riding, of whom I asked permission to ride out beyond the pickets. His answer was, 'You'll get your d--- head shot off.' My reply was that as it would be only one less it would not amount to any thing; upon which he said, 'Well, go ahead.' As I passed the pickets they cautioned me not to go near a large brick house on the right hand side of the road as it was full of sharp-shooters. Telling them I thought there was no danger, I pushed on and rode directly down the road toward Murfreesboro two miles, finding beyond a doubt that the enemy had retreated. Then I returned as quickly as I could, having failed to see a gray-coat anywhere, and reported to the Colonel whom I had met in passing out, who asked me how I had gotten the idea that the enemy was gone, and I told him of my dream. He said: 'Do you risk your life on a dream?'

"'On such a dream as that I would.'

"'I can say that I was as certain when I first woke that the enemy had gone as if I had seen them go in broad day-light, and I felt no more fear in riding down that road than I do in going to breakfast. I saw them plainer that night than I ever saw them in day light. Though about twenty-five years have passed since then, this is one of the most vivid of my recollections. I can still see the vehicles and animals of all descriptions that they pressed into the service to expedite their retreat, struggling through the mud among the retreating soldiers.'"

I have no reason to doubt the truth of the above, as Mr. F. is a truthful, sober man and highly respected in this community. I have known him for about three years and have found him always truthful and honest.

O. B. ORMSBY.

Murphysboro, Ills

The People's Spiritual Society.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Mr. Frank C. Algerton closed his eight months' engagement with the People's Spiritual Society, Sunday, June 24th. From Chicago he goes to Halifax, Nova Scotia, to rest and visit his relatives, and will return in about two months to the United States, when he will visit Onset Bay, Lake Pleasant and Cassadaga, arriving at the latter place, August 16th, remaining to the close of the camp-meeting.

The society has renewed its engagement with Mr. Algerton for next winter. During his absence his place will be filled by local speakers. Mr. Algerton has given general satisfaction to the society and the audiences that have attended the meetings, and is recognized as one of the most promising rostrum speakers.

MRS. J. A. CLARK, Sec.

Chicago, Ill.

O. W. Holmes.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I noticed in a late number of your paper, an article which attributed to Mr. Holmes mediumistic powers. Every intelligent American who reads, knows that his inspirations excel all others in the expression of exalted human love. If a blessed angel had not dwelt in the man he never could have sung the beautiful songs of Heaven in the manner he has done. I never saw him, but I love him for the excellence of his gifts to the world. May loving ones guard him over the dark river!

M. O. N.

THE LIFE OF THE OUTCAST.

How It Begins, Develops, and Goes Out In Misery and Sin.

T. De Witt Talmage: A city missionary gives his conversation with one of these outcasts:

"Well, my boy, what do you want?"

"A home, please, sir."

"What is your name?"

"Hain't got no name, sir; the boys call me Pickety."

"Well, Pickety, where do you live?"

"Don't live nowhere, sir."

"But where do you stay?"

"I don't stay nowheres in the daytime, but I sleeps in hay-barges, sir, and sometimes in dry-goods boxes, and down on the steamgratings in winter, till the M. P.'s came along, and just now a cove has taken me in at the iron bridge at Harlem."

"Iron bridge! What do you mean?"

"Why, them holler iron things what holds the bridge up. He got it first, and he lets me in."

"Pickety, who is your father?"

"Hain't got no father, sir, he died afore I knew, and me mither she drinked and bate me, and we was put out by the landlord, and she died, and the city-hall buried her!" And something like a shadow came over the cunning blue eyes.

"Pickety, did you ever hear of God?"

"Yes, sir; I have heaad the fellers swear about him, and I know it's lucky to say something to him when you sleep out in bad nights."

"Did you ever go to school, Pickety, or to church?"

"No, sir; I never went to no church nor school. I should kind o' like to learn something."

My hearers, these unfortunates are all about us.

When they got up from their hands and knees to walk their first step was on the road to ruin, and every day since they have been plunging down to lower depths, and wilder despair, and deeper darkness.

There are many about us in boyhood and girlhood in comfortable circles that are going to be something good or bad, bright or ignorant, and they will yet make their parents glad with an infinite gladness or pain them with an infinite sorrow. They go bounding through the hall; they shout in the yard; they sing in the school. This activity that now strikes the ball, and runs the race, and rolls the hoop, and flies the kite, will soon be ready for the higher game of life, where fortunes are to be made and reputations achieved, and temptations combatted, and immortal souls jeopardized, and kingdoms of glory won.

Call up that child, push back his hair. Shall this face be ever brightened up with benevolence, or scarred, and pinched, and blasted with low excesses? Shall those eyes become more and more intelligent, or shall they acquire the dishonest glance and the servile downcast? Put your hand on that child's heart. Shall it always beat with noble impulses, or will it be a thief's heart, a coward's heart, a traitor's heart?

The Invisible World of Reality.

Dr. Adam Miller, once a prominent minister in the Methodist Church, and still considered in good standing, is a Spiritualist. His contributions have often appeared in the JOURNAL, and created widespread interest. It is surprising to note however, that he succeeded in getting the following on the "Invisible World of Reality" in the *Northwestern Christian Advocate:*

Is there such a thing as inspiration in our days in reference to discoveries in arts and sciences? Are all the grand inventions that have enlightened and benefited humanity the mere accidents of our physical organism? Or is there a Divine impulse, or influence, through which discoveries come to us in a marvelous and unaccountable manner? John Wesley believed, and has published this belief, that our guardian angels have much to do in human affairs; that suggestions or impressions come from these invisible powers and agencies in reference to our temporal as well as spiritual affairs. It may be said that Infinite Power works everywhere, but St. Paul also says: "We then as workers together with him;" and the Psalmist says: "The angel of the Lord encampeth around about them that fear him."

It is the order of Divine Providence to accomplish great purposes by apparently inefficient instrumentalities. As our intellectual and spiritual natures stand far above our physical or animal nature, so we may conclude that the kind of providence which provides for the wants of one will not neglect the other. It is not our labor alone that secures to us the common necessaries of life, but labor, with soil and sunshine and showers, that makes our efforts successful. It is not our devotion to duty that brings the blessings of grace to our higher life, but devotion in accordance with the economy of grace.

It does not seem unreasonable, nor contrary to the teachings of the Bible, to believe that there are constant invisible helps, or influences, around all seekers after truth. Many of our highest conceptions of an Infinite Power may come to us through a kind of inspiration from these uplifting influences; not an inspiration to write infallible truths, as did the apostles, but an illumination to understand and to express our thoughts clearly and correctly on the great truths of revealed religion, as well as inferior matters pertaining to our temporal affairs and the concerns of our daily lives. These reflections should lead us to cultivate a spirit and feeling of dependence on a higher power and an earnest longing for Divine aid and light on all subjects pertaining to our present and future happiness.

THE DEVIL A MONK WOULD BE.

Mount Athos Swarming with Cossack throats in Cowls.

Salonica Letter: During the last few months immense bodies of Russian pilgrims have been arriving on the promontory with the avowed determination of devoting the remainder of their lives to the glory of God in the seclusion of the monasteries of the "Holy Mountain." This sudden craze for monastic life on the part of the Muscovites assumes, however a rather suspicious aspect when the personal appearance of the pilgrims is taken into consideration. Instead of being ascetic looking fanatics or men worn and disheartened by the miseries of life, they consist almost exclusively of burly and powerful fellows, whose martial bearing and barrack-room language proclaim the undeniable fact that they are well-seasoned and carefully-selected soldiers of the Imperial Russian reserve army. At the present moment there are no less than 15,000 of these so-called monks or the mountains, the majority of them being quartered in the monastery of St. Panteleimon. The entire body are under the orders of Gen. Om Ashimoff, who, under the pretext of providing accommodation for the increasing numbers of monks, is executing extensive building operations on the mountain. St. Panteleimon, which occupies the most important position on the promontory from a stragetic point of view, has been surrounded by a series of walls which strangely resemble bastions, and which render the monastery question nothing less than a first-class fortress, while in the immediate neighborhood the heavy and massive granite construction, which the monks allege to be destined to become their new church or chapel, is much more like a powerful fort than a sacred edifice. Moreover, vessels are continually arriving from Odessa and Sebastopool laden with building materials and huge cases of provisions and of what are declared on the bills of lading to be ecclesiastical furniture." The latter is known to consist of arms, ammunition, and heavy guns, which are "Canons of the Church," but in name. It is true there is an unfortunate representative of the Ottoman customs on the promontory. But ill-paid, or rather not paid at all—as is the case with most of the functionaries of the Turkish Government—he has found it advantageous to turn a willing ear to the whispers of "baksheesh" made by Om Ashimoff.

The importance of all this can be gauged by an inspection of the map of Turkey, where it will be perceived that Mount Athos commands not only a considerable portion of the Ægean Sea but also in a measure the access to the Dardanelles. When, therefore, the inevitable hostilities break out between Russia and Turkey the latter will discover to her cost that a first-class Russian fortress, fully garrisoned, armed, and provisioned, has been quietly established on one of the most strategically important points of the Sultan's domains.

Two dogs have been decorated for bravery and fidelity by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in Paris. One saved its mistress from a burglar and the other its master's child from drowning.

Influence of Planets.

Richard A. Proctor, the astronomer, writing on astrology, says: "We are apt to speak of astrology as though it were an altogether contemptible superstition, and to contemplate with pity those who believed in it in old times. Indeed, all other methods of divination of which I have ever heard, are not worthy to be mentioned in company with astrology, which, if a delusion, has yet had a foundation in thoughts well worthy of consideration. The heavenly bodies do rule the fates of men and nations in the most unmistakable manner, seeing that without the controlling and beneficent influences of the chief among those orbs—the sun—every living thing on the earth must perish."

Speaking of the influence of the moon on the tides of the ocean, he remarks, "Seeing that two of the orbs are influencing our earth, is it not natural that the other moving bodies should be thought to possess also their special power?"

Scientists suggested long ago that from the sun come coloring rays, heating rays, and actinic, or chemical rays; that each of these produces its own respective line in the spectrum, and that each travels according to a velocity of its own, varying from 458 millions of millions per second for the extreme red ray, to 727 millions of millions for the extreme violet. It is said that sun light will kill some kinds of minute animal life, and that "sun-spots" have some influence on the weather, and, may be, cause potato rot.

Every schoolboy knows something of the magnetic power the sun possesses in its attraction of the planets. Yet how little does science know what secret power is hid behind this "attraction"—this spiritual influence which draws all things. There is a line of communication between us and all the visible planets, at least, because light has found the path and comes to tell us that "they are." When we know what light is, in its effects, we will know some things of the message it brings from yonder star, far away on the border of a shoreless space.

By the rules of scientists, every atom in my body is in sympathy—by the law of attraction—with every atom of this great universe. I am, therefore, in attractive communion with all my surroundings and the product of multiplied millions of millions of factors, all of which are in the heavens.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

The ancients knew that planets affected man, and by some power akin to "natural survival," all well-to-do almanacs still have signs girding the man, each throwing its ray of influence to some part of his anatomy. This pictorial frontispiece of your almanac is a relic of this ancient science.—*G. W. Hunter, in The Esoteric.*

An Exciting Experience with a Ghost.

When John Measel of Grosse Pointe, Mich., died, he was buried in Gratiot cemetery. Laurence Rhuleman was his neighbor, and recently he said: "I was coming home from the city one dark night about two weeks ago, and took the road that branches up from Gratiot road to my place, which runs past Measel's. As I was driving past I felt a sudden jerk, and my whip was drawn out from under my arm. I turned around to see who was there, but nothing was in sight. All at once I felt the seat going. It came right up me and all, and fell into the road beside the wagon. Meanwhile my team was jumping and thrashing around at a great rate, but I did not let 'em go. I managed to get 'em into the barn, where my hired man, Fred. Measel, came and helped me. We found the horses outside the traces, and on the hip of one of them a spot of hair about as large as my two hands was gone. As we were examining the abrasion, John Measel flitted past and disappeared." The hired man referred to was a grandson of the deceased. He said about the specter: "A week after my grandfather died I was in the barn at Rhuleman's about 5 o'clock in the morning cutting feed for the horses. My little dog was with me, and I was working away, when all of a sudden the dog ran for the barn door. I looked up and saw the old man standing in the door, which was partly open. He looked just as he always did, only his face looked dark. I left my work and started to go up to him, but when I got there he was gone. I looked all around, but no one was in sight. Then I ran for the house as fast as I could go, and felt my hair stand up as I went. When there my sister saw my hair standing up, and she was scared too. None of the others had seen anything of grandfather, and I didn't know what to think. Rhuleman laughed at me then, but he don't now, since he got throwed out of the wagon."

Louis Measel, the father of Fred, went over to his father's grave recently, and found it sunken in, and large, uneven depressions made in it.

Spirit Visitation.

The following interesting incident is sent the JOURNAL by a friend to whom it was related by the mother of Miss ——. The names of all the parties are in our possession.—ED. JOURNAL.

LAKE BLUFF, Aug. 26th, 1885.

Four years ago, a few weeks before Miss —— left Waukegan for California for her health (having had a cough for about a year), she went up stairs to her own room between ten and eleven in the morning of a beautiful sunny day. She did not go about much, being weak, and would not have gone upstairs, save that the day was fine. She sat down in her chair and was busy winding her watch, or else looking over a book (she having gone up stairs for one of these purposes, which one is not now remembered). As she sat there at work looking down, she saw a shadow of something that attracted her attention, and she thought some one had come in. She looked up and there, at a distance of about four feet, stood Mary Willard, her former classmate and friend. She was about four feet distant from Miss ——; was dressed in a cream white or light salmon-colored, soft beautiful dress. She was dressed just as she was when Miss —— knew her, as to style and general appearance, her hair combed low on her forehead as her custom was. Miss —— saw her shoes even; and said she did not look sick, but she made the same impression that she did when a school girl, so bright and cheery, and came to school with something pleasant to tell. She remained about ten minutes and Miss —— said she smiled and looked exceedingly pleasant; that they communicated, but not by words, and she never told what they communicated. Miss —— thought "How will she go away?" So she watched carefully and Mary "dimmed out" while she looked—faded from sight without moving from where she stood. After that Miss —— never seemed to expect to get well. She always spoke of the occurrence as "when I saw Mary," but was exceedingly reticent about the whole subject, never naming it to any one except her mother and another friend.

The Medium's Home at Haslett Park, Michigan.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I wish once more, through your paper, to make an appeal in behalf of the Home for Mediums to be erected at Haslett Park. It is the desire of the members of the Medium's Protective Union, to erect a building on a beautiful lot donated by Mr. Haslett, to be used by any one of the mediums during camp, and at other times during the year, rent free; having the building as a home where they can rest and gather those forces so necessary for their work. The building is to cost about $1,200, and we desire to raise this money by making appeals to the ever generous public. We earnestly ask the friends of mediums to help us in our undertaking. This building is to be used by mediums only. Send your donations to Dr. E. W. Edson, 519 Cedar Street, North Lansing, Mich. We most earnestly hope that enough will respond so that we can begin the building at once and see the work go on during camp. The ladies are to hold a fair on the ground this summer.

G. H. BROOKS.

God's Immutable Laws.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I will give a short manifesto of my convictions and sentiments, after a long and studious investigation: God's laws are natural and immutable, and for all violations thereof, there is a penalty or punishment attached, which is not vindictive nor revengeful, but for a reformatory discipline. To ask God through prayers or supplications to forgive our sins would be asking him to suspend or violate his own just and fixed laws. If we want God's mercy we must live in harmony with his laws and conditions, which are meted out to all his children. We make our own conditions by the lives we live; if we do well we will receive the reward of well doing; if we do evil or disobey God's natural laws, we are justly entitled to punishment for so doing, as a monitor to correct our lives, which is mercy and justice inseparably combined. This is not a mere belief, but a fact demonstrated to all students of nature or nature's God.

DUTTON MADDEN.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

David Ober, of White Oak, Pa., has had a lead pencil forty years.

Some enterprising Floridians propose to export oranges to France next winter.

Large volumes of smoke are seen to issue from the summit of St. Helen's, Oregon.

More than one million men are employed by the various railway lines in the United States.

The Zuyder Zee may be drained before long, for the association for that purpose is about to try it.

Mrs. Cleveland's collection of diamonds and other precious stones is estimated to be worth $50,000.

After a hard fight a few days ago near Delta, Pa., a rabbit prevented a crow from eating her little ones.

The Burns County, D. T., Commissioners have this season paid a bounty of 3 cents each on 67,000 gopher tails.

Even the most despised thing may have its uses. Sparrows are now busily engaged in preparing for the fall reed bird market.

A belated passenger at Denison, Tex., emptied his revolver at the train that had not waited for him, and was taken in hand by the police.

A six-ton cab, carrying an electric battery strong enough to run it forty miles, recently made a satisfactory trip through London.

The money spent for drinks in an American city of 200,000 inhabitants is put down at $25,000 per week the year round.

"Hoodlum" comes from the German huddler, meaning a loafer, or idler; so "bummer" from the German bummler, a word of similar import.

A Battle Creek boy turned the hose on the Salvation Army, and the court in turn put a damper on the boy in the shape of a fine of $6.80.

Walter Cooper, a prominent English gypsy, died recently, and his body was drawn to the churchyard by a favorite mare. The mare was then sacrificed.

An immense swarm of bees took possession of Samuel S. Brown's house in Northpoint, L. I. The family were driven out, and the bees had to be smoked out.

It is said that a tavern in Sweden bears the sign, "English and American spoken here." Some Englishmen say there is more truth than poetry in the notice.

The London & Northwestern Railway has decided, "in deference to the prejudices of its American customers," to institute the system of checking baggage.

California is going in for silk culture with enthusiasm. The State Board of Silk Culture sent 16,000 mulberry trees and cuttings to silk cultivators, and this season will put out 50,000 more.

The last French rifle, as described, has a ball so small that a soldier can carry 220 rounds, shoots with a new smokeless powder, and its bullet pierces a brick wall eight inches thick at 500 yards.

Three years ago Charles Selhe, of Morris Cove, Tenn., saved the daughter of a rich New York banker from drowning. The banker died lately, and left by his will $10,000 for the Tennesseean.

A California paper says: "Master Frank Boring, of Julien, San Diego County, shot a huge vulture last Saturday. It measured nine feet from tip to tip, and was sailing away with a full grown sheep."

The Franciscans have bought the ground in the Rue Haxo, Paris, in which the massacre of the hostages took place during the Commune. The historic wall will be destroyed next week to make room for a memorial chapel.

Miss Tosa Jones, aged eighteen, of Argonia, Kan., has this season broken forty-five acres of ground and planted it in corn, and intends to cultivate it herself. She attends to the feeding of a large number of cattle every winter.

Cooks of old were considered a sacred race; even their fingers were consecrated to the deities. The thumb was devoted to Venus, the index finger to Mars, the middle finger to Saturn, the next to the sun and the little one to Mercury.

In the coffin of the dead Emperor ex-Empress Victoria placed a small gold chain, to which three lockets were attached containing miniatures which she had taken during their courtship, and which he had always worn until his last illness.

A sparrow has built a nest on one of the trucks of a Delaware, Lackawanna & Western passenger coach, and makes regular trips to Syracuse and return. The bird is sitting on two eggs, and seems to be undisturbed by the noise and confusion.

A petrified pignut has been found in a coal mine near Wellston, Ohio. It was taken from the slate which covered a coal seam. A mass of rock sixty feet in thickness rested upon the slate. The nut was in the hull, and the petrifaction was complete.

A well-known Belfast, Me., firm recently received a car load of white wood from Tennessee. When the car was opened a hen was found inside nearly dead. After some care biddy came to and is now all right. The car was between two and three weeks in transit.

Men who object to the useful and neat occupation of dusting may be encouraged by the example of Dumas, who frequently has a house cleaning mania. He is very orderly and is often seen, feather duster in hand, dusting his study and changing pieces of furniture.

Alfred Wigget, of Reynoldsville, Pa., claims to have killed seven rabbits and a snake nine feet in length recently while out hunting. He says the snake had the rabbits charmed, and a single load of shot fired into their midst enabled him to bag the entire lot.

During a late thunderstorm at Mango, Fla., a bolt of lightning entered a house and split a headboard off a bed, and in the next room transformed a refrigerator into kindling wood. Nothing else in the house was injured, and where the lightning entered the building cannot be found.

Farmers around Surrey and Blue Hill, Me., are considerably discomforted by the prowling about of a wild animal. Several persons have seen the stranger, and they describe it as gray in color, about the size of the average Newfoundland dog, with short legs and a long, bushy tail.

Versailles is falling into a state of ruin. The statues there are moss grown, water infiltrates into the arches of the orangery from the terrace above, and the southern wing of the palace has so gone to decay that large stones often tumble from the cornice, while the roof is hardly a protection from rain.

A large owl flew against one of the windows of a car on a train on the Cumberland Valley Road, near Newville, the other night, breaking the glass and creating some alarm among the passengers, who thought the train was being stoned. Their fears were allayed when the conductor captured the owl and exhibited it to them.

Some of the handsomest old mansions in the country may be seen in Annapolis, Md., where they have stood with but little alteration since the early colonial days. A few of the houses date back to the seventeenth century, but the more imposing of them were built just prior to the revolution, when Annapolis was the seat of a refined and wealthy community.

According to geographical computations the minimum age of the earth since the formations of the primitive soils is 21,000,000 years, allowing 6,700,000 years for the primordial formation, 6,400,000 years for the primary age, 2,300,000 years for the secondary age, 400,000 years for the tertiary age, and 100,000 years since the appearance of man upon the globe.

W. J. Lowns, of Winn Parish, Louisiana, is a defaulter to quite an amount, but strange to say, there is no hard word for him among the people. For years he has been Tax Collector, and in each of the many cases where enforced collection would work hardship he gave a receipt in full, and himself became responsible for the money to the authorities, who will find it hard to convict a delinquent whose feelings so leaned to virtue's side.

In the ecclesiastical history we see Christians denouncing and excommunicating one another for supposed error, and every denomination has been pronounced accursed, *anathema maranatha*, by some portion of the Christian world; so that, were the curses of men to prevail, not one human being would enter heaven.—*Dr. Channing.*

THE COMING MAN.

Only a vagrant of the street,
Raiment of rags, and bare, soiled feet.

"Daily papers!" his constant cry,
While the hurrying people passed him by.

Dirty, tired and hungry was he;
But tho' of such shall the kingdom be.

Nobody thought and nobody cared
How the poor child felt or fared.

No father's love had the little lad:
No mother's kiss to make him glad.

No friend or home in this great town:
Only the stars in the skies looked down

On the childish face, and seemed to shine
With the light of a pity and love divine.

Down the street, drums beating loud,
Came the gayly caparisoned crowd;

Banners, badges and golden lace,
And many a wrinkled, war-worn face;

While the great flag floated overhead,
With its stripes of silver, blue and red,

And the eagle above; how his feet kept time!
How his thoughts with the music seemed to chime.

Down went the papers; the music swelled strong:
The boy was marching with the throng.

What tho' his coat was only a rag,
He felt like a king beneath that flag.

And proud as a king, he marched beside
The soldier who bore it in love and pride.

Bloomed like a flower the rainbow bars:
The blue field glitters with golden stars,

And God's stars, gleamed thro' the summer night,
And the boy's blue eyes as stars shone bright.

The gray-haired veterans around him smiled
As they turned to look upon the child,

For sturdy he marched, erect and free;
Type of our great Democracy.

Under the grime the face was fair;
The lights made an aureole round his hair.

No voice might chide him or bid him stay:
That boy might take their place some day;

Fight for the land as they had done;
Strive, till victory should be won.

In the soul of that boy might wait the part
Which, played, should thrill a nation's heart.

O, the truly great are the truly wise:
The bright tears trembled in their eyes,

As ragged and dusty, side by side
With them he marched in joy and pride,

Looking up to the flag on high,
With glowing face and kindling eye.

And the crowds looked on and wondered when
They saw him there with these mighty men,

Ragged and unkempt, marching with those
Whose famous deeds all the great world knows.

Given a place of honor, beneath
The flag for which they had faced death.

But patiently down the stony street,
Plodded the small, tired, shoeless feet;

And the young face smiled beneath the grime,
For the heart in his bosom still kept time

With the music's triumphant strains. So on,
And on, would he go, till the march was done.

For the lonely child, so friendless and poor,
Had the hero's soul that could dare and endure.

And the flag floated free on the winds of the night
And the gold stars glittered bravely and bright.

Brother, on life's road be it thus:
We are marching, come and go with us.

Speed to the best place, and there keep
Your rank, tho' the way be stony and steep.

Poor, and weary, and friendless. Yet still,
Fate bows down to a dauntless will.

To the daring soul shall be given the prize:
Out of the depths power will up-rise

And find its place. Who so will, can:
And of such shall be the coming man!

—*Tricotrin, in Inter-Ocean.*

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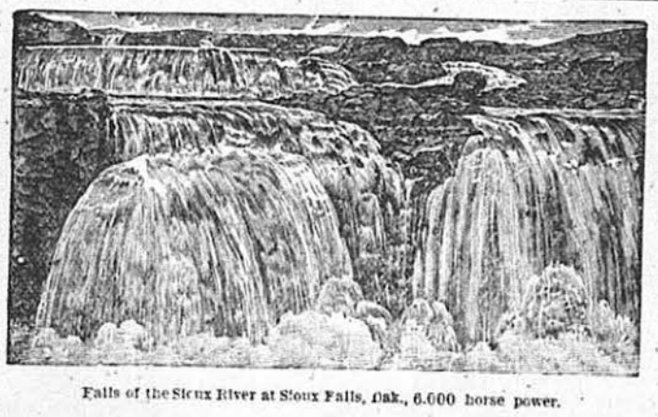
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(Continued from First Page.)

beautiful. As I held them, regarding them with the same admiration I had ever felt for them, a new revelation came to me. The flowers were speaking to me! Not in a word language, but in a soul language which I understood for the first time. How often had I been both soothed and perplexed in the earth-life in the companionship of nature, which I had always loved with a passionate devotion. Each tree, each leaflet, each blossom, seemed to have a message for me, but I knew not their language; and I only half gathered their meaning as one from gestures and expression may gather a glimmering of the meaning of a stranger or guest who speaks only in a foreign tongue. I was certain of the message, and I often conjectured what it might be. Sometimes I thought I comprehended it, and the belief was a very pleasant one. But my spirit understood their language, and was glad in consequence. How can I tell you of their message? It was, as I have said, not in words, but was a direct communication of emotions unmeasured and unfettered by language. How shall I translate to you a strain of rare melody? How with mathematical precision give the æsthetic results of the harmonious blending of colors? How then to your earthly natures convey the sense of perfect peace and joy and hope and faith which these flowers brought to me, not as a vague, intangible feeling, but as a positive and assured possession? This experience gave me my first actual realization of my changed condition—that I was no longer mortal but spirit, freed from the limitations of mortality, and with a spirit's perception and possibilities. Heretofore I had been in a maze of wonder—everything was so new and so strange. Emotion had so crowded upon emotion that I had realized nothing, and all my feelings had still been from the earthly standpoint. I seemed to have been a mortal who, by some chance had strayed into the realm of spirits; but the flowers—the daisies which grew in the fields, and are trodden heedlessly under foot—had reminded me of my spiritual birthright, and that I understood them was the surest proof of the truth of their message.

"Sweet, perishable things!" I exclaimed as I pressed them to my bosom; "even you have your lesson for me. How strange it is that I am so slow to comprehend that even the flowers of the field are capable of instructing me. I am bewildered. My intelligence has not yet developed beyond its earthly measure. I do not yet even realize my own privileges and possibilities."

"That is not strange, my child," said my guide. "It would be most strange, indeed, if it were otherwise. How many children of earth realize the possibilities of their spirits while they are yet in the earthly condition? and when they come here, and the horizon is so suddenly widened around them, it takes time for their vision to extend to its utmost limits. But I have something to tell you of the flowers you love so well. They are imperishable here. Death and decay wait not on them any more than on your own spirit."

"Oh, mother, is that so?" I exclaimed in an ecstasy of delight. "How often on earth it has pained me, pained me inexpressibly, to see these beautiful creations of nature, which have by their beauty administered to the finest and most sensitive needs of our natures, droop and fade, and then be cast aside to perish. I could never shake off the feeling that we were guilty of ingratitude in thus trampling them under foot when they no longer gave us pleasure."

"You must no longer call me mother," said my companion with a sweet seriousness. "Your own mother is waiting to welcome you when you are prepared to see her; to her the title belongs, and it would pain her to hear it bestowed upon another. Call me Margaret. I am still your guide as long as you need my assistance; but I shall become daily more and more your companion. We shall presently be sisters, not mother and daughter."

"Margaret, my sister," I said, kissing her hand. "No name could suit you better; no name be sweeter to me to utter. See, I fasten my daisies, my marguerites, upon your breast. You belong each to the other. You each speak the same language to me."

"Yes, they are my flowers, as they are yours," she answered simply; "that proves our spiritual kinship."

I can not tell you all we talked about that beautiful heavenly morning. There seemed so much to say, both to Margaret and to my children, that for a time I was oblivious of all else. Then the remembrance came to me of the friends I had left behind in earth life. Why had I not thought of them before? Because events and experiences had been pressing on me too fast for any more to crowd themselves in. But a panic suddenly seized me. In their bereavement how overwhelmed with grief they would be! How could they get along without me? I must go to them at once, and seek by some means to make my presence known and felt, and to comfort those stricken ones. But when and how should I find them? I looked around me in dismay. I was in the spirit land; how could I find my way back to earth? How I had left the earth I knew not. I had probably been borne thence by spirit forces, while my spirit was yet weak from its new birth.

No sooner were my wishes spoken than my boys said, "We will show you the way; we have traveled it so often, we know it well."

Immediately the scene around us dissolved until all that remained was a luminous cloud, and we descended, half floating, half walking, until I found myself in the old home I had known so well. How strange it seemed to glide, not like a ghost, but a veritable ghost, silent and unseen through its rooms and passage ways! And they who had been so long used to my presence, and who were even now mourning the departure of my spirit with sincere and overwhelming grief, if they were but to catch a glimpse of my spirit form as it thus wandered, would be almost paralyzed with terror. I realized as never before how inconsistent is the fear of apparitions.

Eagerly I sought to comfort the mourning ones. And what agony it was even to my newly-emancipated and happy spirit, to find that I could not make my presence known.

"Oh, what shall I do?" I exclaimed in dismay.

"You can do nothing," returned Margaret. "You are yet so new to the Spirit-world, and have so much to learn. Some day you will know how to reach and communicate with your friends; now you must permit me to do the work for you."

Gently she approached the weeping ones, softly laid her hands by turns upon their brows, whispered a few words of comfort in their ears, and to my surprise their tears ceased falling; they became calmer, and their conversation, which had been entirely of their loss, now took a happier and more hopeful turn.

Margaret beckoned to me, and we left them thus, and were on our way back to the land of spirits, though I fain would have remained longer.

"No," said Margaret, who seemed to divine my very thoughts; "you are not able yet to help them; and their grief only pains you." "Yes;" again in answer to my thoughts; "I shall do your work for you, I shall not forget or neglect them."

"But why can not I do that which I so long to do—that which seems so easy for you?"

"Oh, you have so much to learn!" replied Margaret half smiling. "You have not yet escaped from the limitations of an imperfect nature. You are still under the rule of law and ever will be. You cannot communicate with your friends until you have learned first the proper methods, and next how to use them. Did you think because you had become a spirit, that all things were possible to you? I can reach them because I have so long been familiar with the means of communication, and especially because of my long association with you. I have also been brought *en rapport* with your children. I have in a certain sense been their spiritual mother as well as yours. But do not be impatient. You have all eternity before you in which to learn."

I will not go into further detail of how the hours passed of that first day in the Spirit-world—how unconsciously I, who have so recently left the earth, drop into the earth language! "There shall be no night there!" and there are consequently no days, as I once measured, and as you still measure time. Time in the Spirit-world is measured only by emotions, events and deeds; counting it thus, how long that day was! When my spirit was strong enough to bear their presence, and my desire had summoned them, my father and mother came to me, and many friends who had preceded me to spirit life. Need I tell you of the joyous greetings, the words of affection, and all the tender confidences which spring up when those long separated are at last united to part to more? I realized that I was indeed in heaven. On this my first day was given a realization of its bright and happy side, and no hint was then imparted of the darker phases of the spirit life, and the trials and severe experiences it held in reserve for me. For spirit-land is not all beautiful. There are dark places and darkened souls, as there are on earth. Nor have our disciplines ended with our mortal existence, but are continued here, and must continue until our souls are entirely purified and refined.

It was probably the next day as you count time that Margaret came to me and said: "There is an interesting ceremonial about to take place on earth, at which I think you would like to be present."

I had not thought of it—my funeral! One does not think of one's own funeral as an event of immediate occurrence while one is still alive. And I had not yet been able to realize that I was dead in any sense that made a funeral necessary.

We attended, of course. There were the usual outward signs of mourning—the black plumed hearse, the casket covered by a heavy pall, the sombre and cumbersome garments. An intense desire seized me to preach my own funeral sermon. Spirits frequently controlled mortals and spoke through them; why not I? I looked my wish to Margaret, and she smiled and said, "You can try."

Alas! I knew no more how to carry out my purpose than does a child to direct and control a steam engine. So after an impotent effort, I took my stand beside the casket and listened to the discourse. How weak it seemed; how utterly inappropriate to the occasion! If I could only have spoken, I would have uttered words which should have poured a flood of light regarding the spirit life into the minds of the listeners, and comfort and consolation into their hearts, so that their cheeks should be wet with tears of joy instead of sorrow. Oh, how hard it was to remain silent, when there was so much to say!

For a final hymn they sang: "Nearer, my God, to Thee." It had always been a favorite of mine, and perhaps in remembrance of this it had been selected. I had once sung it weakly and tremulously, with the voice of faith and longing. As it was sung at my funeral it fell upon the air like a wail, so impregnated were the voices with the sorrow of the occasion. But there was one singer there to whom all their ears were deaf. Yes, I sang—I sang gloriously; my voice rang out in a glad shout of triumph:

"And when on joyous wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

It was not merely that the hymn revealed itself in a newer and fuller meaning to me; but there was rapturous joy in the discovery of a new possession—a new faculty of expression—I could sing; I could sing even better that I had hoped or wished to sing on earth.

To me one of the saddest things of the earth-life had ever been that the spirit was in all directions hindered and curtailed in its expression. Through the weaknesses of the body it must content itself with imperfect, inadequate utterance, or else remain dumb. But freed from the mortal frame, I had acquired a new and a wonderfully expressive language—the language of music. And so at my own funeral I sang triumphantly, though mortal ears heard me not; and as I sang, lo! a chorus of angels voices far and near, joined in the hymn, which rang from earth to heaven a ladder of divine song, up which it seemed as though all souls might have ascended to the vestibule of paradise. But though the strains rang out jubilantly in a mighty gush of music, the mortals heard only their own weak, sad wail, and were deaf to the harmonies of heaven.

When the casket was opened, I was the first to gaze upon the face of the dead; so too was I the last. There were numerous and costly flowers, but I was glad they had placed in the folded hands—the thin, veined hands, which, whatever they had found to do had done with their might—not lilies, (few are worthy to bear them,) but daisies, which brighten by their beauty the highways and by-ways of the common places of life; the daisies she—I—had loved so well. How the persons of the pronouns perplex me; I seem not to know whether I am speaking of myself or some one else. I tried to take one of these daisies as a memento of the occasion, and transplanting it to immortal bowers, see if I could not bestow upon it the gift of immortality. But I was astonished and perplexed. Though I could consciously touch it, I could not remove or displace it. So even spirit had its limitations.

Again Margaret smiled, and again she said: "You have so much to learn."

Then I laid beside the perishable earthly flowers the spirit blossoms I still bore with me, but after a moment snatched them back again. No, I could not condemn the precious spirit treasures to the darkness of an earthly tomb. Earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to askes; but spirit to spirit.

My tears fell on the coffined form no less than those of the mourners. I seemed to be taking an eternal farewell of my past self. Thenceforward all connected with my earthly life would live only in memory. The thought was an inexpressibly sad one, though there was so much of sorrow in the past, so much that I would naturally be glad to bury forever not only to sight but to memory as well.

I stood by the open grave as the casket was lowered into it, and a sense of the full meaning of death came over me, as it had never done before—not even since my entrance into the Spirit-world. I was done with earth forever, save as my work might temporarily call me thither; and as the clods closed above my cold clay, I was almost overwhelmed with a realization of the solemn future which I now faced with all its responsibilities and its possibilities. I was dead and buried forevermore to earth: I had been resurrected in the Spirit-world.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Exhibitions of Tricks as Demonstrations of Spirit Power.

(Continued from Fifth Page.)

will step in and try to protect those who seem to be unable to protect themselves, as in the Dis De Bar case with Mr. Marsh. Finally statutes will be enacted against the practice of mediumship, and then the true as well as the false will be necessarily included.

Credulous old gentleman have been continuously robbed, and some of them utterly ruined by the most shamefaced imposition practiced upon them in the name of mediumship.

It is a pretty hard condition of things that compels an old-time worker in the field of Spiritualism like myself to make this statement; but it is unfortunately true. The worst of it all is that these bad people force themselves to the front and are supposed by outsiders to be genuine representatives of the spiritualistic movement, while it is true, as I have said, that they do not believe in Spiritualism, know nothing of its philosophy and many of them are on too low a spiritual and intellectual plane to learn anything about it. It is a notable fact that these people never seem to be impressed by the phenomena that occur in their presence, showing no interest in them, while others work on in a perfect maze of wonder. This is because they know how cheap and ridiculous a trick they have played, and they naturally want to say as little about it as possible. The fact is that they and their tricks really have nothing to do with Spiritualism, *per se*, and no one outside can have the perfect contempt for them that fills the mind of the philosophical Spiritualist. Every expose that is made by such men as Kellar and others is an unmixed blessing to the cause, and should be applauded by every sincere and honest believer in spirit intercourse.

The true man has no cause to defend except in the interests of truth, and if there is no foundation to our belief in spirit communion except that which rests upon trickery, collusion and delusion, let it go by the board, and the sooner the better. For myself I am a believer in the possibility and reality of spirit communion, based upon facts in my own experience, which were of such a character as to convince the most skeptical person living. These exposes of frauds do not disturb my convictions in the least.

The true Spiritualist does not base his faith upon public exhibitions of phenomena, however wonderful they may seem to be. He depends upon his own observation of facts occurring among his personal friends and acquaintances, or with mediums that he has every reason to believe are honest. The phenomena that he relies upon are of such a nature as to put all possibility of deception out of the question. The honest mediums are anxious to make every condition possible to relieve the mind of the investigator from suspicion of themselves. The manifestations that occur in their presence may happen at any time and are often as unexpected to themselves as to others who may witness them. Their mediumship is not confined to the paraphernalia and equipment of the séance room or cabinet, nor their communications to a stock company of spirits in constant attendance.

Some of the best things I ever saw came unexpected and unsought. I have had occasion to mention some of these in my communications to the JOURNAL. Many years ago I was visiting at the house of Walter Currier, of Haverhill, Mass. His daughter Mary, then a slight girl eighteen years old, had been developed as a musical medium, and the demonstrations in her presence were of a marked and positive nature. Her father had fitted up a séance room, for the better accommodation of the friends who wished to see the phenomena. In it there were a a piano and various musical instruments. Heavy blinds, when closed, caused a deep twilight to pervade the room even in the day time. Mary was a natural musician and a fine player on the piano. She spent much of her time in playing, and often went into the séance room for that purpose. It not unfrequently happened that while she thus amused herself, the other musical instruments that were lying about would be taken up and played upon by invisible performers, keeping perfect time with the music she was making. One day while she was thus engaged, and the other instruments had joined in, I quietly approached the door which was standing ajar and looked in. I saw several bells and a tambourine at one end of the piano moving about, and marking time to the tune that was being played. It was a curious sight, full of interest to the observer. I had a chance to see the effect of different degrees of light upon the manipulation of the instruments by the unseen operators. Occasionally the bells would be brought out from the shadows of the piano where the light was stronger, and when it became too strong the bell would drop to the floor. Then it would be pushed back again into the gloom and directly be lifted up and go on ringing as before. The medium went on playing without appearing to notice the efforts of her invisible aids. In this case our attention is called to the necessity of a certain amount of darkness or absence of light that was required for the handling of the instruments.

In the presence of this medium, I have often seen one end of the piano rise up and down and mark time to the tune that she was playing upon the keys. Here we have the genuine phenomena, which the impostor fraudulently advertises to draw a crowd to his Sunday night exhibition in some theatre or hall:

"The piano will be lifted and float in the air. Spirit flowers will be brought. Forms of spirit friends will be seen and plainly recognized in full view of the audience," etc.

The crowd gathers, too often enhanced by numerous Spiritualists, and what they see is a few cheap rope tying tricks done in a cabinet. The impostor escapes through the back door and gathers up his ill-gotten gains, and leaves town on the night train. He waits a year and goes back and does the same thing over again.

Every Spiritualist in the land should give these people a wide berth, and never attend a theatre or hall exhibition advertised in the name of Spiritualism for they can be sure it is a swindle every time. Of course I am referring now to the physical manifestations. I could go on indefinitely with a record of the tricks and methods of these shameless impostors, but I have said enough, leaving the subject to the consideration of all honest people, believing that I have rendered some timely aid to the JOURNAL in its noble efforts to drive out frauds from the ranks of Spiritualism.

A. E. CARPENTER.

"Growth of Religious Thought in London."

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

"Growth of Religious Thought in London" was the announced subject of a discourse by Mrs. Laura Ormiston Chant at Unity Church in Chicago, on a Sunday during her stay there. To know something of the spiritual mood and religious life of that great city is a matter of special interest, for it is the heart and centre of England and stands first of all the cities of the world, not only in trade and finance, but in height and power of life among a large number of its millions of people. While the vice and degraded misery among its poor are fearful, the comfort of its great middling class, the thoughtfulness of its intelligent and busy workers, and the splendid culture of its scholars and thinkers are well known.

To hear of its religious condition from a gifted woman who makes her home, with her husband and children, in its midst, was a rare treat. Mrs. Chant, however, made but brief and general allusion to the subject announced, only enough to imply that there, as elsewhere, thought broadens on these subjects; but made her subject a striking and graphic illustration of the fact that the liberal belief and larger hope taught and held by many active people, in and out of the churches to-day, underlie much of that fresh and strong spirituality which inspires and accomplishes such great and noble religious and educational reforms. She told, as one who could say, "all of which I saw, and part of which I was," of the great movements in London for uplifting the fallen and protecting the weak and training the untrained to walk in pleasant paths leading upward, and showed how light was growing and even the London world gaining.

This had been won at a great price by faithful and devoted workers, as she might well know from being one of the most devoted, although she did not allude to herself. She said that the teaching and practice of that highest Christianity which exalted soul and body together, and would elevate and purify life here as the surest way to attain a fit life hereafter, had cost self-sacrifice and provoked persecutions as of old. The story of modern persecution for opinion's sake in England was a terrible one.

The process of development of a new faith was beautifully likened to the growth of a leaf within a sheath. The tender flower leaf would be held gently but firmly by the protecting sheath, which would, at last, deliberately give way that the developed leaf might expand alone, but all this only in fit time. So we must have gentleness, tolerance, and most of all patience toward those seeking the light. God has taught us, in all nature, the lesson of gradual development and symmetrical growth.

Doctrine and dogma, held without charity and without allowing growth, have done much to impede and embitter life. Not creed so much as life is essential. The faith and thought that will grow is the valuable force in the world, for growth is the law of life and health.

The dogma of eternal punishment, and "the equally wretched doctrine of election," were treated as of a darker day, and "the irritating, idle," and "the utterly valueless doctrinal disputes" over these and like dogmas regretfully alluded to.

The mother learned tender and beautiful daily lessons from her children, and their welfare and growth and safety were her constant and unceasing care. Surely it was not hard to believe that the good God, the giver of all good and beautiful things, was as appreciative and watchful of the growth and final perfection of his children as human parents could be. All could surely rest in that faith as a sheet anchor; all could surely put heart and hope in their daily work in that heavenly light. Her conclusion was that the gain of these larger views and of this nobler charity was making the waste places glad, in London and elsewhere.

This discourse so charitable in spirit, so broad in thought, so hopeful and helpful to spiritual growth and devoted daily life, awakened the jealous and narrow bigotry of the Boston *Congregationalist*, and led its editor to sound his little pipe in warning against "imported infidelity." I have given but an imperfect outline of the discourse but enough to show that the inspiring and intuitive thought of this earnest woman reaches up toward the sky and out to the immortal life, and has no chill of agnostic doubt. She is a spiritual thinker, open to all heavenly influences, and strength for her blessed work among the poor and fallen comes from celestial sources.

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(Continued from First Page.)

beautiful. As I held them, regarding them with the same admiration I had ever felt for them, a new revelation came to me. The flowers were speaking to me! Not in a word language, but in a soul language which I understood for the first time. How often had I been both soothed and perplexed in the earth life in the companionship of nature, which I had always loved with a passionate devotion. Each tree, each leaflet, each blossom, seemed to have a message for me, but I knew not their language; and I only half gathered their meaning,as one from gestures and expression may gather a glimmering of the meaning of a stranger or guest who speaks only in a foreign tongue. I was certain of the message, and I often conjectured what it might be. Sometimes I thought I comprehended it, and the belief was a very pleasant one. But my spirit understood their language, and was glad in consequence. How can I tell you of their message? It was, as I have said, not in words, but was a direct communication of emotions unmeasured and unfettered by language. How shall I translate to you a strain of rare melody? How with mathematical precision give the æsthetic results of the harmonious blending of colors? How then to your earthly natures convey the sense of perfect peace and joy and hope and faith which these flowers brought to me, not as a vague, intangible feeling, but as a positive and assured possession? This experience gave me my first actual realization of my changed condition—that I was no longer mortal but spirit, freed from the limitations of mortality, and with a spirit's perception and possibilities. Heretofore I had been in a maze of wonder—everything was so new and so strange. Emotion had so crowded upon emotion that I had realized nothing, and all my feelings had still been from the earthly standpoint. I seemed to have been a mortal who, by some chance had strayed into the realm of spirits; but the flowers—the daisies which grew in the fields, and are trodden heedlessly under foot—had reminded me of my spiritual birthright, and that I understood them was the surest proof of the truth of their message.

"Sweet, perishable things!" I exclaimed as I pressed them to my bosom; "even you have your lesson for me. How strange it is that I am so slow to comprehend that even the flowers of the field are capable of instructing me. I am bewildered. My intelligence has not yet developed beyond its earthly measure. I do not yet even realize my own privileges and possibilities."

"That is not strange, my child," said my guide. "It would be most strange, indeed, if it were otherwise. How many children of earth realize the possibilities of their spirits while they are yet in the earthly condition? and when they come here, and the horizon is so suddenly widened around them, it takes time for their vision to extend to its utmost limits. But I have something to tell you of the flowers you love so well. They are imperishable here. Death and decay wait not on them any more than on your own spirit."

"Oh, mother, is that so?" I exclaimed in an ecstasy of delight. "How often on earth it has pained me, pained me inexpressibly, to see these beautiful creations of nature, which have by their beauty administered to the finest and most sensitive needs of our natures, droop and fade, and then be cast aside to perish. I could never shake off the feeling that we were guilty of ingratitude in thus trampling them under foot when they no longer gave us pleasure."

"You must no longer call me mother," said my companion with a sweet seriousness. "Your own mother is waiting to welcome you when you are prepared to see her; to her the title belongs, and it would pain her to hear it bestowed upon another. Call me Margaret. I am still your guide as long as you need my assistance; but I shall become daily more and more your companion. We shall presently be sisters, not mother and daughter."

"Margaret, my sister," I said, kissing her hand. "No name could suit you better; no name be sweeter to me to utter. See, I fasten my daisies, my marguerites, upon your breast. You belong each to the other. You each speak the same language to me."

"Yes, they are my flowers, as they are yours," she answered simply; "that proves our spiritual kinship."

I can not tell you all we talked about that beautiful heavenly morning. There seemed so much to say, both to Margaret and to my children, that for a time I was oblivious of all else. Then the remembrance came to me of the friends I had left behind in earth life. Why had I not thought of them before? Because events and experiences had been pressing on me too fast for any more to crowd themselves in. But a panic suddenly seized me. In their bereavement how overwhelmed with grief they would be! How could they get along without me? I must go to them at once, and seek by some means to make my presence known and felt, and to comfort those stricken ones. But when and how should I find them? I looked around me in dismay. I was in the spirit land; how could I find my way back to earth? How I had left the earth I knew not. I had probably been borne thence by spirit forces, while my spirit was yet weak from its new birth.

No sooner were my wishes spoken than my boys said, "We will show you the way; we have traveled it so often, we know it well."

Immediately the scene around us dissolved until all that remained was a luminous cloud, and we descended, half floating, half walking, until I found myself in the old home I had known so well. How strange it seemed to glide, not like a ghost, but a veritable ghost, silent and unseen through its rooms and passage ways! And they who had been so long used to my presence, and who were even now mourning the departure of my spirit with sincere and overwhelming grief, if they were but to catch a glimpse of my spirit form as it thus wandered, would be almost paralyzed with terror. I realized as never before how inconsistent is the fear of apparitions.

Eagerly I sought to comfort the mourning ones. And what agony it was even to my newly-emancipated and happy spirit, to find that I could not make my presence known.

"Oh, what shall I do?" I exclaimed in dismay.

"You can do nothing," returned Margaret. "You are yet so new to the Spirit-world, and have so much to learn. Some day you will know how to reach and communicate with your friends; now you must permit me to do the work for you."

Gently she approached the weeping ones, softly laid her hands by turns upon their brows, whispered a few words of comfort in their ears, and to my surprise their tears ceased falling; they became calmer, and their conversation, which had been entirely of their loss, now took a happier and more hopeful turn.

Margaret beckoned to me, and we left them thus, and were on our way back to the land of spirits, though I fain would have remained longer.

"No," said Margaret, who seemed to divine my very thoughts; "you are not able yet to help them; and their grief only pains you." "Yes;" again in answer to my thoughts; "I shall do your work for you, I shall not forget or neglect them."

"But why can not I do that which I so long to do—that which seems so easy for you?"

"Oh, you have so much to learn!" replied Margaret half smiling. "You have not yet escaped from the limitations of an imperfect nature. You are still under the rule of law and ever will be. You cannot communicate with your friends until you have learned first the proper methods, and next how to use them. Did you think because you had become a spirit, that all things were possible to you? I can reach them because I have so long been familiar with the means of communication, and especially because of my long association with you. I have also been brought *en rapport* with your children. I have in a certain sense been their spiritual mother as well as yours. But do not be impatient. You have all eternity before you in which to learn."

I will not go into further detail of how the hours passed of that first day in the Spirit-world—how unconsciously I, who have so recently left the earth, drop into the earth language! "There shall be no night there!" and there are consequently no days, as I once measured, and as you still measure time. Time in the Spirit-world is measured only by emotions, events and deeds; counting it thus, how long that day was! When my spirit was strong enough to bear their presence, and my desire had summoned them, my father and mother came to me, and many friends who had preceded me to spirit life. Need I tell you of the joyous greetings, the words of affection, and all the tender confidences which spring up when those long separated are at last united to part to more? I realized that I was indeed in heaven. On this my first day was given a realization of its bright and happy side, and no hint was then imparted of the darker phases of the spirit life, and the trials and severe experiences it held in reserve for me. For spirit-land is not all beautiful. There are dark places and darkened souls, as there are on earth. Nor have our disciplines ended with our mortal existence, but are continued here, and must continue until our souls are entirely purified and refined.

It was probably the next day as you count time that Margaret came to me and said: "There is an interesting ceremonial about to take place on earth, at which I think you would like to be present."

I had not thought of it—my funeral! One does not think of one's own funeral as an event of immediate occurrence while one is still alive. And I had not yet been able to realize that I was dead in any sense that made a funeral necessary.

We attended, of course. There were the usual outward signs of mourning—the black plumed hearse, the casket covered by a heavy pall, the sombre and cumbersome garments. An intense desire seized me to preach my own funeral sermon. Spirits frequently controlled mortals and spoke through them; why not I? I looked my wish to Margaret, and she smiled and said, "You can try."

Alas! I knew no more how to carry out my purpose than does a child to direct and control a steam engine. So after an impotent effort, I took my stand beside the casket and listened to the discourse. How weak it seemed; how utterly inappropriate to the occasion! If I could only have spoken, I would have uttered words which should have poured a flood of light regarding the spirit life into the minds of the listeners, and comfort and consolation into their hearts, so that their cheeks should be wet with tears of joy instead of sorrow. Oh, how hard it was to remain silent, when there was so much to say!

For a final hymn they sang: "Nearer, my God, to Thee." It had always been a favorite of mine, and perhaps in remembrance of this it had been selected. I had once sung it weakly and tremulously, with the voice of faith and longing. As it was sung at my funeral it fell upon the air like a wail, so impregnated were the voices with the sorrow of the occasion. But there was one singer there to whom all their ears were deaf. Yes, I sang—I sang gloriously; my voice rang out in a glad shout of triumph:

"And when on joyous wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

It was not merely that the hymn revealed itself in a newer and fuller meaning to me; but there was rapturous joy in the discovery of a new possession—a new faculty of expression—I could sing; I could sing even better that I had hoped or wished to sing on earth.

To me one of the saddest things of the earth-life had ever been that the spirit was in all directions hindered and curtailed in its expression. Through the weaknesses of the body it must content itself with imperfect, inadequate utterance, or else remain dumb. But freed from the mortal frame, I had acquired a new and a wonderfully expressive language—the language of music. And so at my own funeral I sang triumphantly, though mortal ears heard me not; and as I sang, lo! a chorus of angels voices far and near joined in the hymn, which rang from earth to heaven a ladder of divine song, up which it seemed as though all souls might have ascended to the vestibule of paradise. But though the strains rang out jubilantly in a mighty gush of music, the mortals heard only their own weak, sad wail, and were deaf to the harmonies of heaven.

When the casket was opened, I was the first to gaze upon the face of the dead; so too was I the last. There were numerous and costly flowers, but I was glad they had placed in the folded hands—the thin, veined hands, which, whatever they had found to do had done with their might—not lilies, (few are worthy to bear them,) but daisies, which brighten by their beauty the highways and by-ways of the common places of life; the daisies she—I—had loved so well. How the persons of the pronouns perplex me; I seem not to know whether I am speaking of myself or some one else. I tried to take one of these daisies as a memento of the occasion, and transplanting it to immortal bowers, see if I could not bestow upon it the gift of immortality. But I was astonished and perplexed. Though I could consciously touch it, I could not remove or displace it. So even spirit had its limitations.

Again Margaret smiled, and again she said: "You have so much to learn."

Then I laid beside the perishable earthly flowers the spirit blossoms I still bore with me, but after a moment snatched them back again. No, I could not condemn the precious spirit treasures to the darkness of an earthly tomb. Earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes; but spirit to spirit.

My tears fell on the coffined form no less than those of the mourners. I seemed to be taking an eternal farewell of my past self Thenceforward all connected with my earthly life would live only in memory. The thought was an inexpressibly sad one, though there was so much of sorrow in the past, so much that I would naturally be glad to bury forever not only to sight but to memory as well.

I stood by the open grave as the casket was lowered into it, and a sense of the full meaning of death came over me, as it had never done before—not even since my entrance into the Spirit-world. I was done with earth forever, save as my work might temporarily call me thither; and as the clods closed above my cold clay, I was almost overwhelmed with a realization of the solemn future which I now faced with all its responsibilities and its possibilities. I was dead and buried forevermore to earth: I had been resurrected in the Spirit-world.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Exhibitions of Tricks as Demonstrations of Spirit Power.

(Continued from Fifth Page.)

will step in and try to protect those who seem to be unable to protect themselves, as in the Dis De Bar case with Mr. Marsh. Finally statutes will be enacted against the practice of mediumship, and then the true as well as the false will be necessarily included.

Credulous old gentleman have been continuously robbed, and some of them utterly ruined by the most shamefaced imposition practiced upon them in the name of mediumship.

It is a pretty hard condition of things that compels an old-time worker in the field of Spiritualism like myself to make this statement; but it is unfortunately true. The worst of it all is that these bad people force themselves to the front and are supposed by outsiders to be genuine representatives of the spiritualistic movement, while it is true, as I have said, that they do not believe in Spiritualism, know nothing of its philosophy and many of them are on too low a spiritual and intellectual plane to learn anything about it. It is a notable fact that these people never seem to be impressed by the phenomena that occur in their presence, showing no interest in them, while others work on in a perfect maze of wonder. This is because they know how cheap and ridiculous a trick they have played, and they naturally want to say as little about it as possible. The fact is that they and their tricks really have nothing to do with Spiritualism, *per se*, and no one outside can have the perfect contempt for them that fills the mind of the philosophical Spiritualist. Every expose that is made by such men as Kellar and others is an unmixed blessing to the cause, and should be applauded by every sincere and honest believer in spirit intercourse.

The true man has no cause to defend except in the interests of truth, and if there is no foundation to our belief in spirit communion except that which rests upon trickery, collusion and delusion, let it go by the board, and the sooner the better. For myself I am a believer in the possibility and reality of spirit communion, based upon facts in my own experience, which were of such a character as to convince the most skeptical person living. These exposes of frauds do not disturb my convictions in the least.

The true Spiritualist does not base his faith upon public exhibitions of phenomena, however wonderful they may seem to be. He depends upon his own observation of facts occurring among his personal friends and acquaintances, or with mediums that he has every reason to believe are honest. The phenomena that he relies upon are of such a nature as to put all possibility of deception out of the question. The honest mediums are anxious to make every condition possible to relieve the mind of the investigator from suspicion of themselves. The manifestations that occur in their presence may happen at any time and are often as unexpected to themselves as to others who may witness them. Their mediumship is not confined to the paraphernalia and equipment of the séance room or cabinet, nor their communications to a stock company of spirits in constant attendance.

Some of the best things I ever saw came unexpected and unsought. I have had occasion to mention some of these in my communications to the JOURNAL. Many years ago I was visiting at the house of Walter Currier, of Haverhill, Mass. His daughter Mary, then a slight girl eighteen years old, had been developed as a musical medium, and the demonstrations in her presence were of a marked and positive nature. Her father had fitted up a séance room, for the better accommodation of the friends who wished to see the phenomena. In it there were a a piano and various musical instruments. Heavy blinds, when closed, caused a deep twilight to pervade the room even in the day time. Mary was a natural musician and a fine player on the piano. She spent much of her time in playing, and often went into the séance room for that purpose. It not unfrequently happened that while she thus amused herself, the other musical instruments that were lying about would be taken up and played upon by invisible performers, keeping perfect time with the music she was making. One day while she was thus engaged, and the other instruments had joined in, I quietly approached the door which was standing ajar and looked in. I saw several bells and a tambourine at one end of the piano moving about, and marking time to the tune that was being played. It was a curious sight, full of interest to the observer. I had a chance to see the effect of different degrees of light upon the manipulation of the instruments by the unseen operators. Occasionally the bells would be brought out from the shadows of the piano where the light was stronger, and when it became too strong the bell would drop to the floor. Then it would be pushed back again into the gloom and directly be lifted up and go on ringing as before. The medium went on playing without appearing to notice the efforts of her invisible aids. In this case our attention is called to the necessity of a certain amount of darkness or absence of light that was required for the handling of the instruments.

In the presence of this medium, I have often seen one end of the piano rise up and down and mark time to the tune that she was playing upon the keys. Here we have the genuine phenomena, which the impostor fraudulently advertises to draw a crowd to his Sunday night exhibition in some theatre or hall:

"The piano will be lifted and float in the air. Spirit flowers will be brought. Forms of spirit friends will be seen and plainly recognized in full view of the audience," etc.

The crowd gathers, too often enhanced by numerous Spiritualists, and what they see is a few cheap rope tying tricks done in a cabinet. The impostor escapes through the back door and gathers up his ill-gotten gains, and leaves town on the night train. He waits a year and goes back and does the same thing over again.

Every Spiritualist in the land should give these people a wide berth, and never attend a theatre or hall exhibition advertised in the name of Spiritualism for they can be sure it is a swindle every time. Of course I am referring now to the physical manifestations. I could go on indefinitely with a record of the tricks and methods of these shameless impostors, but I have said enough, leaving the subject to the consideration of all honest people, believing that I have rendered some timely aid to the JOURNAL in its noble efforts to drive out frauds from the ranks of Spiritualism.

A. E. CARPENTER.

"Growth of Religious Thought in London."

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

"Growth of Religious Thought in London" was the announced subject of a discourse by Mrs. Laura Ormiston Chant at Unity Church in Chicago, on a Sunday during her stay there. To know something of the spiritual mood and religious life of that great city is a matter of special interest, for it is the heart and centre of England and stands first of all the cities of the world, not only in trade and finance, but in height and power of life among a large number of its millions of people. While the vice and degraded misery among its poor are fearful, the comfort of its great middling class, the thoughtfulness of its intelligent and busy workers, and the splendid culture of its scholars and thinkers are well known.

To hear of its religious condition from a gifted woman who makes her home, with her husband and children, in its midst, was a rare treat. Mrs. Chant, however, made but brief and general allusion to the subject announced, only enough to imply that there, as elsewhere, thought broadens on these subjects; but made her subject a striking and graphic illustration of the fact that the liberal belief and larger hope taught and held by many active people, in and out of the churches to-day, underlie much of that fresh and strong spirituality which inspires and accomplishes such great and noble religious and educational reforms. She told, as one who could say, "all of which I saw, and part of which I was," of the great movements in London for uplifting the fallen and protecting the weak and training the untrained to walk in pleasant paths leading upward, and showed how light was growing and even the London world gaining.

This had been won at a great price by faithful and devoted workers, as she might well know from being one of the most devoted, although she did not allude to herself. She said that the teaching and practice of that highest Christianity which exalted soul and body together, and would elevate and purify life here as the surest way to attain a fit life hereafter, had cost self-sacrifice and provoked persecutions as of old. The story of modern persecution for opinion's sake in England was a terrible one.

The process of development of a new faith was beautifully likened to the growth of a leaf within a sheath. The tender flower leaf would be held gently but firmly by the protecting sheath, which would, at last, deliberately give way that the developed leaf might expand alone, but all this only in fit time. So we must have gentleness, tolerance, and most of all patience toward those seeking the light. God has taught us, in all nature, the lesson of gradual development and symmetrical growth.

Doctrine and dogma, held without charity and without allowing growth, have done much to impede and embitter life. Not creed so much as life is essential. The faith and thought that will grow is the valuable force in the world, for growth is the law of life and health.

The dogma of eternal punishment, and "the equally wretched doctrine of election," were treated as of a darker day, and "the irritating, idle," and "the utterly valueless doctrinal disputes" over these and like dogmas regretfully alluded to.

The mother learned tender and beautiful daily lessons from her children, and their welfare and growth and safety were her constant and unceasing care. Surely it was not hard to believe that the good God, the giver of all good and beautiful things, was as appreciative and watchful of the growth and final perfection of his children as human parents could be. All could surely rest in that faith as a sheet anchor; all could surely put heart and hope in their daily work in that heavenly light. Her conclusion was that the gain of these larger views and of this nobler charity was making the waste places glad, in London and elsewhere.

This discourse so charitable in spirit, so broad in thought, so hopeful and helpful to spiritual growth and devoted daily life, awakened the jealous and narrow bigotry of the Boston *Congregationalist*, and led its editor to sound his little pipe in warning against "imported infidelity." I have given but an imperfect outline of the discourse but enough to show that the inspiring and intuitive thought of this earnest woman reaches up toward the sky and out to the immortal life, and has no chill of agnostic doubt. She is a spiritual thinker, open to all heavenly influences, and strength for her blessed work among the poor and fallen comes from celestial sources.

G. B. STEBBINS.

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

HEAVEN REVISED.

AND A VOICE SAID UNTO ME, "WRITE."

"It Shall be Given You in That Same Hour What Ye Shall Speak."

MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

CHAPTER III.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT AND THE HOUSE NOT MADE WITH HANDS.

I cannot tell you all the experiences which crowded upon me in these first hours and days of my changed condition. Everything was so new, so strange, so different from what I had anticipated. Scarcely a moment that did not bring me fresh knowledge or new experiences. And I was so eager to learn, that I sometimes pressed forward faster than my capacity for reception or execution justified; and then I met checks and disappointments. Disappointing and even painful was the conviction, which gradually forced itself upon me, that the spirit has its limitations as well as the body—that in being freed from the fetters of flesh which so long seemed to shackle it and hold it down to the weak potentialities of earth, I had not passed at once into a state where infinite wisdom or infinite power was possible to me. True progress is always slow. But I could not content myself to progress slowly. So with an impetuosity which often defeated its own object, I sought to grasp that which could only come as the reward of long and patient endeavor.

Nor were these outward conditions the only things which took me by surprise. I myself seemed changed—radically changed. Yet when I came to reflect, I realized that it was only in seeming. I had passed while on earth for a cold, almost a hard, unsympathetic woman, unswayed by passion, and with a nature incapable of either great joy or great pain. None, not even those who thought they knew me best, dreamed of the storms of passion which sometimes swept through my soul, swaying it hither and thither as a reed is shaken by the blast. No matter what my grief, my friends seldom saw me in tears; and they knew not how I choked them back with almost death-gasps, because I scorned to seem weak. I could feel a dagger at my heart with an unmoved countenance; and even smile, and utter light, idle words, or hum the fragment of some familiar song, while it was being turned and twisted to do greater execution. And few ever noticed the convulsive clasping of my hands in which the nails set deep into the flesh—the only outward sign I gave in the presence of others of the agony within. But when I was alone, then all restraints removed, I could wail, and moan, and wring my hands, and give myself up to a perfect abandon of misery. Of joy I might probably have known as great an extreme had the opportunity come to me; but I dared not. Joy seemed so uncertain, so illusive, I dared not grasp it, lest it vanish from me. And so gradually had seemed to die out of my heart the capacity for more than a tranquil, negative happiness; and even this, as the years wore on, had become narrower and narrower. Not that I had grown morbid or discontented; but the pain of my life had seemed to numb me to all sensations but those of suffering.

But here! Who was I? What was I? Only my old, true self, after all, but deprived of the screen of the earthly body behind which I could conceal my emotions;—without the mask—which I had worn so long that even I had come to regard it as the true semblance of myself—by the means of which I could present an unperturbed exterior while I was being shaken and torn by inward tempests. The words of the familiar song came back to me:

"We shall know each other there."

Truly yes, without disguises or concealments; and we shall learn to know ourselves as well. This self-knowledge is not acquired at once. I realize that it is only beginning with me; for when I have come to a thorough knowledge of self, I shall have acquired a knowledge of all things—even of God.

How patient my friends were with me! How they taught me and helped me or checked me and bade me restrain my impetuosity, as the case demanded. The bonds and bars of earth life being removed, I was like a child to whom is given unwonted liberty. I knew not what to do with it or with myself. I wanted to realize all the possibilities of my new existence, before I was fully prepared for any of them; and as a consequence of this rashness, the lessons which the future had in store for me sometimes came with a suddenness and a harshness for which I was little prepared.

"Does not each spirit find its own appropriate sphere?" I asked, urged to the question quite as much by curiosity as by a genuine desire for knowledge. "I seem to be hovering on the border land of many spheres, with no place assigned me. Where am I to find my home and my work?"

"The sphere you are to occupy will be of your own choosing. An ordeal is before you. I wish that it might have been delayed," Margaret replied with a troubled countenance. "But here in the Spirit-world desires are answered. To many the ordeal is so tempered and softened by time and circumstance that they scarcely realize they have passed through it until the end is reached. But none can escape. It comes to all in some one form or another. Your impatient nature, which cannot wait until the future develops itself but must snatch at impending events and draw them untimely to you, brings you face to face with something which will require all your courage and fortitude to meet."

My impetuous nature! And I had come to believe myself the most patient of women. But when I began to reflect, I realized that my much-prized patience was but a thin, outward crust by which I had deceived the world and even my own self, while the genuine impatience of my nature had boiled and surged within, unchecked and unquelled.

I turned to reply, but found myself alone. A sense of injury came over me. I was to meet an ordeal, and yet all had left me to meet it alone. Surely this was not kind. But while this feeling was still fresh in my mind, it was quickly obliterated, or at least lost sight of by that which I next experienced.

And now how can I describe to you that which has no parallel on earth? I can give you only an imperfect idea of what now occurred, though it came to me with a force hitherto unparalleled in either my earthly or my spiritual existence. The air seemed filled with a strange murmur, and clouds descended and shut from my view all outward objects. The murmur increased until to my astonished and dismayed ears it seemed a roar; and the clouds rolled one upon another, until they took a definite shape, and this was what I saw and heard: The story of my life was being told in tones that seemed to me must reach to the farthest heavens, and its events were pictured before me by the tossing clouds. I use the words heard and saw, and yet I am not sure that I did either; but the impression made upon my mind was that as if all senses had united in one grand effort to place my past life in its true phases before me. I sat appalled and dismayed; and then as the record of weaknesses and failures went on, I covered my face with my hands, and sank in agony and shame to the ground.

Truly there is record kept of every event in our lives. With my belief in Spiritualism I thought I had realized that. I knew with a sort of superficial knowledge that not only our personality but our past is written upon all with which we come in familiar contact, so that a sensitive may from even a handkerchief or glove which we have borne about us or worn, read the story of our lives. But the belief had conveyed no special meaning to me. I had regarded it as one of the phases of Spiritualism more curious than actually valuable. And now I was being made to read my own record. Now I understood why my friends had withdrawn. It was out of kindness, not from want of consideration. Was ever sense of humiliation more complete than mine? I thought that even in the earth life I had formed a tolerably correct estimate of my own character and resultant acts. But in these dreadful cloud-pictures, now in those deeds on which I most prided myself as having been actuated by the purest and most unselfish motives, did there too often rest the dark blot of unconscious egotism or self-righteousness. Was I then incapable of pure motives?

I could not shut my eyes or ears to that which was passing around me. So after a time I summoned all my courage, and since I must sit in judgment on myself, I resolved to do so bravely and thoroughly. How many sombre pictures there were! How many half-light, half shade. But now and then there was a bright one in which some unconscious unselfishness, some little deed I had done and forgotten, without any thought of secret self-glorification, and which had not only been good in its results, but which had sprung from a fountain of genuine good within my heart, shone out like a jewel from the dark clouds which surrounded it. Truly our unconscious acts, be they good or bad, best attest to our true natures. I was too humiliated for either vanity or self congratulation when these gem pictures appeared; but a feeling of deep yet humble thankfulness stole into my heart, that there were any gleams of brightness amid so many shadows; and even as this feeling crept upon me, the clouds seemed to lighten, and the sombre pictures took on a tint of comparative brightness from some unknown source, and the rushing, roaring wind died away into a murmur. The story of my life was told, and I had sat in judgment upon myself, and by my own heart was partially condemned, partially absolved. Then I felt conscious of some one near me, and Margaret's arm stole around me, and my face was drawn to her breast and hidden there.

"Has it been more than you could bear?" she asked.

"No; for I have borne it," I replied.

"See, it is not all ended!"

"Must I see more?" I exclaimed with a shudder. "Surely the limit of my endurance is reached."

But she only raised my head from her breast, and pointed to the clouds which still seemed to envelop us.

Hesitatingly my eyes followed the direction of her hands, and behold a strange thing was transpiring. The pictures had disappeared, and the clouds were again in violent agitation. Again they took form, and I saw slowly emerge from their misty outlines, and gradually shape itself, a structure, my ideal house, which I had so often beheld in my waking dreams, and sometimes but vainly wished to realize in the earth-life.

"Let us enter," said Margaret.

We did so, and again I encountered a strange experience. Its walls were covered with pictures—the pictures I had just beheld with such perturbation of spirit. Nothing was hidden—everything stood revealed. But a kindly fate, or shall I say providence? had placed the gem pictures where they could best catch the light, and should be a perpetual reminder and incentive to purer and nobler endeavor; while the shadow-pictures were put in obscure places, and those which had no touch of brightness in them, but were all dark, were almost hidden from view. It was enough for me to know that they were there, without the agony of being compelled constantly to rest my eyes upon them. There was another peculiarity about this house, not only the house itself, but every article of furnishing it possessed, seemed somehow to remind me of something in my earth-life, as though it were actually woven or manufactured out of the actions or impressions of that life.

"This is your home," again spoke Margaret. "You should be satisfied with it, for it is what you yourself have made it."

A house not made with hands! How that phrase came back to me, not made with hands, but built with purposes and endeavors and achievements. How strange that while I was still surrounded by the material forms of earth, doing, or perhaps neglecting my daily duties, I was building myself a house eternal in the heavens!

How kind, how good, how sympathetic Margaret and all my friends were to me! I came to realize after a time that that which had seemed such a terrible revelation to the Spirit-world had been only a revelation to myself; that my inmost motives were already known; the good of my nature appreciated, and its evil deplored by those who had, by the laws of spirit-life, been permitted to approach within the circle of personality which surrounded me, as it surrounds us all. How tenderly they encouraged me; how lightly they touched upon my faults and failings, and that only to show me how I might remedy them, and grow in spiritual grace as well as knowledge.

"But," I asked after a time, "must these dreadful pictures always remain a terrible, an unendurable reminder of my weaknesses and my sins?"

"Those pictures which our own deeds have painted can never be effaced nor entirely hidden," was the reply. "But the time will come, my dear friend, strange as the idea may now seem to you, when they will be the most valued pictures of all—when you would sooner part with the brightest gems which adorn your walls than these. You wonder why? Well, I will tell you. In the work which we all must do towards helping struggling humanity, we all need to perpetually remember the bonds which connect us with that humanity, so that we shall be patient and charitable, with a patience and charity which knew neither weariness nor cessation, and these pictures are the visible tokens of these invisible bonds. They call us back to the past and to our own weak, erring selves. As we have needed charity, so do we become more ready to bestow it. As we have been lifted up, do we have strength and courage to uplift others. In brief, we must fully realize that we have been human, before we can hope to take the first step towards the development of that divinity within us. As a kite can only soar aloft while the cord holds it fast to the earth, so our spirits will float with a steadier, surer motion for this visible bond which connects us with our earth life."

It was all so new, so strange, that I could not comprehend it at once. I am not sure that I do so fully even yet, but I think I catch glimpses of the truth. I have found myself more than once regarding some of the darkest and most forbidding of my life pictures with a new and strange interest which is not all pain. As it was necessary for the ideal man God to descend to the earth and drink to the dregs the bitter cup of suffering before he could enter with sympathy into the sufferings of humanity; so perhaps it is necessary that we should all know from personal experience what failure and sin are, in order to fully qualify us to help other weaklings and sinners.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

SCIENTIFIC METHODS

Of the Study of Man, and Results.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Scientists have various ways of studying man, and when they reach the end of their peculiar investigation they discard all other methods and claim their own infallibility. The evolutionist first develops the form. He says that life began in protoplasm in the unrecorded ages of a past infinitude and step by step through mollusk, fish, saurian and mammal, has arisen by the "struggle for existence," and "survival of the fittest," until the mammal by strangely fortuitous chances became a human being. As the human body is a modified animal form the intellect is a modified and developed instinct, the highest and most spiritual conscientiousness being only the result of accumulated experiences of what is for the best. The highest of animals is man, with no barrier between him and them, and subject to the same fate. There is no indication of a guiding intelligence, and if he be allowed an immortal spirit, then has the mollusk and the fleck of protoplasm.

The chemist has his peculiar method, that of analysis. He takes the vital tissues and resolves them into their elementary parts. He tells us glibly that there is so much hydrogen, carbon and nitrogen in the muscles; so much lime and phosphorus in the bones; so much phosphorus in the nerves, and iron in the blood. He separates these elements in retort or crucible, and weighs them with nicety so that he knows to a thousandth of a grain their relative proportions. He says: "Put these together and you have man." He has made the ultimate analysis and these are all he can discover. Life is the result of their union; mind the burning of phosphorus in the brain, and as for spirit, it is quite unnecessary to explain the phenomenon. The chemist has triumphantly finished his work, and in a great museum has placed the residuary results of the analysis of a human body. That body perhaps weighed one hundred and fifty pounds. In a large glass jar is the water it contained—clear, crystal water, such as flashes in the sunlight of a rainbow-arching shower, or a dewdrop sparkling on the petals of a lily. There are about eight or ten gallons of it, for the body is three-fourths water. There is a small jar of white powder which represents the lime; another, still smaller, the silex; another the phosphorus. There are homeopathic vials containing a trace of sulphur, of iron, magnesia, the potash, the soda, the salts and so on until the vials, great and small, contain more or less of almost every element. Here we have a man, a human being, or what once was. We have every thing that went to make a human being except one, which lacking, these elements are lifeless, and of no more value than water from the brook and earth from its banks: the vital, or psychic principle. Place the contents of all the lesser jars in the greater water jar; shake, dissolve, and manipulate, dead and inert they remain, and will remain so long as thus treated. The chemist in his analysis has made no count of the subtile principle which made these elementary atoms an expression of its purpose. The living form has its origin in the remote past, and its atoms were arranged and brought into union by a vital process which thus began; which must begin in this manner and traverse the same path. Phosphorus may be essential to give activity to the brain, and a given amount of thought corresponds to a fixed amount of phosphorus burned in nerve tissue. What of that? We know that in one of these vials is all the phosphorus that existed in one human being; we may burn it all, and it will give flame and not intelligence. If intelligence comes from its burning, the process must take place in nerve cells organized for the purpose, and that structure must have been planned by superior thought.

To call the ingredients of these bottles a human being, would be like calling a pile of brick, mortar and lumber a house, except the comparison fails in the house being built by outside forces, while the living being must be organized from within. No mixing of the contents of these bottle and jars can evolve life, or even the smallest fleck of protoplasm.

The third scheme is that of the anatomist, who with keen-edged scalpel bends over the body after life has gone out of it, and traces the course of arteries and veins, the form and location of nerves, the attachment of muscular fibres, and in connection with the physiologist defines the functions of each separate organ. An exquisitely fashioned machine it is, wonderfully and fearfully made, growing up from an invisible germ. After anatomist and physiologist have finished, and on their dissecting table a mass of rubbish remains, they triumphantly point to it and exclaim: "See! We have settled the question of spirit! There can be nothing beyond this organism. We have determined how every cell and fibre of it is put together, and the functions they perform. No where is there an indication of any thing superior or transcending this material form. Here is where the food is digested; here it is assimilated; here this secretion is made; here excretion of poisonous matter takes place; here in the brain, in these gray cells thought arises. Ah! it is a wonderful complex machine."

Indeed it is, and what has become of the power which moved it? You have a strange machine, unlike all others, for it is, according to your ideas, an engine to make steam, instead of to be moved by it; a mill to make a waterfall, instead of to be run by falling water. What is the difference between a dead man and a living one? Incomprehensibly great, and yet the dead man to the chemist, the anatomist, the biologist, is identically the same as the living. That unknown element, life, escapes the crucible, the retort, the scalpel, the microscope, and the conclusions of those who take it not into consideration are the vague conjecturing of children, who have gained but a half knowledge of the subjects that excite their attention.

Yet science arrogantly claims the knowledge of all things possible to know. It has searched into the foundations of the earth and ascended the starry dome of infinitude; it grasps the inconceivably small and the inconceivably great; it delves in the hard stratum of facts, and sports in the most sublime theories. It gives the laws of the dancing motes, and those which guide the movements of stellar worlds; the sullen forces of the elements and the subtile agencies which sustain living beings.

What, O Science, is there beyond the grave which shuts down with adamantine wall between this life and the future?

The answer comes with a sneer: Beyond? There is nothing. Do not dream, but know the reality. What becomes of its music after the instrument is destroyed? Where is the hum of the bee after the insect has passed on its busy wings? Where is the light in the lamp after the oil is burned? Where is the heat of the grate after the coal has burned? Given the conditions and you have music, heat and light. When these conditions perish you have nothing. As the impinging of oxygen against carbon in the flame produces light and heat, so the combination of elements in the nerves and brain, produces the phenomena of life and intelligence. As the liver secretes bile, so the brain secretes thought. Destroy the brain and mind disappears, as the music when the instrument is broken.

Look you and see the strife for existence. See you the myriads of human beings who have perished. The world is one vast charnel house, its material being worked over and over again in endless cycle. Tooth and claw to rend and tear; arrow, club, spear, sword, and gun to kill; the weak to fail, the strong and brutal to triumph, to multiply, and advance by the slaughter of its own weaker members. The atom you cannot see with unaided eye devours and is devoured, and ascending to man, he is by turns the slayer and the slayed.

There's not an atom of the earth's thick crust,
Of earth or rock, or metals hardened rust,
But has a myriad times been charged with life,
And mingled in the vortex of its strife;
And every grain has been a battle field
Where murder boldly rushed with sword and shield.
Turn back the rocky pages of earth's lore,
And every page is written o'er and o'er
With wanton waste. The weak are for the strong
And Might is victor, whether right or wrong.
Enameled armor and tesselated scale,
With conic tooth that broke the flinty mail;
The shell protecting and the jaw which ground
The shell to dust, there side by side are found;
The fin that sped the weak from danger's path,
The stronger fin that sped the captor's wrath;
A charnel house where locked in endless strife
Cycle the balanced forces, Death and Life.

If you seek for a meaning or a purpose you will find none. What you call design is only the harmony of fluctuating chances produced by countless failures.

Invoke philosophy with her robes of snow, pretending to a knowledge of the world and its infinite destiny. It will tell you of the cycle of being; the succession of generations; that life and death complement each other, and that all you may hope for is change. Unceasing change is the abiding law, and he who grasps to hold will find but shadow in his grasp.

Religion may teach us a pessimistic view of the world, and to bow like cringing slaves unquestioningly to the rod. We may accept that all is for the best whether we understand or not, as the unalterable decree of fate, yet as rational beings we recoil from this bondage, and the questions are ever present, of the purpose of this life, and the evidences of that future, of which the most doubting dream.

Religion, resting as it does on the immortality of the spirit, should answer us so plainly and absolutely that there could be no doubt. That there is weeping and broken hearts shows that it does not, or else that it makes that existence so terrible that the dread of it is more than of annihilation. The fear of hell, which has driven the world to madness, is now cast into the lumber room with other errors, outgrown, and in the free atmosphere one cannot understand the terrors it once awakened. The arbitrary heaven is also passing away, and a more natural conception of the future life is gaining precedent. Yet the words of teachers of religion are cold and soulless, and even the poets, touched by the finger of a decaying faith,

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

For the Religio Philosophical Journal.

Atheism, in "From Here to Heaven by Telegraph."

WM. B. HART.

It is refreshing to find a theological polemic rising above the vain devices of the sophist in his willingness to come to close quarters in the discussion of the fundamental tenets of his faith. But however gratifying this may be, unfortunately one seldom meets with a genuine exhibition of this virtue in these religious controversies. The discussion indicated in the above heading, furnishes tolerably fair examples of the best and worst forms of disputation when religious ideas come up for a re-handling. The subject opens up in this wise:

G.—.....I desire next to present the atheistic argument drawn from the fact of moral evil. It is stated in syllogistic form in logic. Dr. Schuyler states it with his reply in these words:

"If God had been both willing and able to prevent sin, it would not have occurred."

But sin has occurred.

∴ God is either able and not willing to prevent it, which is inconsistent with His holiness; or willing and not able, which is inconsistent with His omnipotence; or neither willing nor able, which is inconsistent both with His holiness and His omnipotence. But either of these consequences is destructive of the idea of a God.

∴ There is no God.

Dr. Wells—I would merely quote a passage that I may have used before in answer to such reasoning. Oh! man, drop back into thyself and be a fool." How illogical that is! In the true sense it is proving a positive by a double negative, algebraic fashion. It reminds me of the man who claimed that he could prove a cat had ten tails. Said he,

"No cat has nine tails.

One cat has one more tail than no cat.

∴ Any cat has ten tails."

[This is technically known as 'Ambiguous Middle;' the middle term, 'no cat,' being used in a different sense in the major premise from that in which it was used in the minor. It is also double negative in the sense that the middle term is a negative term, (no cat) and is used with double meaning, (ambiguously.)]

This verbal trifling on the part of the spirit doctor, it seems was thought by Prof. H. D. G. to be sufficiently weighty to be elucidated by himself in a separate paragraph, as just cited. Trifling as it is, it evidently is as high as the understanding of this spirit can rise in the comprehension of an argument, conceived and couched in terms the most precise and comprehensive it is possible for the logical mind to formulate.

"Oh! man, drop into thyself and be a fool."

But, my dear spirit friend, this rebuke is premature. First, as a logician, you should have analyzed this syllogism you denounce, by taking it apart and subjecting it, premise by premise, to logical tests; or at least by exposing the precise point where in your judgment its weakness lies; then this righteous indignation of yours would have been in order. You talk much like a man still in the flesh, and pretty deep in it too. You endorse Dr. Schuyler's reasoning, and supplement it with an argument ostensibly your own, but in so doing you are forced to call in question one of the most fundamental convictions of the human mind.

"Who knows what is evil? Who can tell?"

I answer, we all know what evil is as we conventionally use the term. And I assume the unanimous verdict of civilized man is in consonance with the facts in the case. If you contest this verdict, the *onus probandi* lies with you. You must prove it false, not with, "who knows, who can tell?" but with a satisfactory showing that it is false. With respect to the outcome of evil, the final balancing of accounts, you know no more, so far as is apparent from your words, than we do. Hence your tacit assumption that God's dealings with man will in the end be vindicated, is a sheer gratuity. Very likely it may be vindicated, but not, I imagine, on your infinite Divinity hypothesis.

"It looks to you so, but can you scan God and God's works so minutely that you can criticise His actions, and even presume to advise? Oh! vain man, lay thy mouth in the dust, and bow and bare thy head before Infinity!"

Friend Wells, these emotional outbreaks may relieve your feelings, and attest your devotion, and possibly pass for argument "over there," but on this side, some of us at least, have other methods of carrying on a discussion and inducing conviction. However, we realize the fact, that being on different planes of cognition and sensibility, we can not be expected to see things alike. Besides it may be you have not been correctly reported; and it may be the atmospheric conditions to which you were subjected at this séance were inauspicious; and again it may be you failed in getting fully *en rapport* with the medium. And then, there is this other annoyance,—premature mediumistic exhaustion just where power is most needed; and above all, the enormous disparity in intellectual endowments sometimes subsisting between the medium and the spirit control.

"Can you scan God's works so minutely, that you can criticise His actions?"

I humbly answer, we can, and contend it is our privilege so to do. Speaking for myself, I venture to think the great Architect is better pleased with a discriminating appreciation of his work than with blind adulation. Be charitable, my friend, we do not all see alike. Yonder goes a man whose intellect preponderates on the side of the emotions. In the beautiful simplicity of his confiding soul he gazes on the bright side of nature, and admires, alas! becomes intoxicated, imbecile, it may be, in his conceptions of a loving Father. He looks no where else. He has no aspiration but to admire and adore. Let him enjoy himself, but let him not presume to prescribe limits for his neighbor who can and will look not only on the bright but on the shady side of God's handy work, and who while his heart overflows with emotion, and his brain reals and thrills as in the presence of an awful mystery, yet is not so hopelessly unmanned that he can not distinguish between the good and the evil which meets his vision. If in one's hunger after perfection one sees or thinks he sees incongruity in this or that in nature, and gives verbal expression to his thoughts, he blasphemes! No, no. He must be as blind as an oyster, and as stupid as a snail, if he would win the favor of his God!

Friend Wells, I suspect you are in a tight place, whether you know it or not, and this going back on the concurrent sentiment of the race to which you claim alliance, because argument pinches, is not to your credit as a man, how muchsoever it may further your claims as a spirit.

"It looks to you so." Ah, yes! no doubt it does, and per contra: It looks to you, Doctor, that God is "Infinitely good, All-Wise, All-Powerful, Omniscient, but more Omnipresent than omniscent. But who knows? Who can tell? That which seems Infinite, good, etc., to-day, is finite and evil to morrow, perhaps." How does this logic-chopping of yours look when transposed? Evidently logic is not your fort. You do better at denunciation. Good-by.

One wonders what object a learned Professor of logic and metaphysics could have had in submitting to a mere remnant of humanity a problem which is supposed to require for its successful solution an entire human personality. But as it was submitted it seems, civility requires a passing notice of it in this review.

Where our spirit friend, baffled and impotent in view of infidel reasoning, lays down his burden, his enterprising amanuensis takes it up, but apparently with no better success. Evidently the Professor is not satisfied with Dr. Schuyler's reasoning, yet he feels its force, and to avoid an unconditional surrender proposes a new shuffle-and-cut, by which the very idea of sin, may be eliminated from the discussion and "ignorance" be installed in its place. I opine the Reverend gentleman will not see things in this light. He will say: Either admit the validity of my reasoning or squarely repudiate it. There is no middle course open to the infidel, or the schismatic. And in this I go with the theologians. We gain nothing in argument by confounding ideas essentially unlike. Sin is not ignorance, though ignorance may in a sense be sin, as where a man wilfully, blindly transgresses the moral law. The idea that sin and ignorance stand related, as remote or proximate causes, the one to the other, does not help the contention. Neither do the following assumptions:

"But I can insist on this: that the concept sin is a relative term,—never absolute. The savage who lives up to the best light he has is guiltless."

But suppose he don't? By what term do you designate his failure so to do?

"I have said that sin is a relative term. So is evil. Well, sir, it is my impression you have said this once too often, if thereby you meant to respond to the question at issue, as we shall presently see.

"There is no such thing as absolute evil. That which we call evil is but undeveloped good."

And what good is there, pray tell, in having your throat cut by an assassin? True, there would be one unit less on the earth. But then the earth was made for just such as you and that excellent gentlemen who helped you out of it. And is the evil any the less "absolute" in your case, because retributive justice makes it unsafe for others to follow his example? Or is assassination, in the providence of God, necessarily the means of "developing good"?

"The worst evil we can conceive of has some good in it, and enough, too, to leaven the whole lump."

What is this but justifying every villainy under heaven? He who does the most of this "leavening" business does the most good! Well, I am getting used to this new philosophy. It is wonderfully exhilarating when one comes to understand it. But suppose we drop these "glittering generalites" for pertinent specification.

First then: The assertion, "There is no such thing as absolute evil," is a gratuity,—simply an attempt to forestall a verdict before the evidence is all in; and that other,—"That which we call evil is but undeveloped good," is in the same category—a simple begging the question, with nothing subsequently offered to give it respectability. Of course it is granted that in a world constituted as is ours, so-called evil is sometimes conducive of ultimate good, and that we reach wisdom if ever, through tribulation and sorrow. But this does not meet the exigencies of the case, nor touch at all the problem the infidel has sprung upon us. The question is, Could not an infinite Being, in creating and ordering a world, have avoided this preliminary depravation? In other words: Granting a world in which moral evil abounds,—moral evil as the term is ordinarily understood,—does it furnish evidence that the Creator thereof is infinitely good and infinitely powerful, or does it not? With this proposition as our thesis, the whole of the Professor's line of comment is irrelevant or gratuitously assumptive.

Again: "What we call evil eventually serves a good purpose, else Divine wisdom would not permit it."

But God does permit evil, and that he will eventually overrule it for good, is one of those assumptions ever insidiously insinuating themselves into these theological disputes.

"Else Divine wisdom and omnipotence would not permit it!"

What is this but sheer fatuity? God has permitted moral evil for at least six thousand years, and physical evil for 600,000 years, taking the geological record as our data, and if this does not disclose his settled purpose, what on earth will? If for six thousand years, why not forever? Is the Infinite source of all power, purity and goodness approaching bankruptcy, in which the past is to be repudiated, and an attempt made at reformation? A tree is known by its fruit,—is a maxim you used to quote with approbation. How do you like it when applied to your present contention? I say to the Professor, this inference of yours is premature. So far as this discussion has progressed these "infinite attributes" of Deity are assumed, properly enough, I admit; but the question is, how are the facts in nature to be reconciled with them? The facts we know, and the incongruity presented is not to be disposed of by an inference which itself begs the question. You have produced nothing thus far to justify this inference. For aught you know or can know evil is eternal, unless, indeed, you can grasp the entire plan of the universe, and clearly perceive the ultimate outcome thereof. It is just here where your contention fails, utterly fails, for want of evidence. And hence, in logical consistency, you must either surrender these "infinite attributes" you ascribe to Deity, and take a humbler view, or the infidel has you. You know absolutely nothing as to what God will or will not "permit," but as you get your information from the manifestation of him in nature. If God permits evil in one world, why may he not in another? And if God has failed hitherto to accomplish a perfect work, upon what ground are we to expect perfection hereafter? I say, upon what ground do you base your hopes? Our thesis demands an answer right at this point. Please don't slur this difficulty over with a spurious inference. If you insist on the legitimacy of this your conclusion, then demonstrate these infinite attributes, as your warranty. True, in this discussion your opponent grants you an infinite God, which you claim, but he holds you to the logical implications. His position when fully stated is, that omnipotence and holiness are incompatible with moral and physical evil as it exists in the world. You admit the evil, hence the whole burden of your contention must be to reconcile this fact with a strictly immaculate and infinite Creator.

The attitude of the parties to this controversy in estimating evidence, is as unlike as the conclusions to which they respectively come. The Christian theist, judging from the way he handles his case, insists that only a moiety of the testimony shall be allowed a hearing; whereas the infidel accepts all. To his opponent he says: If you see benevolence in the sunshine and the refreshing shower, so do I, but not in the earthquake and the cyclone. If you feel like thanking the good Father because the earth was made for man, whom or what do you thank that it is peopled with beasts of prey, the rattlesnake, the ever-present pestilential bacilus, bacteria, and parasites innumerable eating out his vitals and fattening on his blood? If the earth was made for man, by parity of reasoning man was made for them. If you recognize a benevolent ordination in the prattling babe, so do I, but not in its incestuous parents. If you are overwhelmed with gratitude to the Giver of all good when in health you selfishly sip your own dish of pottage, how do you feel in view of the millions dying of pestilence and famine in India and elsewhere? In short, if you assume to judge at all, be fair, be just! Take the facts as they are, and infer as you logically must, that if one set counts for beneficence, the other counts—well, for what does it count?

J. S. Loveland, in *Present Age*, as quoted by Prof. H. D. G., it seems in view of these difficulties, finds comfort in Evolution. I see none whatever. Evolution runs in cycles. Eventual degradation as well as present exaltation is the law of nature. The nadir and the zenith lie over against each other in the path humanity revolves. Civilizations rise, culminate, and fall. We are travelling the old road, Egypt, Persia, Greece and Rome successively travelled before us. Just now our direction is upward; but in certain notable features, we pale before the majesty of Greece and Rome. In pure intellect or genius, the human race by common consent culminated two thousand years ago. In sculpture, Phidias is without a peer. In poetry, Homer stands alone. In oratory, Demosthenes and Cicero are without rivals. And the mighty potency of Aristotle and Plato, in moulding the thoughts of man down to the present day, is felt and acknowledged by all scholars; while as exhibiting humanity in its noblest aspect, Socrates towers in unique moral grandeur among the wisest and the best.

This is the lesson of the past. It is possible notwithstanding our Fourth of July style of boasting, that the present order of things in this world is already on the down grade, preparatory for that turn in the cycle of geological transmutations destined to rid the earth of its present inhabitants, to be replaced as in the past, with new continents and a new genesis of sentient beings, still higher than the present, it may be, but destined in the end, if not to be overwhelmed in the final cataclysm attending a dying world, to be subjected to slow deterioration and degradation consequent on the diminution of the solar ray, and the dissolution of the sun himself.

It seems inevitable in all these religious discussions to have to deal with unproved, if not unprovable, premises at every step. The Christian theist, that is, he who postulates an infinite divinity, is beset with difficulties from which the less pretentious deist is exempt. It is not pleasant to see a really able man like our Prof. H. D. G., floundering in the slough of a hoary superstition which has come down to him as an heir-loom floating on the tide of popular opinion, with nothing to recommend it but its incomprehensibility, or to justify him but the accident of congenital bias and the glamour of popular assent. One would naturally expect when ostensibly giving to the public spirit revelations, a learned gentleman who goes out of his way to promulgate his personal opinions upon controverted subjects, more especially a notable rationalistic argument, he will at least conform to logical methods.

In that villainous syllogism, the audacious infidel has thrown down his glove. In the love of fair play and honorable controversy, I say to this gentleman, as I would to Dr. Schuyler himself—If you accept the challenge, move on your forces. There is no use skirmishing for position or firing at long range. Unless your heart fail you, bear down upon your foe right royally, like the "charge of the seven hundred," and receive your fate—or wear the laurel crown! State in terms which premise, if any, you accept, which you contest, and your reason why.

The conditions of this discussion obligate the theist to assume not the being of God simply, but (1) a God of infinite attributes—perfect in every aspect in which he can be conceived; and (2) to reconcile an infinite or perfect Being with the moral imperfection which exists in the creatures he has made. We have seen what success has been reached by laymen in the defense of the popular view; it now remains to see how one trained to handle this matter with authority succeeds.

I am happy to be able to say that the Reverend Dr. Schuyler's handling of his theme is manly, dignified and fair so far as he has correctly stated his opponent's position; with no attempt at evasion or other disingenuous device by which the ordinary sophist seeks to disguise his weakness or gain an undue advantage in the discussion. But in saying this, I must be permitted to express my dissent in toto to the legitimacy of the conclusion arrived at. The fatal flaw in his argument, as I shall presently show, lies in his unproved assumptions; and it is in this particular, in almost every case coming under my observation, that the theological argument in general breaks down.

In order to readily perceive the force of the reasoning pro and con, it may be advisable to restate the infidel's argument as it stands at the beginning of this review, to wit:

"If God had been both willing and able to prevent sin, it would not have occurred.

"But sin has occurred.

"God is either able and not willing to prevent it, which is inconsistent with his holiness; or willing and not able, which is inconsistent with his omnipotence; or neither willing nor able, which is inconsistent both with his holiness and omnipotence. But either of these consequences is destructive of the idea of a God."

This is the challenge. Let the reader mark its several specifications, for in this syllogism is represented the logic of a masculine mind.

"If God had been both willing and able to prevent sin, it would not have occurred."

On the face of it, this affirmation looks like a mathematical axiom—a mere truism, which has only to be intellectually apprehended to command immediate assent. If Jeff. Davis had been both willing and able to prevent secession, it would not have occurred. How simple the reasoning! Either deny the arch rebel's willingness or ability in the case, or accept the conclusion. This is imperative, and any one with a competent faculty of reason must see it. In fact, in the case of God inability is conceded. In the reverend gentleman's contention, the Infinite is not Omnipotent, but is constrained by a contingency to which even omnipotence succumbs. And this assumption is sought to be justified on the plea of necessity. An infinitely good, all-wise, omniscient, and all-powerful Creator, could not create a world in which there should enter no moral evil. Why? Because so doing involves an inherent impossibility, a contradiction, in fact—a sufficient reason, I grant, if the contradiction can be shown to exist. But let the reverend doctor speak for himself:

"God, if he had seen fit, might have created a universe in which all moral evil might have been excluded forever. But from such a universe, though displaying infinite perfection in its mechanism, all moral excellence would also be excluded, for since necessitated action possesses no moral character, moral excellence implies liberty, and liberty involves the possibility of moral evil."

That "necessitated action possesses no moral character" is granted. But does it follow that because "liberty involves the possibility of moral evil," that, therefore, evil will exist? May not a universe be conceived with liberty to sin, and yet with adequate disposition to resist incentives thereto? Dr. Schuyler, after tacitly assuming the infinity of God, as was his right in this discussion, forthwith proceeds to circumscribe or limit Infinity. In his estimation, God cannot create a world having any moral excellence, and at the same time bar the way to the ingress of sin. I waive the abstract question of free agency here, as I wish to meet the Doctor's argument on the ground where the objection is set up, without perplexing side issues. For the sake of the argument, I grant man is free. Continuing this line of thought, the Doctor subjoins:

"Hence to the mind of God, three alternatives were presented: No universe at all, or a mechanical universe in which all disorder and all moral excellence should be excluded, or a moral universe in which both moral evil and moral excellence should be possible. Who can affirm that the latter alternation was not preferable? Because the Omniscient God choose to create a moral universe, shall shortsighted human reason deny His holiness or His omnipotence?"

The validity of this reasoning is vitiated in the fact that no such "alternation" as here predicated, could be presented to an Infinite Creator. The whole difficulty is manufactured and fictitious.

"A universe in which both moral evil and moral excellence should be possible!" But does it follow because of the bare possibility of an irruption of sin into God's moral universe, that, therefor, sin de facto is inevitable? Is the assumption forced upon us that the resources of omnipotence were inadequate to adjust the balance of incentives, good and evil—the tempation to do wrong and the disposition to resist it—so that sin would not occur? Preposterous as this assumption may seem, it is the Doctor's position tacitly put forth. It is here, where the above mentioned "flaw," in this gentleman's argument comes in. Surely it falls within the function of omnipotence to create sentient creatures with liberty to do wrong and yet so constitute them that they will have no disposition that way. Even in this our world, bad as it is, millions upon millions of human beings pass from the cradle to the grave without a thought of committing murder, or burglarizing a neighbor's house. Why may not all have been thus constituted? We are at liberty to chew tobacco, or drink rum, but all do not take to these habits. Undoubtedly God could have made our world worse than it is. No good Christian will deny this. Could he not have made it better? How about the angel-world? Is all moral excellence excluded from it? And will this gentleman insist that the denizens of that world are automatons, without freedom to act? How is all this going to be in heaven? Will the abode of the blessed be a mechanical world, and the elect slaves? We see the theologian's refutation of the above syllogism collapses like a soap bubble the moment it is touched.

But this gentleman has not stated his opponent's argument as strongly as the infidel himself states it. Physical no less than moral evil, of right belongs to the major premise; but the ecclesiastic with commendable discretion omitted to insert it, hence was at liberty to concentrate his force on a single idea—"liberty" or moral freedom—which characterizes his argument, but which is nugatory as justifying the creation of a world in which nature slaughters without mercy the babe with its mother, the innocent with the guilty, on a scale which puts the doings of puny man to shame.

That this our world was created on purely benevolent principles and is sustained in consonance therewith, as a philosophical theory, is wholly untenable as we have seen. But the thesis we have here reviewed is fictitious to the extent that it assumes the syllogism in question is atheistical. When clearly defined and apprehended, it is simply the protest of the enlightened understanding against the assumptions of Christian Theism, as opposed to Deism and Agnosticism—the assumption that the universe in which physical and moral evil obtains, is the work of a supremely benign and all-powerful Creator, who not only foreknew the evil he was preparing, but predetermined it so to be. And that other conceit—that all this will be rectified in some future world, is the crowning assumption in which the intellect, stultified and bewildered, seeks to extricate itself from the embrace of superstition and fatalism.

Greenwood, Ill.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal

Spiritualism and the Doctrine of Enlargement.

JOHN E. PURDON, M. D.

As one who has studied Spiritualism scientifically for the last sixteen years, and as one who knew Florence Cook and her mediumship better than anybody in America, I venture to offer a few remarks in answer to the invitation contained in the open letter of F. H. S. in the JOURNAL of June 23d.

The questions asked in the first six paragraphs of that letter cannot be answered by any man with truth. Inasmuch as all the answers to these questions which have ever appeared, are mere speculations, more or less colored by the ideas and wishes of the questioner and the answerer, nothing ever can attach to any such answer but a lower or higher degree of probability depending upon the common sense of the individuals engaged in the inquiry.

The unverifiable statements of the spirits themselves go for absolutely nothing; almost all of them are contradictory and absurd and display the grossest ignorance or the wildest extravagance. Let any one who wishes to traverse this statement produce a single instance of new truth given through a medium apart from his own possibilities as a rational thinker and worker. The new facts he exhibits may furnish the data for true or false judgments; but all the facts so produced are related to this life and the judgments passed upon them are essentially those of mortals. It is enough for us if the spirits actually do give us new facts; it is even enough for us if the new facts, however produced, are such as to compel us to believe that the conception of spiritual activity is essential to their apprehension. Those who attempt to make "the other world" like this one in every conceivable respect are at least consistent, for they present a conscious realization of a something higher and better than this, but not essentially different from it. As long as they avoid mathematics and do not enter into particulars they are all right, but then their other world or future state is only that world of future possibilities which one and all of us expect to enjoy under the name of to-morrow.

The fact is, the condition of human enlargement to which men look forward under the name of the future state, is a changed relation between man and the universe that cannot be condensed into consciousness, which, as the psychic correlative of definite motions of our brain molecules, is the only condition under which we mortals can picture ourselves to ourselves as personally identical spirits. It is quite possible; that is to say, I know of nothing to the contrary, that my spirit may make an excursion during the life of the body and realize itself as an enlarged being in appropriate psychical language; but that is not the language of words, depending on the movements of muscles directed by a brain, which are the *sine qua non* for conscious thought.

We want something more comprehensive than mere consciousness for the understanding of the other world. Spiritualists have hitherto made the survival of the conscious ego equivalent to the continuance of the development of the individualized spirit after death. This is a great mistake, and it is here alone that rational Spiritualism finds itself vulnerable to the attacks of a critical psychology. The psychologist knows that with the destruction of the brain, consciousness must cease, and he argues that because there is no universal brain, there is, therefore, no universal mind. The Spiritualist and the psychologist are at loggerheads because they both confound consciousness which is a *state*, with mind which is *substance*. Neither up to the present has pointed out this error to the other in language sufficiently explicit or even recognized it for himself. It is in the theory of human enlargement that they will find their reconciliation.

The writer of the open letter inquires if Mr. Crookes yet holds that no fraud could have been practiced on him and that Katie King was a veritable personal entity?

I hold in my possession a photograph of Mr. Crookes taken with the so-called Katie King on his arm. This photograph is genuine, having been placed by Mr. Crookes himself on one of his own cards? When a scientific man goes so far as to commit himself to a position of that kind it is not likely that he ever can change his opinions. As a matter of fact I believe that Mr. Crookes does hold the opinion that no imposition was practiced upon him, for the simple reason that every precaution was taken by him to secure genuine results. The readers of the JOURNAL have very little idea of the nature of the precautions against the possibility of error taken by the English scientific men who studied the case of Florence Cook. I once asked Mr. Varley, the electrician, if a certain instrument used by him to secure the person of that medium during materialization was like the instrument he used in testing the Atlantic cable. He answered me that it was the very instrument itself, and yet the figure passed in and out of the cabinet without violation of his electrical tests. The facts of her manifestations were indubitable; the interpretations put upon those facts were quite another thing.

I have also in my possession a photograph of the same Katie King taken at the house of the parents of Florence Cook, which entirely corresponds with Mr. Crookes's photograph, so that that which professed to be Katie King preserved a certain uniformity of appearance. That "Katie King was a veritable personal entity," to use the word of the querist, I can have no doubt whatever, but that hers was "a veritable personal entity," different from that of Florence Cook is a matter that cannot be settled by a mere yes or no on my part, that of Mr. Crookes, or even of the medium herself, as I very well know from many a conversation with her on that subject.

Let me explain: suppose Florence Cook spoke through the first telephone ever invented, to Mr. Crookes, who then saw her instrument for the first time; he would not have much difficulty with his great abilities in accepting the fact and discovering its cause; that a certain physical adjunct enabled her to make herself heard from a great distance.

But if Florence Cook stated that she was between two telephones, one of which was in connection with her ear and the other with her tongue, and that she did no more than transmit accurately the sounds she received, their significance being more or less foreign to her, the subject would be no longer one of matter of fact capable of experimental investigation but of opinions. Mr. Crookes's special training as a physicist would serve him in the first instance but not in the second. The first case corresponds to that modification in the medium's organism which permitted her individuality to express itself in a new and so far abnormal manner. The second case corresponds to the use of an organism so modified for the transmission of the physical impulses received from a foreign source. The absence of such modification would leave the foreign intelligence without a medium of communication, but its presence would permit the medium to act the part of an automatic unconscious translator, just as in the case of interposition between the two telephones, the medium herself would be a voluntary and conscious translator.

From this mode of regarding the subject of spirit communion we must suppose that the change whereby an ordinary individual becomes a medium implies the presence of something in substantial relation to that medium, analogous to the agent whereby a spirit expresses its mental activity. The medium and the spirit must possess, for the time being at any rate, bodies of a like kind, and this likeness implies that possibility of physical continuity whereby a mortal can become the mouthpiece of a spirit. That which is true of speech is *ceteris paribus*, true of any other motion directed from a higher source.

Under ordinary circumstances there is a breach of continuity between living men and the inhabitants of the other state, supposing them to be actual men and women like ourselves. There is no mental community because the conditions of physical relationship are not such as to permit of intercourse. In the case of a medium being present the physical conditions are supplied and the mental continuity follows as a matter of course. We cannot form the concept of such continuity except in physical terms, and we must always supply to mental action a basis of continuity. Hence for the realization of thought, we are always obliged to postulate a physical basis of mental activity, whether the continuity demanded be that of duration for the communion of a spirit with itself or of extension for that of its communion with another like itself.

This reasoning, though perfectly sound, does not necessarily imply an extra-mundane origin of any intelligence acting through a medium. It covers the theory of any communication that may ever exist between this world and the other planets of the system; it is in fact no more than a generalized formula for the explanation of any future improvement in the modes of communication of individual minds according to the analogies of experience. We must rationalize the other world and bring it within the terms of this if we wish to under-

stand it. The laws of mechanics must hold with regard to that state as well as this. We make no difficulty in acknowledging that two and two are four in all states of human activity, John Stuart Mill to the contrary notwithstanding, and we must extend the same generality to the quantitative principles of mechanics which, as laws of the human understanding, are founded upon intuitions just as paramount as those implied in the symbolic identities of numbered things.

The Spiritualist must be content to lay aside a notion touching the nature of the influence of a spirit upon the body of a medium which has been a fruitful source of ambiguity and contradiction. The spirit does not enter into the body of the medium displacing that of the proper owner for the time being any more than my spirit enters the body of the person with whom I converse because the mechanical impulse of my words causes a modification in the thoughts of the individual affected by them.

The spirit moves the body of the medium to produce a desired result, and this he does by the impulse of his modified, invisible supersensuous matter upon the matter of the medium's body, more or less modified as the case may be. Thus there is a rational physical continuity from the inception of the thought by the spirit until its perception by the unmodified mundane intelligence to whom the medium conveys it; and the motions of something capable of transmitting pressure or impulse is the basis of the possibility of such continuity.

With regard to any essential difference between the individuals, Florence Cook and Katie King, I think I am justified in saying that the question is not capable of scientific discussion. That things were done which compelled the observers to postulate the presence of an active superior intelligence is a matter of certainty; but I was never able to say, this is not Florence Cook. To me she was always Florence Cook in a state of transfiguration during her most wonderful manifestations; she was a marvel and a mystery to all her friends, her own mother included.

I have freely used this young lady's name, as from the nature of the question asked concerning her, my answer is to be read as a justification of one who in former days afforded me great pleasure and profit from a study of the physiological as well as psychological features she presented. For many years I have been satisfied that a full understanding of her case would afford more real insight into the truth and mystery of Spiritualism than any other I have seen recorded.

My object in writing this letter is to show that upon the groundwork of the modern psychology the fact of mediumship bridges over a difficulty otherwise insuperable. Matter and spirit are substantially one; under the psychical form of consciousness matter holds correlative physical forms which, however, not being absolute, in rising into higher forms carry along with them the higher psychical forms which exclude from their content the merely conscious mortal. It is evident that this process of enlargement is irreversible so long as there is a breach of continuity in the flow of directed energy from one state of matter to the other. The medium supplies the bridge and as far as he does so prevents the dissipation of energy flowing down from the higher to the lower level. Motion is nevertheless still the cryptogram of heaven and earth.

Valley Head, Ala.

SEANCES IN PRIVATE.

Voices From Spirit Land Heard in Rochester Homes.

Although the subject of Spiritualism has been done "to death" in the press, exposed time and again by experts tabooed by alleged scholars, smashed by pedants, and consigned to the limbs of social ridicule by the great majority of people, I venture to trespass upon your space to recount a little spirit experience of my own which occurred this week. I must ask you to permit an acquaintance, and frequent professional intercourse with you extending over many years to act as a sort of voucher for the truthfulness and honesty of my statement in this communication.

I was requested by the lady who had invited me to be present to examine the house from top to bottom so that I might be familiar with all the surroundings. Having satisfied myself that there were no false doors, cupboards, secret recesses, etc., we entered a small room up stairs which was entirely devoid of furniture save a table and six chairs. The walls and ceiling were plastered and kalsomined and the floor was carpeted. There was not a break in any part of either, in fact, there was no possible chance of co-operation from the outside, except by way of the door which led out into a well lighted hall or passage. When this door was closed, the room was perfectly dark. When opened, a flood of light entered the room. I was given my choice of seats at the table, and I sat next to the lady of the house and held her hand on the left, while my wife's friend took a seat next to me on the right placing her hand on mine. My skeptical wife sat next to the gentleman of the house and joined one hand with him while the physician held her other hand and that of my wife's friend. The lady who had, invited me, sat between the host and hostess. It will be seen that neither the host, hostess nor the physician could make a move or a sound of any kind without the knowledge of either myself, my wife or my wife's friend. To make sure of the lady who had invited us, it was agreed that whenever any manifestation occurred that all the six pair of hands should meet in the center of the table so that each might know that no hands were absent playing "Tricks that are vain." After sitting for about twenty minutes engaged in conversation with joined hands, the lady who had invited us—who for convenience I will call Mrs. Dash—said, "Do not be in the least alarmed at any thing that will occur." Presently the voice of one long dead and well known to me, said in faltering and gasping tones.

"I am—glad—to—be—present—with—you—but—it—is—difficult—to—come—because—the circle—is—weak. Dear ones—do—not—think—this—is—a trifling matter—this—coming—back—to—earth. It—is—serious—very—serious both for you—and—us. There—are—many—spirits present—here—to-day,—but—I—fear—they can not—manifest themselves clearly. Come again—come with earnest—hearts and those—dear to—you—will—try and speak to you—." The voice ceased and silence continued for some minutes when Mrs. Dash asked a certain spirit to manifest itself. A small light, like a star now, appeared upon the center of the table about the size of a pin head. It grew larger and rose upward with a gyratory motion, sailed towards the ceiling and vanished. Then another and others followed. Some of them were larger than others and I was struck with their resemblance to the human tongue when at their largest. These lights were in no degree luminous beyond themselves, and I was particularly struck by their dissimilarity to any light I had ever seen before. It would have been the height of folly to accuse any one present of having produced them. Besides, we all joined hands and still the beautiful lambent lights floated to and fro. Mrs. Dash now requested all to join in singing "Sweet Bye and Bye." We complied, and during this the bell which stood on the floor began to ring softly. We all brought our hands together again while it rang. Presently it ceased and fell upon the floor as if thrown there. We commenced singing again and many more lights floated about. Mrs. Dash then exclaimed "Can you not speak to us? Will you answer some questions if we ask them?"

If a fifty pound weight wrapped in blankets had dropped from the ceiling on to the table it could not have made a greater noise than that which occurred in answer to this. I was very much startled, and my wife cried out in alarm. "Do not be afraid," said Mrs. Dash, and then she asked if a certain spirit was present and said, "You need not knock quite so loud." In answer to this there came three distinct raps. "Are there many of our spirit friends present?" inquired Mrs. Dash. At this an innumerable number of raps were heard, some loud, others faint, which seemed to come from all directions.

Mrs. Dash said we had better keep on singing, so we commenced again, but had not proceeded long before a terrific and sonorous voice filled the room and made my hair stand straight up. This is what the voice said in broken English, "It is hard work to come to you. The circle is weak. There are many spirits here who would gladly speak to you but they can not!" The voice ceased and Mrs. Dash said, "You always come and I am glad you are here to-day. I must introduce these strangers to you." She then mentioned the names of myself and wife, the young lady friend and the doctor. Then the voice again burst forth, loud as a trombone, having a metallic harshness to it that was very disagreeable to me. "I welcome you all. You are on the right road. Keep in it, investigate the mysteries by which you are surrounded. Keep your bodies pure and your minds free from sensual things, live honestly and temperately, be just and upright and you will be in condition to receive many benefits from those in the Spirit-world who love and watch over you. Do not grieve the spirits which keep constant guard over you by evil deeds. Always remember that spirits can only come back to truth and purity, and they must turn away when you are engaged in base and sensual things. What you call angels are good influences from spirit land. They keep guard over those attached to them by the ties of relationship. Ask any questions and I will answer them."

Mrs. Dash asked me to put some questions. My first was: "Is there any very marked changes in the condition of the soul after leaving the body?" The answer was a very emphatic "No!" There was a pause of some minutes, then the voice continued: "You can not understand, neither can I impart to you, the conditions of spirit life. It is all natural, beautiful, progressive. There are no surprises—nothing to distress. I can not stay longer now. Good-by."

Scarcely had the voice ceased when another and entirely different one was heard, and with it there came a cold draught of air in my face which made me shudder. The voice was that of a hoarse whisper, as though the speaker was afflicted with consumption. It began: "I am glad to be with you to-day, and that an opportunity is offered for me to welcome the strangers assembled here."

Mrs. Dash then said, "That is the voice of Dr. —— who died of consumption in ——." "Yes," continued the voice, "that is true and I always endeavor to be with you when possible."

Then a number of questions were asked and replied to by the voice, which in conclusion said: "Fear not the change called death. Rather look upon it as the sweetest of all experiences, for you arrive at a more perfect state, and among those whom nature has bound you to for all time by the ties of consanguinity. In the reunion of loved ones is the perfection of all joys and is the most beneficent boon which flows from the harmonious operations of the universe. Light is coming to mankind. Hitherto matter has been all important to the race. Things that are visible to mortal sight have been supreme. All the riches of the universe, all the blessings, all that is imperishable are found only in the realms of mind. This realm is as yet unexplored by man save on the thresholds or ante-chambers! Blessed are they who shall help to open the portals of mind to the human race on earth, and enable man to enjoy the possibilities of his being. There are noble souls striving to guide human thought to this realm of beauty, harmony and truth. They are among the despised of earth now. The time is not far off when they will prevail. The wonders and achievements in matters now existing on earth will speed the day. In the meantime keep your hearts pure. Take for your motto 'Nothing in extremes.' Be virtuous and honest in all your conduct through life, and above all, cultivate the garden of your mind, so that your greeting in the Spirit-world with your loved ones may be made the more joyful. I cannot remain longer to-day. Farewell."

When the voice ceased we all expressed a desire to bring the séance to a close on account of the great strain upon our hands from being held so long in one position. Mrs. Dash opened the door and the light from the hall was very welcome. I again very carefully examined the room and its approaches, but found no way by which a voice could be introduced into the apartment. I would say that the room was only just large enough to hold our party without crowding. I could touch the wall behind and at the side of me from where I sat and so could the rest. Had any one opened the door the light would have betrayed the intruder. But the voices I will add could not by any mechanical or other contrivance have been feigned. Though human in articulation there was a certain tone to them that seemed to penetrate to the very marrow of our bones, and utterly dispelled all doubt as to their origin.

"Are you convinced now that the spirits of those we love and who have passed away from our sight, can come back to us?" asked Mrs. Dash as we prepared to depart. And when I looked into her calm, honest face, and that also of our gentle hostess who stood by, I was compelled to admit that there were

"Things 'twixt heaven and earth
Not dreamed of in our philosophy."

Many manifestations occurred during this unprofessional séance which cannot be described in a newspaper correspondence, among which, I may mention strains of music which continued after we finished singing from time to time, and which it would be quite impossible to produce by trickery. All this phenomenon was produced I am told by the mediumship of Mrs. Dash who is a lady of the highest character, of a mild, retiring disposition, very lady-like and modest in her demeanor and who is the pride and joy of one of Rochester's most estimable families. Since witnessing the strange thing I have related, my mind has become reconciled to a good many things, among which are included many curious "ghost stories" handed down to us in ancient manuscripts, and to the sweet reasonableness of many things that seemed ridiculous. I also no longer wonder that men like Abraham Lincoln and hosts of wise and eminent men, though silent on the subject, had, deep down in their hearts a loving corner for Spiritualism and its sublime teachings and possibilities.—*Rochester Herald.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

D. D. HOME; HIS LIFE AND MISSION. By Mme. Dunglas Home. London: Trubner & Co.; Chicago: RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL Publishing House. Large 8 vo. pp. 428. Price, $2.00.

Of the many remarkable mediums developed since the advent of modern Spiritualism, Daniel Dunglas Home in some respects leads all others. None who really knew the man could help respecting him, and he sustained most intimate social as well as professional relations with very many noted people whose names are familiar the world over. After several years of great physical suffering he passed to spirit-life on June 21st, 1886, from Paris, France. Readers of the JOURNAL will recall the obituary notices of him written by the Countess of Caithness and by his widow. The editor of the JOURNAL never saw Home, but knew him well through a correspondence of the most frank and candid nature, extending over a period of some years. No one can read these private letters written by Home without realizing that they were penned by a man of the grandest aspirations and nobility of purpose. Every line breathes his devotion to truth, his undying interest in the advancement of his fellows and an altruistic spirit unsurpassed.

His last book, "Lights and Shadows of Spiritualism," published in 1877, written with the purest and most unselfish motives, and in which he aimed to tell the truth fearlessly but without malice, brought down upon his devoted head the maledictions of the traffickers in commercial Spiritualism, re-enforced by the adverse criticisms of many deluded and prejudiced followers of these fakirs and ignorant dabblers in psychical matters. His effort, however, was cordially welcomed and appreciated by a larger, if less demonstrative, class. He won the gratitude of every intelligent, honest medium and of every rational, well-informed Spiritualist. Not because his book was faultless, for it was not; not because he was infallible in his opinions—he did not claim to be, but because it was a heroic, courageous effort in the best interests of pure Spiritualism as he understood them. Time has demonstrated that while his "lights" were truthfully depicted, his "shadows" were painted none too dark, and that had his warnings then been heeded it had been vastly better for the Spiritualist Movement; for though truth cannot be injured, it can be simulated and its proper presentation, comprehension and acceptance greatly hindered.

Time, the cruel sufferings of the last eighteen months of his earth-life and his transition, have softened the animosity of well meaning but prejudiced critics, while his stupendous work in demonstrating the continuity of life and the ability of spirits to manifest their existence beyond all reasonable doubt to many of the prominent men and women of the world, including emperors, kings, statesmen and scientists as well as to thousands of lesser note, gives all that relates to him a special and lasting interest to Spiritualists, and to his life a value that will be more fully realized the better and more widely it is known.

The world is greatly indebted to Mrs. Home for the preparation and publication of the "Life and Mission" of her husband. The book is most admirably written, no fulsome eulogy of her husband is indulged in by Mrs. Home; she contents herself by telling the story of his life in a smooth and charming style. The bulk of it is made up of the history of the experiments made with the aid of his medial powers. The completeness of these experiments and the marvellous phenomena recorded, make of the book a fascinating and valuable acquisition to the store of Spiritualist literature. We cannot do better than to give our readers the prologue with which Mrs. Home introduces the book:

"In the realm of spirit as well as in the exact sciences, our age demands facts that can be verified. I reproduce, in all its authenticity, as much as possible of the testimony that has been borne to the phenomena investigated in presence of D. D. Home. A crowd of theories, more or less ingenious, but none satisfactory, have been created to explain away the facts, without explaining them in the least. The perverted understanding which takes that which is not for the reality, and the reality for a chimera, can alone lead men into this singular denial of the possibility of a truth that, by their own avowal, it would give them the greatest happiness to recognize. Undoubtedly the most hideous cancer of our age is its materialism, that, eating constantly deeper, leads men more and more into the denial of their immortality. Spiritualism was not regarded by Home as a fantastic or poetic reverie. He suffered cruelly for his mission, without having any other object in view than to give an irresistible impulse to the consoling belief in a future life. A multitude of irrefutable facts were demonstrated in his presence which science tested and admitted. By sacrificing himself to every description of research, he enabled scientific investigators to establish the existence of forces that until his day had remained unknown; and he founded belief in a spirit-world on those remarkable evidences of identity that will remain the basis of the true modern Spiritualism. No sophistry can avail to show that the well-established and well-attested facts contained in this work have had no existence. It will be seen how great a number of well-known personages have investigated the subject, and have been convinced. The fact that many of these names are now for the first time published, will prove to what degree Home carried his consideration for others, suppressing their names in order to spare them from ignorant abuse, and tranquilly encountering the host of calumnies that were directed against him in consequence. Where is there another man, who, with the means in his possession of proving how false were the assertions made concerning him, would have thought of others, rather than of himself? There are very few celebrated men whose real character has been so strangely misunderstood, and concerning whom false reports have more persistently been spread abroad. The extensive correspondence he has left—even the small portion of it I have found space to print—proves how blameless his life must have been, how irreproachable his honor, and how elevated his sentiments. No one was ever more happy in doing good, or was more beloved. In every country persons who were not Spiritualists pronounced his name with respect; and the social position he occupied in the world is the best proof of the estimation in which he was held.

"Spiritualism, as demonstrated by Home, gives a serenity of mind that death cannot destroy. The edifying proofs of identity contained in the communications received through him tend to change our life and modify our actions, by giving fresh strength to love and charity. The Spiritualism which is incapable of being investigated under scientific, or at least, trustworthy conditions, and confers no moral benefit, is not Spiritualism. If tokens of spirit-identity and phenomena established under such conditions as are described in this volume can rarely be met with, and the truth is, in consequence, derided as a fiction, this only illustrates a fact established by the history of humanity in every age—that the possessors of such a diversity of gifts as were bestowed on Home are makers of epochs. Home never had the ambition to create a sect, although nothing would have been easier to him. For him who understood the teaching of the Savior, there could be no question of honor and prominence; and the acts of his life show that he was a Christian in the full acceptation of the word. His aim was the propagation of Spiritualism, especially among those who have lost the innate perception of spiritual things, that inner light whose revelations all Nature confirms. He sought to save us from the emptiness of a selfish life, and to give us in this world less of suffering and more of joy.

"D. D. Home did not teach; he proved."

The account follows Home from his native Scotland, which he left when a mere lad, to America; recounts the evidences of his mediumship as a child and carries forward his "Life and Mission" in America, England, Italy, France, Russia, Switzerland and finally back to Paris where the end finally came. It gives most interesting incidents of the experiences occurring under the supervision of Viscount Adare, Emperor Alexander II, Madame de Balzac, Prof. Crookes, Prof. Von Boutlerow, Mrs. Browning, William Cullen Bryant, Bulwer Lytton, Prof. Bush, Countess of Caithness, Robert Chambers, Prof. De Morgan, Emperor William, Napoleon III., and hundreds of other noted people on both sides of the Atlantic. The book is finely printed from new type on extra calendered paper. In England it is sold at over three dollars in U. S. currency, but the American publisher, using the English sheets, and binding in a much more durable manner, fixes the price at $2.00, at which figure the edition should be exhausted within a month.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS, SURGICAL APPLIANCES, etc., with Illustrations of Remarkable Cases, together with a series of Articles on Psychology. By James Gillingham, Surgical Mechanist, Chard, Somerset, Eng. Price, two shillings.

The above work gives illustrations of all kinds of artificial appliances for the deformed and those whose limbs have been amputated, and in that respect is very valuable. The work concludes with a very interesting article on "Psychology or Inferences and Inductive Teachings from those who have lost their Limbs and Senses." The author is evidently a Spiritualist, and his views will be read with interest.

Cora Eldridge, an 18-year-old Poughkeepsie girl, has been sentenced to five years in the House of Refuge for the larceny of a canary bird worth $2. Justice, so-called, plays some queer pranks in New York.

Dowager Empress Victoria, widow of Frederick III., has an annual income of $200,000, $40,000 of which is derived from England. She will be obliged to make Germany her nominal residence, and to visit Berlin every year.

The Australian market gardeners are being ruined by Chinese cheap labor.

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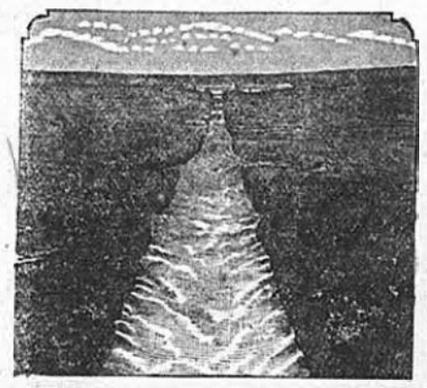
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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, July 21, 1888.

"Four Religious Certainties," and Modern Fallacies.

The *Homiletic Review* is an able magazine, under the auspices of evangelical clergymen, and filled with their contributions on theological topics and practical matters, with an occasional contribution from some conservative Unitarian. It is plain that these watchmen on the towers of Zion note the march of modern thought, and sound the alarm when danger draws near. In this they are consistent and are but doing their duty, as they see it. In the July issue Bishop Cyrus D. Foss (Methodist) of Minneapolis, tells of the certainties in religion, of which he gives four as sure and certain. The first is "God—a personal God;" the second, "God in Christ reconciling the world;" the third, "Salvation by Christ;" the fourth, "Immortality."

Doubtless there are great certainties of spiritual truth, and in our agnostic age it is well to look to them, as we look above the shifting clouds to the solid mountain peak, but old dogmas cannot cure modern doubts. To dream that they can is the mistake of the orthodox clergy, who think that calling men back to their old views is the only way to stop the growth of a skepticism which alarms them, and that only by allegiance to Bible authority and orthodox creeds can materialism be met and checked. Bishop Foss starts with the assumption that the Bible is divine and infallible, the atonement true, the old scheme of salvation sure. Not the testimony of the soul but words of a book are his basis for the certainties he seeks. On the sand and not on the rock does he build, and therefore his house will fall. His God is an outside creator, not soul of things; his Christ is the anomalous and atoning savior, not "the man Christ Jesus," our loving human brother; his salvation is through Christ as Paul saw him, not the working out of our own salvation by wise and pure living; his immortality is not the instinct within us, the soul's word "Thou shalt never die,"—that instinct he "would not imply a sufficient proof," but Christ brought immortality to light and that makes it true. The plain historic fact is that Jesus helped, by his good words, to confirm a truth which had been taught ages before on the banks of the Ganges.

The world will never go back to the old views from which it is now turning away. In thought, as in the life of nations, it is true that "revolutions never go backward." When Bible authority and infallibility are gone; when the bloody atonement is a relic of barbarism; when Christ is a blessed human helper and not a miraculous Savior from the wrath of God; when intuition and reason and conscience are free and are wisely and fearlessly obeyed; when immortality is but a natural continuation of the life that now is, in higher conditions and with the gates ajar between us and our arisen friends, the certainty of spiritual truth will increase, while the dogmas of the past fade away. Spiritualism will meet materialism, and above all things truth beareth away the victory.

Much of the argument of this article is well and fairly stated, from the writer's standpoint, and gleams of light shine through his words, but the closing sentences show a shameful descent into the mean abuse of the bigot. He says:

> If any so-called Spiritualist here to-day thinks to get anything from what I am about to say, he will find little comfort. I believe the so-called modern Spiritualism to be about nine-tenths self-deception and one-tenth devil. But I speak of those incidents that most of us recall when God seems to let the gates of heaven ajar just a little, and the glory streams out. When a young pastor in Brooklyn, I called often on the widow of Nicholas Sneedon as she lay dying. One day she sent for me, and said she was troubled because she couldn't pray any more. And I said I would pray for her, and I got down on my knees. But I couldn't pray long. The widow shouted, "Hallelujah!" the daughter repeated, "Hallelujah!" and I said, "Hallelujah!" There was no more praying to be done there. For four days she lay there, and often she would say, "Don't you hear anything?" "No, do you?" "Yes, I hear the angels singing." "Don't you see anything?" "Why, I see them coming after me." All imagination? Well, a whole Sanhedrin of philosophers cannot prove that it was not a glorious vision of the eternal dawn. Such evidences are numerous.

Yes, "such evidences are numerous," and are held by Spiritualists as beautiful and natural experiences, not as lawless miracles. It is strange that an orthodox minister when he gives us spiritual facts, feels bound to make a mean fling at Spiritualism. Can Bishop Foss reach toward the certain truths he professes to seek by walking in the blind path that bigots have followed for centuries?

Following this article is one by Thomas Hill, D. D., late President of Harvard College, a Unitarian, on "Five Fallacies of Modern Thought," which he gives as follows: "No theory or truth has been absolutely established; no truth is attainable; truth is simply the opinion of qualified judges; creeds are of no consequence; character is all; no fundamental positions of morality are established." All these stafements of agnostic thinkers are looked at clearly. After giving some established truths he says:

> These settled facts are wholly independent of the judgments of men. No vote of a scientific association can change the ratio of the circumference of a circle to its diameter, approximately 355:113. It is the same as it was in the days of Archimedes, though mathematicians have carried the result to four hundred places of decimals.
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> So in philosophy, ethics and theology. The mind can see truth in all directions. We know. We know that we know. It is the definition of personality. *Cogito, ergo sum.* No quibbling jokes of Mill, no *sorites* of *non sequiters* of Spencer can refute these primitive facts. We may say, in passing, that truth could be defined as that view which, so far as it goes, agrees with God's view... Morals are not independent of opinion. Opinions have a vital relation to right and wrong action. We are responsible for opinions. We are under a compound obligation to use right methods and to exhibit a right temper. Error is sometimes held in a good spirit, and truth is held in a bad temper. Creed is of no consequence, as we are told, character is all. The religious spirit and morality itself are independent of theological opinions. This is as absurd as is the opposite extreme—that one's salvation depends on the intellectual acceptance of a creed. The simple truth is this, that the intellectual, emotional and executive functions of man, his head, heart and hand, are in co-ordinate action all the time in every form of conscious activity. Morality and religion require action, conduct, worship. Intelligent action necessarily implies knowledge, belief and opinion.... Our Unitarian idea of the innocence of error has been pushed to an extreme.

Dr. Hill goes back to the soul, and holds its range as far wider than that of the senses. "We know that we know." He has in mind, too, that misty diffuseness and incertitude of a sort of Unitarianism, somewhat prevalent in the West, which affirms nothing that it may take in everything, makes immortality a hope, but not an old and enduring truth of the soul verified by the senses, and fails to map out the distinct and divergent paths that lead to the clod and to the sky as the end or the opening upward path of man.

As to creeds, the man, of the company of men, in church or State, who will not say, "I believe," has no positive power. Every one must stand somewhere and for something, or be a useless piece of driftwood. Only let all be free to say: "Here I stand to-day. I hope to stand higher, and see farther to-morrow," and the creed, so held, and spoken, will not be a fetter but a positive help. Under character is thought and opinion. Shall we not say what we think?

The leading views of Dr. Hill are in accord with those of sundry representative Spiritualists. This, indeed, is true of those of the best advanced thinkers of the transcendental school. Our Unitarian friends are fitly celebrating this fiftieth anniversary of the famed address of R. W. Emerson before the Divinity students in Harvard College, July 15th, 1838, which opened a new era in their thinking. The views of Emerson were substantially those of the early writers on Spiritualism, neither knowing much of the others. His philosophy is in accord with ours to-day. He is never agnostic or materialistic, but ever affirms interior truths. He was never satisfied with manifestations, sometimes ridiculed them, but not in his riper years. Thoughtful Spiritualists prize his golden words, for he and his like never chill us with doubt or suggest the dust as the end. Their affirmation is: "Man is a spirit served by a bodily organization."

Spiritualism.

[New York Herald, July 8th.]

About the only organ of Spiritualism in this country that has any brains is the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL—what a horrible mouthful the name is—of Chicago. It believes in trances, clairvoyance, table tippings and the other varieties of communication with the unseen universe, because, as it says, it has ample and well verified facts to prove its case. But it is discriminating as to what it swallows, and refuses to make a meal of the Diss De Barr viands, or of any food of a similar kind. It says with strong, honest, common sense:

> The JOURNAL knows that with the central claim of Spiritualism everybody is in sympathy. To know that life is continuous and the next world one of orderly progress is something all men seek. It is not to be wondered at that the marvellous revelations of Spiritualism should daze some minds, that fools, frauds and fanatics infest the movement. But it may be asserted with safety that Spiritualism has fewer downright fools and fanatics than any other body with a religious coloring. If it be said this scarcity is balanced by a superabundance of frauds the JOURNAL will not deny it, but calls attention to the implication this casts upon the public, without whose financial encouragement they would starve, for it is a notorious fact that these frauds are wary of Spiritualists and usually seek their prey among outsiders.

We admit the name is a rather large mouthful, but it is most expressive, and clearly exhibits the purpose of the paper. The *Herald's* comments on the JOURNAL, and endorsement of the extract it quotes, are in keeping with the attitude of many other leading secular papers. Thus are corroborated our assertions in the editorial from which the *Herald* copies.

The Androgynous Pilgrim.

Not that he has yet attained the androgynous state, which as he defines it "is the state devoid of any element of physical love," and which may be better defined as bisexual—male and female—but with wild eyes and fervid speech he is striding toward it. He began as a Methodist exhorter; many a time has he converted the innocent maiden and caused her to declare her salvation secured. Then, having exhausted all of his vital force that could be worked into Methodism he turned to Unitarianism; but his stock of Unitarian atoms somehow failed to interlock with those of success; whereupon he hitched on to Col. Ingersoll's wagon. Ingersoll found him a useful man-of-all-work and kept him busy varnishing the tailboard and greasing the wheels, but when he sought to sit on the front seat alongside the doughty Colonel he found himself sprawling in the mud with no one to pick him up. Pulling himself together as best he could he dragged his remains into a Spiritualist campmeeting, where he was seized by a gray-haired sorceress who opened his vision to a Spirit-world specially suited to her tastes and made to her order. Chainey—that is his name, George Chainey, at once began to have angelic visions. A spirit came and with cool fingers touched his fevered brow; the effect outdid hasheesh or chloral, it even surpassed Omaha whiskey. He swept together the relics of affection left over from a domestic cataclysm, and dubbing the aged adventuress "Mother-of-my-soul," hied him to California with her, where it is alleged they went through some sort of a marriage ceremony. He had found time between trances, it seems, to become initiated as a theosophist and to exhaust the lore and mysteries of that cult. He and Anna Kimball, who now called herself Chainey, set up in San Francisco as expounders of Occultism and numerous other isms. Finally the Theosophical Society of America unceremoniously ejected him. But he and his wife-mother were not to be thus squelched; they embarked for Australia, where untoward fortune still pursued. At last by hook and by crook sufficient funds were secured to pay their passage back to America, and San Francisco was once more enlivened by the experienced and voluble pair.

By this time Chainey was rich—in experiences, such as they were. He was, seemingly, in much the same state, physically and mentally, that a man is who after devoting himself unremittingly and assiduously to imbibing diluted alcohol and indulging in the usual accompanying debauchery wakes up some morning, after fighting snakes all night, with a splitting headache, nausea, trembling nerves and a rebellious conscience. In this condition he again left the Golden Gate behind him, and the "mother-of-his-soul" wife too. He took her not with him, but left her to garner the harvest at Oakland as best she could, alone. Rumor says that Chainey's wife—the wife of his youth and mother of his children—was not divorced from him as popularly supposed, and that his conjugal connection with the Kimball was only a make-believe affair, a sort of Chainey-Kimball Company limited, as it were, but the JOURNAL vouches not for the truth of this. In an humble and unostentatious manner, seeking not to be seen and heard of men, the ex-Methodist-Unitarian-Materialist-Histrion-Spiritualist-Theosophist crossed the continent; whether he worked his passage, "tramped it" on a freight, or was drawn in a "palace vestibule train" does not matter. It is enough to know that he reached Cleveland in time to tell an audience there on Sunday night, the 8th inst., how his hair pulled and nausea did his stomach trouble, metaphorically speaking. Having sucked gall where he looked for honey, he, changing the tense only, used the words of his old friend Shakespere and cried aloud to his Cleveland audience, "I was an ass, I was a woman's man and besides myself." The JOURNAL does not mean to be understood as affirming that this old-young-man-of-experience used those identical words, or expressed himself thus tersely and perspicuously but, boiled down and skimmed off, that was the essence of his lecture.

The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* of the 9th inst., reports the lecture very fully, under the following head:

"Love and Marriage: Their Esoteric Significance and True History. Professor "Chainey Discourses on a Curious Theory of "the Origin of Sex and the Unhallowed Na-"ture of Sexual Love—The Primal Man a "Being in Whom Both Sexes Were United—"The Esoteric Meaning of the Fall of Man—"The Order of the Sacred Heart."

After explaining that "the first inhabitants of the world were androgynous, male and female, each perfect in himself, and all nature plastic and obedient to man's will and thoughts," Chainey is reported as continuing thus:

> All esoteric teaching shows that this golden age of the world came to an end because the world was invaded by a foreign and envious order of life. Up to this time the relations of human beings had been one of
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> INTERIOR RAPPORT
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> and a consciousness of the inner divine self, which in pleasurableness far transcended that of mere physical or animal love between individuals of opposite sex. The influences that invaded the earth were those of gross brutality teaching animal passion of the opposite sexes. These influences are symbolized under the form of
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> THE SERPENT.
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> These influences brought about in course of time a separation of the androgynous individual into two sexes and the development of carnal passion, the gratification of which by Adam and Eve is the
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> EATING OF THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT
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> of which so much account is taken in the theologies in the so-called "fall of man" and the loss of paradise to the human race. This is the truth that the story of Genesis presents allegorically. Hence all the history of the human race has been one of conflict, the baser elements of man with his highest powers, and through it all a process of purification and elevation so that we may expect a time when man will regain his lost nature, the divisions of the sexes will disappear, animal passion will give place to pure love, and thus will paradise be regained.
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> That the fall of man was his descent into physical generation is evidenced in many ways. Is it not admitted that the sex evil is the greatest evil in the world, from the cradle to the grave of every human being. Is it not the source of pain to the mother, of more woe and wretchedness and crime than anything else in the world. Has not this passion been at the bottom of more misery in the ages of the world than anything else. Is not
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> THE SOCIAL EVIL,
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> based as it is on this criminal passion, the most hideous evil that modern civilization has to deal with? Does it not kill the purer love, the love of soul for soul? What a horrible fate are these who are wedded with no laud but passion, and without love. There is no night so dark, no bed so thorny, no home so desolate, no prison bars so high, no dungeon so deep, no life so drear, no cup so little as the fate of those people held in the grasp of wedlock without love. When all the horrors and crimes and miseries and wretchedness that come from lustful passion and the sexual instinct are considered, it will not be doubted that the descent of the human race from its early happy and sinless condition was a fall indeed.

The JOURNAL was not in existence during the "Golden Age," leastwise it has no recollection thereof; and moreover is not an authority in prehistoric matters; hence it does not venture to deny the lecturer's statements. But the JOURNAL is somewhat familiar with the aforesaid lecturer's career, and may therefore be pardoned for thinking that "out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh."

After continuing in the same vein at considerable length, portraying the terrible evils of the present fallen unisexual state of the human race, Prof. Chainey discloses what he is driving at:

> This is the way to truth. To so live as to regain this spiritual nature and banish earthly base born passion is the perfect way that Christ taught and said that few could find. This redemption from physical passion is the true redemption and there is no other. It is met by many objections, as I know, but it is the truth. Only as we crush out these beastial desires and develop the divine in us do we rise toward the higher life. Christ taught that in that higher life there is no marriage, but all are as the angels. There is nothing to be said against the sanctity of the marriage tie. That we must have, and it is holy when the bond is love of the divine sort, not lust. That is of hell, and hellish results spring from it. The redemption of humanity will come when all find this better, this perfect way. As in the beginning so it will be in the end. Man will regain his paradise. It is to help on with this work of regeneration that our order exists, composed of those who are unwilling to give themselves to the end which some have already given their allegiance. It is known as the Order of the Sacred Heart.

What this invalid utters in the above paragraph the JOURNAL does not wish to criticise; but before handing him over to its readers, would mildly remark: One with his record had best get out of the hospital, fumigate his psychical habiliments to the end that all the deadly bacilli may be killed, get in good form—and then meekly and humbly strive to practice rather than preach, until such a time as through the continued purity and holiness of his own life he shall become fit to be a leader and teacher of men, so recognized and called from his retreat. Then, though not yet androgynous, two in-one, male and female, he may venture the rostrum or the pulpit with propriety and profit.

It was a red letter day for one Philbrook when he stranded in Chicago, rich only in pretensions to close intimacy with God and direct psychophone connection with B. Franklin, A. Lincoln, S. A. Douglas and the galaxy of statesmen who at different times have helped to mold the destinies of the nation. He is a "bigger man than Grant" now, manufactures a more powerful kind of spiritualistic gas than even that of Cyrus Romulus Teed, who is his only dangerous rival in Chicago. Both hail from New York. Teed owes his success to tickling a few old women with the idea that by becoming his disciples they would never experience the pangs of death, but become so spiritualized that finally they would enter the next life without traveling the usual road. He has been content to inspire these amiable women to the task of washing dishes and waiting on table, at a restaurant where he beguiles the hungry with cheap and savory dishes and thus gets them within earshot of his rostrum; where while they eat he lectures. But Philbrook was a lawyer—a third cousin, it is said, of "Marks the lawyer." He didn't come here to cajole old women, not he; he just went to work like any other lawyer, of his sort, and psychologized a man with money. Now, over on Dearborn street, that man sits and foots the bills, and Philbrook furnishes fun for the daily press with his pseudo-science and alleged spirit connections.

Prof. G. Von Taube in the July number of the *Popular Science Monthly* remarks: "General smartness, and what we call general literary information, have had their day; they do not protect us now from a very unhygienic and unsavory fare." Prof. Von Taube insists on the importance of industrial training, which the JOURNAL believes he does not overstate. Those who come to a great city like Chicago in quest of employment, with nothing to recommend them (in addition to good character) save general "smartness" and general information, soon learn how little these qualities are now valued in industrial life. To be able to obtain remunerative employment in these times, men must be capable of doing some kind of work and of doing it well. The division of labor has been carried so far that excellence in any particular department can be attained only by special training and experience in that department. A good book-keeper, a good salesman, a good machinist, a good blacksmith or barber need not look long for work, but if a man have no profession, trade or art in which he can do skillful work, even though he be uncommonly bright and is educated and accomplished, he stands but a poor chance in a great city unless he has some friend in a position to favor him.

A Chicago Man to Boom Jerusalem.

Dr. Arthur Merton, otherwise known to the reading public by the pseudonym of Sivartha and who has for some years made Chicago his home, sailed for Europe on Saturday last. His final destination is Jerusalem, where he intends to make his home hereafter. A New York dispatch to last Sunday's Chicago *Globe* calls him Rev. Dr. Sivertha and says he is the "originator of the movement for the redemption of Palestine." "Dr. Sivertha," says the *Globe*, "has worked out careful plans for the rebuilding of Jerusalem, with its temples, public buildings, gates, and walls, in harmony with prophetic description of the Bible. The Jews proper will only form about one-sixth of the new population, the rest being English and American, and as soon as a sufficient number of people are there to form the nucleus of the new nation Dr. Sivertha expects that the powers of Europe will unite in declaring Palestine independent and national." The Doctor will no doubt inform the JOURNAL'S readers as soon as he has arranged matters so they can speculate in Jerusalem real estate, and another year may see a boom in that ancient city. In the meantime those who would like to know something of the topography of Jerusalem's suburbs, and how the city looked some eighteen or nineteen hundred years ago, and how it will look in a year or two after Dr. Merton takes hold, should visit the panorama of the crucifixion on Wabash Avenue.

The two-fold character of God (Father and Mother) was held by the Therapeuts and Gnostic sects, and it was not until the suppression of the latter that Christendom may be said to have lost its God, and adopted the God of the Jewish Pharisees and Sadducees; the cruel, implacable, vindictive unjust male monster, which exoteric Judaism created after its own image, and which was the hideous legacy they left to the civilized world on their own extinction as a nation. If the ignorance, bigotry and cruelty of Christendom, have made the Jew a martyr for well-nigh two thousand years, amply has he revenged himself upon it by presenting it with his God, as material out of which to invent a Trinity.—*Laurence Oliphant in "Scientific Religion."*

GENERAL ITEMS.

The telegraphic medium, Mr. Rowley, and Dr. Whitney will leave Cleveland about the 24th of July, for Onset Bay camp meeting.

For all sums of less than $1.00, our customers can remit in two-cent postage stamps, if more convenient than in other ways.

Mr. John Lamont, of Liverpool, was in town the first of this week. He left on Wednesday for a trip around the lakes. The JOURNAL is indebted to him for much valuable information concerning Spiritualism in England.

La Fraternidad, of Buenos Ayres, has the following: "Mr. Piran, who sails for Europe on the 8th of May, takes over a sum of money contributed by several Spiritualists, for the purpose of paying the traveling expenses of the great medium Eglinton to this country. We understand that he has consented to come."

The Young People's Progressive Society will give a basket picnic at Jackson Park next Saturday, all day and evening. Amusements for all. The large pavilion, newly built at the park, has been secured, and the society's orchestra will furnish music for dancing during the evening. All are cordially welcomed, and are requested to bring their little baskets.

The Industrial News, Toledo, Ohio, has a department devoted to the advancement of the interests of The Sociologic Society of America. This Society announces its object to be: "To teach the science of social relations; diffuse the principles of co-operation; and to bring co-operators into communication with each other." Mrs. Imogene C. Fales is President and Mrs. Lita Barney Sayles, General Secretary.

Profit sharing, everything considered, has been successful, sufficiently so to justify the expectation that the method will, in the future, be adopted by many firms in various kinds of business. It has been a decided success with the Boston *Herald*. A few days ago Mr. John Wanamaker, the Philadelphia merchant, presented two hundred and seventy-two employés each with a check, as a part of the past year's profits of the concern. The entire amount given was $40,281.002 or an average of nearly $150 to each.

A. S. Gilson writes to this office, complaining that those who furnish information to the JOURNAL about camp meetings, don't always give their exact location—a very important matter. He alludes to the Parkland camp meeting, which is located near Philadelphia, Pa. Camp meetings are business enterprises and should be run on business principles. Spiritualist papers should not be expected to furnish free advertising space for them, and such camps should be liberally advertised, if general patronage is expected.

Prof. Thurston says in an article in the *Forum*, that the world is awaiting the appearance of three inventors greater than any who have gone before. The first is he who will show us how, by the combustion of fuel, directly to produce the electric current; the second is the man who will teach us to reproduce the beautiful light of the glow-worm and the firefly, and light without heat, the production of which means the utilization of energy without a waste still more serious than the thermo-dynamic waste; while the third is the inventor who is to give us the first practically successful air-ship.

Transition of Judge A. V. Krekel.

On Saturday last at his home, in Kansas City, Mo., Judge Krekel closed his mortal eyes upon the world in which he had so long and manfully borne his part. Judge Arnold V. Krekel was born in Prussia in 1814. He came to this country in 1826, and became an apprentice to a shoemaker. He worked at his trade a number of years, at the same time studying law. In 1854 he went to Missouri and settled at St. Charles in Bates county. Judge Krekel applied himself diligently to his profession, and first appeared in politics as a delegate at the State Democratic Convention held in Bates county in 1857. Before the war Judge Krekel acquired a great reputation as a Free Soil Democrat. He went from point to point in the State declaring this doctrine. At the breaking out of the war Judge Krekel raised a company of soldiers in St. Charles and Warren counties, and was appointed Lieutenant Colonel by the Governor. He was in many of the severe engagements in Missouri and on the border. He was appointed by President Lincoln Judge of the United States District Court March 6, 1865, and was among the last appointments Lincoln made. Judge Krekel was a free-thinker and took a deep interest in the movement for the complete secularization of the State. Some years ago he married, for his second wife, Mrs. Mattie Hulett Parry, well known in the West as a brilliant lecturer upon Spiritualism and general reform.

Demise of Mr. Edmund Gurney.

Mr. Edmund Gurney, known on both sides of the Atlantic to those interested in psychical research, has solved the mystery for himself but not for the English Psychical Society. It appears from *Light* that Mr. Gurney was a sufferer from insomnia and occasional neuralgia. "He was, however," says *Light*, "in the full tide both of work and of social engagements, and went on the Friday of last week to Brighton on some business connected with Psychical Research. As he did not appear on Saturday morning, the door of his hotel bedroom was forced open, and it was found that an incautious use of chloroform had proved fatal. The body was identified by the help of an unposted letter found in the coat pocket, addressed to a colleague, and requesting him to come to Brighton and join in the inquiry."

Mr. Gurney was the principal author of "Phantasms of the Living," and widely known as the untiring and zealous secretary of the Society for Psychical Research. The JOURNAL regrets his seemingly untimely departure, for while in his researches and conclusions he was sometimes led into quagmires, and his judgment warped by preconceived notions or the influence of prejudiced friends yet of the sincerity of the man and purity of his motives no fair-minded Spiritualists can doubt.

Hiram Sibley.

Hiram Sibley, famous in connection with the founding of the Western Union Telegraph Company and a many millionaire passed away from the scenes of his long and busy life, last week, at his home in Rochester, New York. Some eight or nine years ago Mr. Sibley investigated spirit phenomena through the mediumship of C. E. Watkins, and, together with Judge Shuart of Rochester, obtained independent slate writing under conditions which satisfied him that the work was done by some intelligently directed force independent of the medium.

Hearing of this, Mr. Epes Sargent wrote Mr. Sibley, requesting particulars. Mr. Sibley replied: "I offered Mr. Watkins a large sum of money ($50,000 it is said), which I proposed to settle on his wife and children, if he would disclose the trick, if trick it were, by which the manifestation was produced; and further more, I offered to give bonds, if he desired it, that I would not divulge his secret. I am ready to repeat the offer now to any person that can expose or explain the trick, if trick it be." This offer Mr. Sibley never withdrew, but all attempts to duplicate the phenomenon under similar conditions on the part of would-be exposers were dismal failures.

A curious instance of the wonderful influence of the superstitious imagination is illustrated by an account which comes from New York. It appears from the statement given, that St. Peter's Roman Catholic church, of which the venerable Father Fransioli is pastor, is located on the corner of Hicks and Walnut streets, New York. On the north side of a grass plat stands an old willow tree. On the 5th of June, water, such as would come from a small spring, began to deluge the grass between the tree and the railing. The sexton noticed the water, and came to the conclusion that it emanated from a spring. Scores of people flocked to it daily, carrying with them tin pails, in which they carried away the miraculous water. Old ladies suffering from rheumatism and neuralgia found great relief, and many sties were removed from sore eyes after bathing them with the water. The knowledge of these cures came to one of the parishioners, Mrs. Mulvane, whose husband had squandered his earnings in drink for more than a year, and had finally become a habitual drunkard. She thought that probably the water might cure him, and obtaining a quart can of it, induced her husband to drink it, telling him at the time what it was. After drinking the water from the holy well, Mulvane suddenly stopped his habits of intoxication and went to work, bringing all of his wages every Saturday night home to his wife and family. No greater proof of the holy nature of the water could be established, and the people in the neighborhood of the church broke down the iron railing in their eagerness to get the wonderful fluid. Even Father Fransioli departed from his skepticism in a measure and said: "It may be it is the will of Almighty God who has sent me this well as a fountain of gold to pay off the debt of the church." Sexton Stanton dug some shovels full of earth from the place where the water was, and, building a mound around it, gave it the appearance of a bubbling stream. He was about to have a box built, in which those taking the holy water could deposit contributions, and predicted the church debt of over $100,000 would be paid off in two months—it was discovered shortly after that the "holy water" came from a ten-inch break in a city water main. Who can doubt hereafter the wonderful potency of the imagination?

The Catholics and Lutherans are the two sects in this country the most opposed to our public schools. They want separate schools in which their religion can be taught as a part of the regular order of exercises. The majority of their members born in this country receive more or less education in their denominational schools, and those who have come as immigrants from Europe have received religious instruction according to their faith. But are the Catholics and Lutherans any better people morally, than the members of other sects or of no sect. Not very long ago the Inspector of the Milwaukee House of Correction published a report, on the suggestive figures contained in which the Milwaukee *Sentinel* commented as follows: "In the statistics of the report, the religious antecedents of the prisoner's committed during the past year are given. From these, it appears that 1,415 out of the total of 1,616 prisoners had been instructed in some form of Christian faith, while 202 had no religion. Of those who had received religious training, there were 877 Catholics, 347 Lutherans and 191 of all other creeds. It is safe to assume that most of the Catholics and Lutherans, if they ever attended schools, attended those in which their religion was taught. Of the prisoners, 1,224 were of Catholic or Lutheran antecedents and 191 of Protestant antecedents. There is no such disparity in numbers between the aggregate Catholic and Lutheran population of the city and that of the other denominations. The figures, therefore, do not sustain the indictment brought against our 'godless schools.' The principles of morality and the sentiments of religion are best taught at home. If they are not implanted there, Bible readings and drill in catechisms will have small influence in moulding the character of the young." These facts are worth bearing in mind at this time when the Catholic church is withdrawing its children from our public schools and establishing wherever it can, parochial schools for the alleged reason that the public schools are "godless" and, therefore, lacking in what is essential to the education of youth.

Temple Heights Spiritual camp meeting, Northport, Me., will hold its sixth annual camp meeting at Temple Heights, Northport, Me., commencing Saturday, Aug. 11th, 1888, and closing Sunday, August 19th. This grove is situated on the west side of Penobscot Bay, six miles below Belfast, and about midway between Wesleyan Grove and Saturday Cove. It is most delightfully located for camp meeting purposes, combining the delights of forest life and the attractions of the sea shore. A fine county road has been lately built through the grounds, near the shore, affording delightful drives, giving an extensive view of the bay and its numerous islands, with the ever passing steamers and sailing vessels; a fine beach extends along the whole front of the grounds (one hundred rods) and gives a good chance for bathing and boating, with no dangerous undertow. A wharf, at which large steamers may land, has been added to the other improvements of the grounds. The speakers are as follows: Dr. H. B. Storer, Geo. A. Fuller, M. D., Mrs. Juliette Yeaw, Mrs. Abbie Morse, Mrs. J. Wentworth, Mrs. A. P. Brown and Mr. Oscar A. Edgerly. Mr. Oscar A. Edgerly of Onset, Mass., the test medium, will be present during the entire meeting.

In proportion as a Church loses the infinitely tender element of the divine maternity, and substitutes for it the character of an unjust judge, does it become harsh, self-righteous, and arrogant. We see evidence of this in what are called the evangelical sects of the West, whose hatred of Popery has led them to repudiate the feminine element in it. If we accept the idea of a Deity at all, as a great First Cause, or creative principle, it is surely rather a self-evident proposition than a mystery, that the two-fold principle of life must emanate from Him, and that if He is our infinite Father He must also be our infinite Mother, though the idea is so foreign to us, that we have no pronoun in our language to attach to a bisexual being.—*Laurence Oliphant in "Scientific Religion."*

The Report of the Seybert Commission should be read by all fair minded thinkers, price, $1; and this should be followed by A. B. Richmond's able Reply to the Seybert Commissioners, showing how unfair and narrow the experiments were carried on of which this is a report. Price, $1.25. For sale at this office.

The Esoteric for July is at hand and has a good table of contents. This monthly has rapidly come into favor with the reading public, and is early called for each month. Price, 15 cents a number. For sale at this office.

General News.

David Anderson was shot and killed by some one in ambush near Mt. Sterling, Ky.—Ella Beckwith of Berlin, Wis., committed suicide by taking morphine.—The Riverside Mining Company was organized at Republic, Mich., to operate the new St. Claire mine.—Frank Tascott and John Carlson, two miners, were killed by the premature fall of ore at Wakefield, Mich.—At Marietta, O., John Merriam was killed by the premature discharge of a cannon which he was loading.—H. & F. Boehme of Newport, Ky., contractors, have made an assignment for the benefit of their creditors.—Emma Bayley, who after a week of married life deserted her husband at Cincinnati, taking $1,000 with her, was arrested at Fort Wayne, Ind.—R. A. McDonald, a Cincinnati broker, was indicted by the grand jury for perjury in the C. H. & D. case. Stayner and Woodruff are also indicted.—At Atlanta, Ga., the other day, two Salvation Army women entered a saloon and began speaking. The proprietor called a policeman and had the women arrested.

Total lunar eclipse July 22.—Cardinal Gibbons has gone for a two-weeks' vacation in North Carolina.—The Omaha *Republican* is urging Omaha people to get up a "Palace of Products" as an autumn attraction.—As the beginning of its new city hall New York has just awarded $6,000 in prizes to architects submitting comparative designs.—Claus Spreckels has let the first big contract for material for his Philadelphia sugar refinery. The contract calls for about $100,000 worth (2,300 tons) of iron.—Mr. Dana informs a reporter for the New York *Tribune* that the *Sun* can be bought for $5,000,000.—Hiram Sibley was a man of imposing presence. He was about six feet in height and of portly figure. His face was always cleanly shaven and his white hair was brushed back from his forehead. His features were large and pronounced, and well indicated the indomitable will of the man. Mr. Sibley had a vigorous constitution and wonderful vitality.—Professor Alphonse Loisette, who lately taught many Chicagoans the art of improving their memory, is the plaintiff in the New York courts, seeking to prevent the circulation by George J. Fellows of the latter's book, "Loisette Exposed."—Governor Morehouse declares that he will not again interfere in the Maxwell case.—A. J. Streeter, the union labor party's candidate for president, has written a letter accepting the nomination.—A chemist named Fr. C. Newell swallowed a dose of poison at his laboratory, 156 Washington street, but will recover.—In the shooting affray at Seney, Michigan, Thomas Hays shot George Everett fatally and wounded a man named McCleary.—Zachar, the exfaster of Racine, is now the hungriest man in all Wisconsin, and the amount of food he eats is something enormous.—Two brothers named Reedy made fun of a sickly young man named Williams in Lexington county, South Carolina, and Williams shot and killed them both.—At Springfield, Ohio, Mrs. George Haley, who recently eloped from Marysville, in that state, with Charles Howard taking $700 of her husband's money, was arrested by detectives and taken back.

Inspired Art Needlework.

May I ask whether any lady readers of "*Light*" would be inclined to help me in an investigation? The case is this:—I found out (as most natural mediums do find out) that, precisely at those crises when art needlework ought to be an invaluable resource, it is practically valueless, because the act of following with a needle lines traced with a pen, is, during such crises, injurious and distracting. It occurred to me to try whether the method of Gratry and Boole for organizing intellectual material could be so applied as to evolve an art of needlework independent of drawings or tracings. I soon found that I had invented an agreeable and healthful recreation, suited both to those whose nerves are overstrung and to those whose eyesight needs care. Experts in art and needlework said that my work (though, of course, very inferior in skill) had some of the characters which distinguish real old Indian from all modern imitations. (I had not been trying to imitate anything.) It next occurred to me to try applying my method within small spaces. I now found I was re-creating certain Japanese patterns. As Boole's Equation is only an algebraic proof of the correctness of certain ancient rules for procuring healthy inspiration, it is not wonderful that it has led us on to the track of a few old secrets.

Some friends have taken the matter up, and for more than a year have been doing "inspired" art needlework. We have agreed not to publish our methods for at least another year, as we wish to keep the parasite of quackery from fastening on our work till it is strong enough to defend itself. But discovery is pouring in on us faster than we can work it out. We want a few additional hands, who would learn what we know; and then work in their own way at their own homes; and meet us occasionally to compare results.

It is not a matter of payment either way; each lady buys her own material where she pleases, and does what she likes with her own work. (Beautiful inspired effects can be produced with very inexpensive material.) We should also like to meet one or two persons who would try to apply our method to decorative painting.—*Mary Boole, in Light, London.*

Letter From Walter Howell.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

It may possibly interest some of your readers to know of my safe return to this country after a hurried trip through Europe. I will not encroach upon your space to give you any details of my tour, but content myself with saying that it was very enjoyable. I commence my work at Cassadaga Lake on Saturday, July 21st, and shall remain there during the entire camp season. My time is fully engaged up to the end of 1888, but I am open to make engagements for the early new year. Letters may be addressed to me at 248 North Division St., Buffalo, N. Y. During September I shall speak in several places in Western New York and Northwest Pennsylvania; the month of October I occupy the rostrum in Buffalo, and in November and December I speak for the Society of Union Spiritualists in Cincinnati.

W. H.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Buchanan's Journal of Man is now ready for the July readers. To say that Dr. J. Rodes Buchanan is the editor is sufficient to insure a large sale. His writings are always popular and widely circulated. We are prepared to furnish any number of copies. Price, 10 cents each.

The June number of *Lucifer*, published in London, Eng., is received. It is an attractive number, and has a good table of contents. Price, 35 cents a copy. For sale at this office.

Excellent Books for Sale at this Office.

The Art of Forgetting. By Prentice Mulford. This pamphlet was issued in the White Cross Library series and has been widely circulated. It is full of suggestions and hints for those who feel depressed and heart sick. It is comforting and just what they ought to read. Price, 15 cents.

Psychography. By M. A. (Oxon.) A treatise on one of the objective forms of psychic or spiritual phenomena. The author's object has been to present a record of facts bearing on one form only of psychical phenomena. Price, paper cover, 50 cents.

Home circles, how to investigate Spiritualism, with suggestions and rules; together with information for investigators, Spiritualists and skeptics. 10 cents a copy. A good pamphlet to use for missionary purposes.

Four Essays Concerning Spiritism. By Heinrich Tiedemann, M. D. The subjects embodying the four eesays are, What is Spirit? What is Man? Organization of the Spirit-Body; Matter, Space, Time. Price, 30 cents,

The Watseka Wonder. A narrative of startling phenomena occurring in the case of Mary Lurancy Vennum. Also a case of Double Consciousness. These cases are wonderful psychic and physio-psychological studies and have attracted world-wide attention by their authenticity and startling phenomena. Price, 15 cents.

Shaker Sermons. Containing the substance of Shaker Theology, together with replies and criticisms. Readers, who are interested in this line of thought can find much to interest them in this work. Cloth bound only 50 cents. For sale at this office.

The following works are by Giles B. Stebbins: Chapters from the Bible of the Ages. These chapters are selected with great care from the Hindu, Vedas, Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster, Talmuds, Bible, Plato, Luther, Milton, Max Muller, Lucretia Mott, T. Starr King, Parker, Emerson, Denton, Tuttle, and many other authentic sources. It is a most valuable collection and is a work that has received enconiums from high authority. Cloth bound, price reduced from $1.50 to $1.00 postpaid.

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The American Protectionist's Manual. This work is especially sought after at this time when the tariff question is discussed by all stanch American citizens. A subject that has entered as a vital question into the politics of America deserves careful thought and serious attention and the statements in this work are offered as a help to all classes. A chapter on protection and free trade will enlighten many that are present groping for light on this all absorbing subject. Price, cloth, 75 cents; paper cover, 25 cents, postpaid.

Poems From the Life Beyond and Within. Voices from many lands and centuries saying: "Man, thou shalt never die." The compiler has gathered these poems from ancient Hindustan, Persia, Arabia, Greece, Rome, and Northern Europe, and from the great poets of the centuries in Europe down to some of the best words of living men and women, closing with inspired voices from the spirit land. Cloth, price, $1.50, postpaid.

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Campers Attention! Onset Station.

The Onset Station on the Old Colony Railroad is now open and excursion tickets are sold to Onset, which is the most direct way of reaching the Onset Bay camp-ground. The Onset street rail way is also in operation, connecting with all trains to and from the grove.

A new series of Mental Evolution, or the Process of Intellectual Development, by the Spirit Prof. M. Faraday, late Chemist and Electrician in the Royal Institute, London. Price, 15 cents; for sale here.

Seekers of Summer Sylvan Shades

should send for the Summer Tourist Folder of the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," and a copy of "In Summer Days," descriptive of the favorite Northern and Eastern resorts and the way to reach them, profusely illustrated, enclosing two stamps for postage. The tourist routes presented to the attention of the public by the Michigan Central are unrivalled in variety and interest, and should be carefully examined before deciding upon one's summer trip.

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The Voices.

The twelfth edition of The Voices by Warren Sumner Barlow is just from the press. This book of poems has had a wonderful sale and the demand is now greater than ever before. The price has been reduced to $1, and is cheap at that. A new edition also of Orthodox Hash has been issued, and with this popular author's well known poem, If Then and When is being called for by all readers that have not now got a copy. These pamphlets are 10 cents each and well worth the time spent in perusal. For sale at this office.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

Died of paralysis, at Madison, Wis., May 23d, past, Mrs. Lydia C. Draper, wife of Lyman C. Draper, aged 77 years. Mrs. Draper had for many years taken much interest in the phenomena of Spiritualism, and in the Spiritual philosophy.

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The phenomena witnessed through the mediumship of Home were truie remarkable both for their nature and variety and above and beyond all because of their certitude. No question of deception, delusion or error is admissible or will be suggested by any candid reader. A concise history is given of the results of experiments made with Home by Prof. Crookes. The scientific tests applied by Prof. Crookes are lucidly detailed. The testimony of Serjeant Cox is given; reference is made to the eighty seances held by Viscount Adare, including the medium's *transit through the air at a height of seventy feet from the ground*, a phenomenon witnessed and vouched for by Lord Lindsay, Lord Adare and Capt Wynne.

The confirmation of Crookes's experiments by Prof. Von Boutlerow is given. A witness testifies that Home refused an offer of $10 000 for a single seance; always declining to sell his gifts, money was no temptation. Seances with Empress Eugenie, Napoleon III., Alexander II, Emperor of Russia, Emperor William of Germany, Robert Dale Owen, William Howitt and a host of others are concisely given. Home's acquaintance wit Alexander Dumas and other historic characters, his expulsion from Rome; the early friendship and continued confidence of Bishop Clark of Rhode Island—extracts from whose letters to Home are given—of Mr. Frank L. Burr of the Hartford *Times* whose testimony to astounding phenomena is repeated, together with a kaleidoscopic view of his struggles, success marriages, freedom from guile, altruism, devotion, faith and goodness and his importance as a factor in the Modern Spiritual Dispensation, all combine to render the book both fascinating and inspiring as well as permanently valuable.

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The work is a large 8vo of 428 pages, printed from large type on fine heavy, super calendered paper and strongly bound in cloth. The price put on it is less than value, but Mrs. Home is desirous that this work should have an extended reading in America hence the book will be sold at a low

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INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

What Do the Angels Call My Child?

MARGARET L. WOOD.

What do the angels call my child?
What is her angel name?
Oh! is there in all that world of light
A name that is fit for a soul so white
As the beautiful child who was swept from me
When a storm came down on the still home sea,
And I drifted alone in a starless night,
On a wild mad sea with no ray of light?

What do the angels call my child?
What is her angel name?
I tried to give her a name when here;
She came to our hearts in the glorious year
The Angel of Peace returned to the land.
"But all names are poor," cried my childish band
"There is not one of all you have tried
That fits our baby, our darling, and pride."

What do the angels call my child?
What is her angel name?
What name could the angels give our dove
When we found none to express our love.
And the sweetest words our lips could frame
Unworthy seemed for the baby's name?
Ah! her name they knew, and she heard their call
Where the brook's light waves in the river fall.

And, oh! if beautiful deeds of love
Are garnered by angels and wrought above
Into names and homes that await us there,—
If all kind words, and the bread we share,
And the loving tones, and the hope and cheer
We've given earth's suffering children here
Are merged in the names they give to us there
Lovely and sweet is the name she must bear.

Ancient Babylon and Nineveh.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Rev. Dr. S. McCollester, a prominent Universalist clergyman, who has been traveling around the world, has contributed some interesting letters to the *Christian Leader* of Boston. His letters from Babylon and Nineveh have been particularly so. The account of the life and religion of the people of those cities, 4,000 years before the days of Christ, as learned from the cuneiform inscriptions on the bricks and elsewhere, shows a high state of civilization and religion there, and according to his statements of the religion of those ancient people, it would seem that very little advance has been made; but the ceremonies are substantially the same now as they were 6,000 years ago.

Saturday was their sacred day or Sabbath, and the Jews evidently came to observe it from the Babylonians. The Reverend Doctor says: "These discoveries are making plain many things in the Old Testament that have been obscure or inexplicable. In their worship they made use of texts, hymns, prayers and penitential psalms. Many of these are beautiful in sentiment and truly poetical in expression. As we read some of them we half feel as though Moses or Daniel or Isaiah was speaking."

"These stone-writings emphasize the fact that the ancient Levites were wont to study the heavenly bodies, and applied to them some of the names of planets and constellations which are in use at the present day."

In fact, barring the telegraph, steamships, railroads and printing presses, we should judge from these brief letters, that the people of Babylon and Nineveh were nearly as enlightened as the most advanced people of the present day. What a pity that the most advanced nations of the present day could not make a joint effort to explore those ancient places.

E. J. HULING.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

A Wonderful Solvent.

Twenty or thirty years ago a sensational story was started to the effect that a Western explorer was quickly turned into stone as a consequence of drinking a quantity of fluid found in a rock cavity, and which he supposed to be pure water. It was, however, heavily charged with silicon in solution, and the poor man became petrified as the poison coursed through his veins with as fatal results as did the "juice of cursed hebanon" which caused the death of Hamlet senior. At this late day the scientific dream appears to be verified. Fluor spar is a "rock" in the geological sense of the word, and fluorine is obtained by treating the spar with sulphuric acid. The extreme facility with which fluorine combines with many other substances has long been known, and obtained for it a rather extensive application in the arts, particularly in the etching of glass. The English chemists now say that they have discovered it to be a universal solvent. It combines with all the metals, and the fervor of its embrace is such that in uniting with sodium, potassium, calcium, magnesium and aluminium they are raised to a red heat. Manganese and iron filings, if slightly warmed before being exposed to it, burst out into brilliant scintillations, and even gold yields to it at moderate temperatures, though the latter metal refuses to combine with oxygen when melted. Water brought into contact with this gas gives up its hydrogen to form the glass dissolving hydrofluoric acid, and the oxygen of the water is liberated in the shape of the much talked of ozone. Those who have read something of the researches of the old time alchemists find it difficult to believe that a few of those philosophers had not discovered the secret of a powerful solvent, if not a universal one. May they not have accidentally stumbled upon fluorine, and observed it working some of the above named wonders without being able to account for it.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Was It a Dream?

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Last year as I was coming from camp meeting at Orion, I stopped to visit an old friend who was a Baptist deacon. We talked of old times, and religion came up for discussion. He trusted in Christ for all his hope. I talked of the spiritual philosophy as I understood it. As he was about seventy-five years old I said to him: "You and I will soon know the future life. Now I want you to make me this promise: if you go before I do, will you come and let me know as soon as possible?" He said, "I will," and I had the impression that I should never see him in the body again. About ten days ago I was awakened out of a sleep with a terrible feeling of suffocation and distress. I sprang out of bed and took some ammonia, rubbed it on my throat, and I asked my guides, "What is this, am I going to die?" The answer came, "No! Go to bed; you are all right." I obeyed. Then I went into a sleep or trance—I don't know which—and saw my friend, Horace Johns, stand by my bed. I was startled, but he spoke and said, "Don't be afraid; I will not hurt you. You remember what we talked about the last time we met. Well, I have lost all physical desires." As I looked at him he seemed to be draped in a cloudy substance, but he referred me to the past, some things that we had talked of years ago. When I came to myself it was after 6 o'clock, and at eleven came a telegram from his son, saying, "Father died this morning." His father had beat the telegram several hours. These are facts.

Grand Rapids, Mich. SARAH GRAVES.

That "Human Hand."

We have received several newspaper clippings from different parties, giving accounts of an alleged strange appearance of an immense human hand in the sky at Findlay, Ohio, on the evening of May 22d. We referred to this report, in our news columns, in the *Review* of June 5. We might say further, that while we believe that strange and supernatural sights will ere long be seen in the heavens, in fulfillment of prophecies which relate to the last days, it is always necessary to be very cautious in giving credence to newspaper reports. We took the pains to write to the postmaster at Findlay in regard to this alleged occurrence, who replied to our note by saying, "It is a lie from beginning to end."—*Sabbath Herald.*

J. F. Pope writes: We are much pleased with the views of the JOURNAL and its noble work in exposing frauds, who cover themselves with the garb of Spiritualism for the purpose of practicing their deceit upon the credulous. The religion of the JOURNAL is good enough for me.

Enveloped in a Cloud.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I see that reference was made to Mrs. Britten, I think, as being seen as if enveloped in a white cloud. Now, I am neither a medium nor clairvoyant, and hardly a Spiritualist, yet upon two or more occasions clairvoyants have described a similar appearance surrounding myself. One described it by saying: "Your soul is so much (measuring six or eight inches) larger than your body, describing it as a white light or aurora enveloping the upper part of my person; at the same time a most exquisite perfume surrounded us, which remained with me for some hours. It was my first and only experience of that kind, and I could not believe but some one present had been using some rare perfumery until I had examined handkerchiefs and received positive assurance that none had any about them.

At another time, sitting with three other ladies, one a Mrs. Logue, of Denver (a medium and clairvoyant), she described streams of white light issuing from the ends of my fingers, extending out several inches, and my head and shoulders as enveloped in a white mist, "like a cloud of white gauze." I think no one else perceived it, except these ladies who were clairvoyants.

But the most remarkable incident to me, as it appealed more directly to my own consciousness, occurred the 22d of last month. Sitting with the same ladies, Mrs. Logue asked me if I had a son who was very ill or badly hurt? I replied, "Not that I know of?" She went on: "I see a lady writing to you in great haste and distress. I also see a man lying on a bed or couch, who is very sick or badly hurt. There are many around him and in great commotion."

I said, "There is no one hurt or sick that I know of."

"I think you will be called East, for it is some one connected with you," she answered.

The next morning I received a short and hasty letter from my daughter that her husband, Rev. Geo. T. Keller, of this place, was very ill, and the next morning a telegram announcing his sudden death; and before night I was on my way Eastward. In a little work on "Psychic Studies," by Franklin Johnson, D. D., he attempts to explain this phenomena of clairvoyance, by the theory that mind may act upon mind to the extent of producing illusion or vision,—a sort of telepathy; but in my own case there was no knowledge on my own part; no acquaintance between the sufferer and the clairvoyant; no possible influence that could suggest the vision by any one present. I give you these facts; they may be very commonplace to you and worthless comparatively, but the reference to Mrs. Britten, coupled with my own experience, suggested the possibility that the phenomenon alluded to is more common than usually known.

Another medium, a gentleman, told me when he first saw me, that I had a "wonderful power of attracting and holding my spirit friends near me." I do not know how he discovered it, if it is a fact; but I would like to know how I can be assured of such fact. I am sixty years of age, and for me the problem of life and death must soon be solved; but if I am possessed of any God-given power that can be used by the sorrowing ones of earth to lift a little of their burdens, by bringing proof of a brighter future for all, than is promised by our so-called orthodox understanding of the beyond, how gladly would I devote the remainder of my life to that purpose.

South Bend, Ind.

A Spirit Appears at a Window.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I will relate to you the very remarkable occurrence which happened to me one night in February last. It was about 11 o'clock; the moon shone brightly; a few flakes of snow covered the ground, and it was rather cold out doors. Mr.—— and Miss —— were seated on one side of the stove, about two feet from the window which looks toward the west, talking, etc., while I was sitting on the opposite side gazing intently out of the other window, which is six feet from the first mentioned, when suddenly the form of a young lady appeared and walked with a steady step, as straight as an arrow, directly towards the window at which I was seated. Judging from her form, which was very graceful, I would not think her to be more than seventeen years of age. Her clothing fitted her very tightly. She wore no hat, and if I mistake not, no shawl, gloves, etc. She looked very earnestly into my face and did not seem to mind the gaze I returned, for without the least intention of stopping or returning she neared the window at which I was seated, and rapped three times on the pane and then suddenly vanished. The raps were very loud. Mr. —— and Miss —— were greatly surprised on hearing the raps, and gazed out of the window at which they were seated, but could see nothing. We then went out doors, but all was tranquil and not a human soul in sight.

Now, Mr. Editor, if this had happened in a town or city, I would forgive the man who would say "trick," but since it happened in the country three miles from the nearest town, one-half mile from the nearest house, three-fourths of a mile from the highway, in a country where all the people have common sense enough not to venture to rap on a window guarded by three watch dogs and a shot gun, I cannot but look upon him as a fit subject for an insane asylum who may say that this was anything but a spirit.

Irving, Ill. OSCAR FUNK.

An Attentive Reader of the Journal.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have been an attentive reader of the JOURNAL ever since its commencement, and have read copies of nearly every paper published in the interest of Spiritualism in the United States, and I honestly believe that it has been instrumental in conveying to its readers more valuable information than any other paper sent forth in that interest, not excepting that venerable *Banner of Light* which I amused myself with for several years. As veneration seems to have become a very important factor of late in Spiritualism, it looks to me at least, very much like a new departure, carrying out the colored preachers idea when he said, "De wattah am free, but dey ought to pay for de hydrant."

Now suppose we borrow the negro preacher's figure, which is certainly an appropriate one in his case, and say there could be no harm in venerating or revering the water which always has, and always will be a useful and indispensable element for the propagation and preservation of all physical life, but who in his sober senses would ever think of revering the hydrant. No true American citizen has any desire to be revered. It is only the truths uttered that have any claim upon our veneration or reverence, the channels through which they are obtained being only human. Every man and woman is the same, and we degrade ourselves if we venerate one another; we may respect and esteem one another, but never venerate our fellow men; it is unmanly and unamerican, and is never expected by either men or women who have one spark of genuine dignity in their composition. I believe that it is unadulterated idolatry to venerate the Pope of Rome.

W. M. W.

Salina, Cal.

"The Dying Christian to His Soul."

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The author of that grand old hymn, entitled in most of the editions of the author's work, "The Dying Christian to His Soul," is Alexander Pope. Herman Snow, in quoting it in a late number of the JOURNAL, very truly says, it is a "rift through the overhanging darkness still too thick and impenetrable" of our old theology. Well do I remember the old anthem, and the voices of my dear father, brother and sisters as we joined in singing it, and as its mythical words to me then fell on my ear, in the home circle or at the solemn funerals of the times, I was always awed by the sentiment, and to my orthodox mind, to reach the climax of the last stanza, was a consummation devoutly wished for, but O how small the chance seemed to my Calvanistic heart.

Was I "elected from before the foundation of the world," and as such an elected individual for whom Christ died, and should I ever be able to sing,

O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?

Thanks to the angels who have rent the veil and opened wide the doors of the world beyond, so that we can chant a refrain and sing, "There is no death; what seems so is transition" through a portal we call death, but which is only the birth into life eternal.

CORNELIA GARDNER.

Rochester, N. Y.

GOOD TIMES COMING.

The Millennium Dawns.

Call For a Conference of Representatives From All the Religious Organizations of the World.

The members and friends of the World's Arbitration League, knowing the great value of a friendly conference to aid in the reconciliation of differences among individuals who honestly fail to agree regarding the smaller things of life, are satisfied that the constantly recurring controversy in many portions of the earth over non-essential religious differences which sometimes, even now, requires the presence of a standing army to prevent a serious conflict, is chiefly owing to the lack of a common understanding among them and the want of knowledge of each other and the true aims of life. Therefore we suggest, in the interest of true and practical religion, and to promote in a much higher degree the interest of all classes, that great advantages for progress would follow by the assembling together of delegates from all of these organizations for the purpose of deliberating as to the meaning of their great common platform, which requires service to God by serving humanity to the greatest extent possible. The World's Arbitration League, therefore, have determined to invite representatives from these organizations to meet at Washington, September 1st, 1889, for the purpose of formulating measures leading to the establishment of all needed reforms that will hasten universal peace and harmony. This conference is preliminary and preparatory to the approaching culmination of the aims and efforts of the World's Arbitration League and Peace Societies, by the true means of educating every nation to the self-evident fact that an enormous benefit to mankind would ensue by the beginning of a common and gradual disarmament in 1892, when a great convocation of the world's philanthropists shall assemble at Washington on the anniversary of the discovery of America, and thus not only aid in the establishment of arbitration to settle differences between men and nations, but, it is believed, will eventually result in bringing to every nation all other great measures necessary to inaugurate the reign of universal justice and finally of universal brotherhood. On this encouraging prospect we most earnestly invoke the aid and blessings of God and cooperation of angels and men. Leland Stanford, president; James F. Wilson, vice-president; Lee Crandall, second vice-president; D. S. Curtiss, third vice-president; Robert McMundy, corresponding secretary; L. J. DuPre, assistant corresponding secretary; Mrs. J. P. Newman, recording secretary; E. T. Charles, assistant recording secretary; S. M. Baldwin, general secretary; J. P. Newman, treasurer. Here follow the names of vice-presidents from every State.....

The conference call is awaiting the signatures of Senators and Members of Congress, which will be published as soon as completed.

The League adopted the following resolution: The World's Arbitration League, in order to accomplish their far-reaching purposes, hereby suggest to those who may desire to lay up for themselves substantial riches for this and the eternal world that they can enjoy this signal opportunity and aid immensely the work of human progress by furnishing the means to send a delegation to the different religious organizations for the purpose of inspiring them with an interest in this conference. It is believed that many will desire this unending satisfaction. Address the treasurer of the League, J. P. Newman.

N. B. Bishop Newman has been selected to lead the above delegation, with authority to choose as many associates as may be deemed necessary.—*National View, Washington, D. C.*

A Mysterious Disappearance.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

If every one would faithfully report the experiences of his life, what a vast collection of incidents, startling and otherwise, would be recorded, from which the patient analyzer might make large additions to the evidence pertaining to many departments of inquiry that now so largely engage the attention of inquirers into the secrets of nature. I had an experience about 1868, that perplexed me not a little for a short time.

In the month of April in that year I was engaged in developing a mechanical idea, and to do this it became necessary to obtain some brass castings, for which I made the patterns. While engaged on these one day in a shop, of which and the tools I had obtained the use, I was making a pattern about one inch long, three-fourths of an inch wide, and about three-eighths deep. I had nearly completed it, when having occasion to go to another part of the shop, I left the bench for, perhaps, fifteen seconds. On my return I expected to take the piece to complete the finishing process, when lo! it was gone. The bench had been kept clear of shavings, bits of wood, etc., where I knew I laid the pattern, so there was nothing to screen it from view. I looked for it carefully on the bench, among the few chisels, and some other tools lying about, removing each one separately, to be sure it was not among them. I then looked the few shavings on the floor over by removing them with my fingers one by one, until fully satisfied it was not on the floor. I carefully examined the bench again, but could not find it, and concluded I must make another pattern. I went about ten feet to get another piece of wood, and when I returned to the bench again, there was the piece in the same place I laid it down. The question is, where was that piece while this search was going on, and how did it get back? For where I found it, it was impossible it could had been there all that time. There was no one in the shop except myself.

S. F. DEANE, M. D.

Carleton, Neb.

Saved by an Impression.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The reading of the article by Hudson Tuttle in the issue of June 30th, on "Force Beyond the Individuality of the Actor," has inclined me to relate a personal experience. In August, 1887, I was in Washington. Being ready to depart for home I went to the Pennsylvania railroad office for a ticket, and there learned that two trains left at about the same time; one was an ordinary passenger train, fare eleven dollars; the other a faster and better equipped train as far as Pittsburgh—fare fourteen dollars. As by either train I would arrive home (Cleveland, O.) at the same time, I thought three dollars worth saving, and was about to purchase the eleven dollar ticket, when I was impressed to wait. I then went to the back of the room and took a seat. I heard no voice, but I was so strongly impressed to take the fast train that I did, and paid fourteen dollars for the ticket. I left Washington and arrived in Pittsburgh on time. I had a good supper, took the night train and arrived home all right early the next morning. At breakfast I read in the morning papers "A terrible accident at the Horse Shoe Bend, on the Pennsylvania railroad, a large number injured, several fatally." The train that met with the accident was the slow train I intended to take, but did not because of the impressions I received at the depot. I offer no explanation, but merely state a fact. When reading the account of the accident, a shudder approximating a convulsion ran over my body, from thinking how I have escaped possible injury or death.

J.

Cleveland, O.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, of Chicago, although generally considered as a special organ of Spiritualism, ranges over the whole field of moral and political philosophy. It is full of instructive reading, and its argument for Spiritualism is made with dignity and candor. Its editorial articles have a flavor of sincerity about them which is quite refreshing to a man who has taken a week's course of Chicago daily editorial reading. The editorial writing in THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is far superior to the average editorial writing found in the daily press, both in literary merit and in conscientious treatment of the subject matter. Much of the writing on the daily press leaves the reader under the disagreeable impression that neither the writer, nor the editor, nor the publisher believe one word of it. The criticism of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is vigorous and generally fair. Its review in the issue for May 26th, of the Rev. Mr. Talmage's sermon on modern Spiritualism is an excellent piece of work. It is severe but it might have been more so without exceeding the provocation given by the arrogant and dogmatizing preacher.—*Health and Home.*

Dr. A. Pratt writes: I am a Rochester knockings Spiritualist, and believe in the truth which the JOURNAL only advocates. I agree with you that it is high time that all spiritual frauds were put down. Believe me an old, reliable Spiritualist.

Grove Meeting.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Some four weeks ago I received a letter from Mr. J. B. Allen, of the Devil's Lake Hotel, Mich., asking my co-operation in holding a grove meeting at his grove. Arrangements were accordingly made for a three days' meeting to be held June 29th and 30th and July 1st. Having so short a time in which to make arrangements, and being unable to secure excursion rates, it was rather uphill work, but it was carried through successfully. On account of bad weather only one meeting was held on Friday, at the hotel in the evening. On Saturday we held two meetings at the grove, and one at the hotel in the evening, with fair attendance. On Sunday we held two meetings at the grove, about 600 in attendance, which considering the fact that there were no trains running to the Lake, was good for the first meeting. Some of the friends drove twenty miles or more to attend, and stayed during Saturday and Sunday.

We had as speakers, Mrs. L. A. Pearsall, of Disco, and Mrs. Palmer, of Deerfield, Mich., assisted by the following mediums: Mrs. A. D. Carroll, clairvoyant and platform tests; Mrs. M. E. Jamesou, M. D., clairvoyant and psychometric readings; Mrs. Nettie M. Ketcham, clairvoyant and tests, answering mental questions from the platform with marked success; and Mrs. F. F. Blakely, trance and tests. Mrs. Blakely sang finely in the Spanish language, being, it is claimed, controlled by Madame Zorocco, a Spanish opera singer. These mediums were all from Toledo. Mrs. Margaret Owen, from Lake Pleasant, Mass., was present. We were also favored on Saturday and Sunday with short but good speeches by Mr. W. F. Trimm, of Adrian, Mich., and Mrs. B. J. Holg, of Morenci, Mich. Never in my experience in attending meetings at Lake Pleasant, Haslett Park, Battle Creek and elsewhere, have I seen such enthusiasm manifested as was shown at this meeting—such a hunger for Spiritualism, both philosophical and phenomenal, is seldom seen.

At the close of the afternoon meeting on Sunday a call was made for those interested in affecting a permanent organization, for the purpose of holding a yearly meeting at this grove. Mrs. W. F. Trimm, of Adrian, was chosen chairman and called the meeting to order, when they proceeded to organize as follows: President, Mr. B. J. Holg, Morenci, Mich.; Vice-President, Mrs. M. J. Marlatt, Ousted, Mich., Secretary, Mr. J. B. Allen, Devil's Lake, Mich; Treasurer, Mr. A. D. Rice, of Clayton, Mich.

After the election of officers, Mr. Allen was asked on what terms the association could secure the grove for their meetings, when he replied, "As long as I live and own the grove, you will be welcome to the use of it, free of charge." He pledged himself to do everything possible to make the movement a success.

I would say in closing, that the manner in which we were entertained by mine host, Allen and wife, also his kindness in placing the steamer Tecumseh Chief at our disposal, going to and returning from the grove, free of charge, will not soon be forgotten by our party. Also to Mr. Welch, the partner of Mr. Allen, and the gentlemanly clerk, Mr. Chase, would return thanks for their endeavors to make our stay with them a pleasant one, and which we hope will have many repetitions.

Toledo, O., July 3. W. M. SMITH.

Somnambulism.

Rev. Dr. Buckley in the July *Century* contributes an article under the title of "Dreams, Nightmare, and Somnambulism," from which we quote the following:

Somnambulism, in its simplest form, is seen when persons talk in their sleep. They are plainly asleep and dreaming; yet the connection, ordinarily broken, between the physical organs and the images passing through the mind is retained or resumed, in whole or in part. It is very common for children to talk more or less in their sleep; also many persons who do not usually do so are liable to mutter if they have overeaten, or are feverish or otherwise ill. Slight movements are very frequent. Many who do not fancy that they have ever exhibited the germs of somnambulism groan, cry out, whisper, move the hand, or foot, or head, plainly in connection with ideas passing through the mind. From these incipient manifestations of no importance somnambulism reaches frightful intensity and almost inconceivable complications.

Somnambulists in this country have recently perpetrated murders, have even killed their own children; they have carried furniture out of houses, wound up clocks, ignited conflagrations. A carpenter not long since arose in the night, went into his shop, and began to file a saw; but the noise of the operation awoke him. The extraordinary feats of somnambulists in ascending to the roofs of houses, threading dangerous places, and doing many other things which they could not have done while awake have often been described, and in many cases made the subject of close investigation. Formerly it was believed by many that if they were not awakened they would in process of time return to their beds, and that there would not be any danger of serious accident happening to them. This has long been proved false. Many have fallen out of windows and been killed; and though some have skirted the brink of danger safely, the number of accidents to sleeping persons is great.

Essays have been written by somnambulists. A young lady, troubled and anxious about a prize for which she was to compete, involving the writing of an essay, arose from her bed in sleep and wrote a paper upon a subject upon which she had not intended to write when awake; and this essay secured for her the prize. The same person, later in life, while asleep selected an obnoxious paper from among several documents, put it in a cup, and set fire to it. She was entirely unaware of the transaction in the morning.

Intellectual work has sometimes been done in ordinary dreams not attended by somnambulism. The composition of the "Kubla Khan" by Coleridge while asleep and of the "Devil's Sonata," by Tartini, are paralleled in a small way frequently. Public speakers often dream out discourses; and there is a clergyman now residing in the western part of New York State who, many years ago, dreamed that he preached a powerful sermon upon a certain topic, and delivered that identical discourse the following Sunday with great effect. But such compositions are not somnambulistic unless accompanied by some outward action at the time.

Ladies' Aid of Philadelphia.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

During the ministration of Mrs. H. S. Lake, in this city last September, she accomplished, besides other most valuable work, the reorganization of this efficient aid to its parent society—the First Association of Spiritualists. The membership has increased during the few months of its present existence, from its small beginning of sixteen, to seventy members; and through the late long cold winter, it helped many suffering poor, made a handsome donation to the First Society, and still retains a snug sum in bank as the nucleus of a building fund to erect a suitable place in which to hold spiritual meetings in the city of Brotherly Love.

Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, who followed Mrs. Lake, gave her valuable aid to the framing of the Constitution of the little society which aspires to being the means of securing a permanent place for First Society meetings and entertainments. That this is a most necessary and worthy project no Spiritualist will deny who desires to see his sacred cause take the rank and dignity it should hold in the home of the Independence Bell.

JULIA R. GALLOWAY,
Secretary of Ladies' Aid.

The experiment of talking to the severed head of a victim of the guillotine immediately after the knife has fallen has been tried over again at Bone, France. The Doctor seized the head as it fell from the guillotine and spoke a few words to it. He alleges that from the movement of the man's eyes and mouth he is certain that the head understood and tried to reply.

A battle ax of great size that was once the property of some prehistoric chieftain was recently dug up near Bradford, Ohio, in a neighborhood that is rich in Indian relics. The ax is made of a gigantic elk's horn, and, singularly enough, there is engraved upon it the date 1402, ninety years before the discovery of America by Columbus. The ax is elaborately and beautifully carved, and furnishes an interesting puzzle to the local antiquaries.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

Atlanta rivals Chicago in the number of its divorce suits.

A drunken man arrested at Reading had $1,722 in his pockets.

The British army authorities are pushing experiments in military 'cycling.

Twenty inches is said to be the narrowest gauge of railroad doing regular business in the United States.

During a recent rainstorm the streets of New Orleans were under water for two hours from the heavy fall.

The town of Liberty, Tex., proudly claims that 16 inches of rain fell there lately in the course of 36 hours.

David Ashley, of Plattville, Neb., has just died of hydrophobia from the bite of a rabid dog received twelve years ago.

An enterprising physician in Australia advertises: "I will pay half the funeral expenses in cases where I am not successful."

A judge in Harrisburg, Pa., has sent a young fellow to jail for kissing his affianced wife on the street against the lady's will.

A huge shark, weighing 400 pounds, of the man-eating species, was caught in a wire off Cotuitport, Mass., the other afternoon.

Burlington, N. J., is the champion town for widows. There is one block that gives shelter to thirty-one of these attractive but dangerous creatures.

At Berwyn, Pa., lightning lifted John Higgins and the lawn mower he was using two feet in the air, and then dropped them without injury to either.

Sir Isaac Newton's autograph in the shape of a letter brought $315 at a recent sale in England. It was bought for Trinity College, Cambridge.

Near Chambersburg, Pa., a five-weeks'-old baby was attacked by a rat and so severely bitten on the mouth and gums that it is feared the child will die.

The number of immigrants who arrived at Castle Garden in May of this year was 73,770. The number for the first five months this year is 187,139 against 166,090 in the same time last year.

A Georgia man has a mule that is driven to school of week days and to church on Sundays, and is so intelligent that if given the reins he will go straight to his destination according to the day.

At Elm Station, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, John Condon, the Chestnut street tailor, as an amateur horticulturist, has succeeded in raising some stupendous strawberries that run forty to a box.

Three statues of Roman art were discovered at Athens on May 29, one of the Emperor Hadrian, another of Antonius, and the third a small Bacchus. All three were well preserved and of excellent workmanship.

When the Queen Regent of Spain was passing through Valencia the other day the students of the university presented her with a petition requesting the suppression of the German language in the Spanish colleges.

Recently, at a Moscow sunset, the rays of the sun were intercepted by a cloud, and through some peculiar property in the atmosphere the city was colored a vivid purple hue. The strange effect lasted for eight minutes.

There have been twenty-six suicides from the Clifton Bridge in England in the twenty-four years since it was built. The jump is 250 feet, and death presumably easy, which accounts for the popularity of the route.

The other day, while the great Michigan storm was at its height, the town of Norway was so badly on fire that the engines were powerless to control it, and the downpour heavy enough to extinguish it seemed to the inhabitants a veritable godsend.

A farmer near Walpole, N. H., recently plowed up what is declared to be the skeleton of an Indian who was killed in the famous "Kilburn fight" in 1755. It was at this fight that two men, two women, and two boys defended themselves for six hours against 400 Indians.

Frank Deshorn, while at Lake Minnetonka looking for frogs for bait, caught one which a scientist, who happened to see it, paid $1 for. The peculiarity of the frog was that it had no left eye nor a place for one, and the man who bought it will have it stuffed and exhibit it as a curiosity.

The big Nova Scotia timber raft, whose owners are not alarmed at the fate of the Leary raft, will soon be launched and started on its way for New York City. It is made of 30,000 sticks bound together, making a raft 700 feet long, with spars from 25 to 175 feet in length. It will be towed, but will also be manned and rigged to sail.

On exhibition at the Italian show in London is a lamp designed by the Queen of Italy. It is of ruby glass, with figures of gold olive leaves and blossoms laid upon it, and gold doves perching on the globe. There is also a candelabra, partly designed by the same Queen, which has small winged angels climbing up the suspended chains.

Several years ago a valuable calf belonging to E. O. Bancroft, of Warehouse Point, sucked a diamond ring from his finger as he was teaching it to drink milk. The calf grew and became a valuable cow, and the other day died mysteriously. A post-mortem examination showed that the ring had recently become detached from a muscle, where it had hitherto remained harmless, and had been the cause of death.

John Carswell, a deacon of the Scotch National Church at Bloomsbury, England, was recently fined $5 in a police court for assaulting the wife of Johnson, a village painter, in the church. The evidence was that he struck her with the pedestal of the offertory box and pushed her so that she became ill and had to leave the church. The assault was a part of the row between the church officials and the pastor, Rev. J. Mackie.

The popular idea that a razor needs rest occasionally has a scientific foundation in the case of fine razors. The grain of the best Swedish razors runs in a diagonal direction from the upper end of the outer point toward the handle. Constant stropping will twist the steel until the grain sets up and down, and steady use draws the grain still farther over. When it gets into this condition it cannot be kept sharp, but if laid away and left alone for awhile the grain will resume its first position and the razor be as good as new again.

When the bark D. H. Watjon was about 250 miles east of Sandy Hook on its trip from Amsterdam to New York, two carrier pigeons flew on board. There was a gale blowing east, with a heavy sea, and rain falling. The birds had cards tied around their necks, from which it was found that they had been released early the same morning from White Star steamer Adriatic when 300 miles east of Sandy Hook. They were dispatched from the ship by John M. Grinnell, of Newark, N. J., a passenger on board.

Francois, a dwarf at the Paris Winter Circus, has fallen head over heels in love with Virama, a pigmy Cingaleses who acts in the pantomime at the same place. Unfortunately she is married to Appoo, another dwarf nearly double her age. Nevertheless she wears the ring of Francois upon her big toe, the only appendage she has large enough to fill it, and has put so much life into the love passages between herself and Francois in the pantomime that Appoo is dreadfully jealous, and the circus authorities have to keep Francois constantly under guard for fear of a duel.

As is well known, many Maine people live to a good old age, and an old age that is worth the living, too. Mrs. Ann Doyle, who died at West Pittston last week, was one of these. On the 10th day of last April she observed her ninetieth birthday, and she never was sick abed a day in her life until the Friday before she died. A year ago last fall she spun 120 skeins of warp, and last fall spun five fleeces of wool, and had since knit most of the yarn. This is not the old age of weakness, suffering and lack of interest in passing events that people used to associate with the thought of ninety years.

The other day a party of tourists in California asked a tall, thin man, who was digging in Joaquin Miller's garden, near Fruit Vale, to show them over the poet's little ranch. The man dropped his spade and did as they desired, showing them the crematory, the wolf den, the water works and other sights. But they were much disappointed at not seeing the poet. "Look here," my man, said one, "what sort of a looking fellow is Joaquin Miller anyway?" "He looks a good deal like me," said the man. "Like you? Looks like you?" "Yes! I am Joaquin Miller."

White Lies.

With languorous grace she sits within
The window's wide embrasure—
A dainty maid with tawny hair
And eyes of purest azure.

She holds a volume in her hand
And idly turns the pages,
Uncaring, though the book contains
The wisdom of the sages.

Unmoved she hears the fire bells ring
With wild discordant jangle,
And 'neath the window where she sits
The newsboys shout and wrangle.

Hundreds have passed, gone up and down,
And though her fellow-creatures,
No flush of interest or surprise
Disturbs the pale, calm features.

Not one of all that moving throng
Can stir her heart's pulsation
One tiny throb, or light her eyes
With ray of animation.

She throws the musty book aside
With gesture of refusal,
As though its precious contents are
Unworthy her perusal,

Then lifts her eyes with careless glance,
When through the long, curved lashes,
Like tiny spark from smitten flint,
A conscious gleam quick flashes.

And through her veins the eager blood
A crimson torrent rushes,
Staining her cheeks and forehead fair
With waves of burning blushes.

What is it that has thus disturbed
My lady's calm composure?
('Tis well there are no eyes to see
Her heart's complete disclosure.)

Full two squares off she spies a form,
Tall, straight, and well appointed
(It's strange how very quick to see
Are eyes with love anointed).

Soon, with all doubts and fears removed,
Amidst the crowd, vast, surging,
She sees him coming straight to her
With steps which need no urging.

And now the inconsistent maid
Ignores her sweet confession,
And sinks upon her cushioned chair
With perfect self-possession.

Picks up the old, discarded book,
And slowly turns the pages,
And reads, with thoughtful, earnest eyes,
The wisdom of the sages.

"Ah! is it you! raising at last
Those eyes of purest azure,
In which he reads a mild surprise
Instead of eager pleasure.

"I'm glad you've come," she says to him,
In accents soft and lazy,
"I've poured over this wise old book
Until my mind's grown hazy.

"I hoped that something would occur
To rouse me from inaction,
I'm sure I welcome anything
In the way of a distraction."

—*Helen Mar Bean in Boston Transcript.*

The Moral Influence of Climate.

Since the revival of naturalism, however, the tendencies of educational reform make it probable that the progress of moral philosophy will become identified with the development of a new science, thus far only outlined in a few incidental treatises on the interaction of body and mind. The possibilities of that science are suggestively indicated by the results of the statistical studies devoted to one of its branches—the moral influence of climate. Modern French scientists are nothing if not methodical, and have repeatedly called attention to the curious regularity in the geographical distribution of certain vices and virtues; intemperance, for instance, north of the forty-eighth parallel; sexual aberrations south of the forty-fifth; financial extravagance in large seaport towns; thrift in pastoral highland regions. It is, indeed, a remarkable circumstance that in the home of the best wine-grapes, in Greece and southern Spain, drunkenness is far less prevalent than in Scotland, or in Russian Poland, where Bacchus can tempt his votaries only with nauseous vodka. The idea that a low temperature begets an instinctive craving for alcoholic tonics seems disproved by the teetotalism of the Patagonian savages, who horsewhip every Spanish stimulant-monger without benefit of clergy. The Leighian mountaineers, too, observe the interdict of the Koran in the icy summit-regions of the Caucasus; but there is no doubt that the bracing influence of a cold climate affords a certain degree of immunity from the debilitating effect of the alcoholic vice, and that a Scandinavian peasant can for years survive the effects of a daily dose of alcohol that would kill an Egyptian fellah in a single month.—*Felix L. Oswald, M. D., in Popular Science Monthly.*

"Drus" occupies two columns of the *Cornubian* (Redruth) with a defence of Spiritualism, against a pulpit attack of Rev. J. Stons, who regarded Spiritualism as a lingering superstition, and its phenomena as the result of imposture or witchcraft; that it forces the barriers between the living and the dead; the Bible and Liturgy satisfy man's natural craving for spirit communion; while the sublimest secrets given through mediums are no higher than those revealed by fortune-tellers. "Drus" points out that there are two kinds of Spiritualism, and that the Bible sets no limit to the continuance of spiritual manifestations. The longing of the bereaved he shows are not satisfied with Christian teaching. Then he points out that spirits come spontaneously, quoting the verses of Wordsworth. Tennyson, Longfellow and others, as illustrative. We may add that Spiritualists are the worst enemies of the cause, when they limit their inquiry so persistently to fortune-telling "tests." We hope our enemies will let them have it hot, as there is nothing so corrective as trenchant criticism.—*Medium and Daybreak.*

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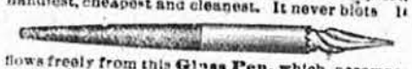
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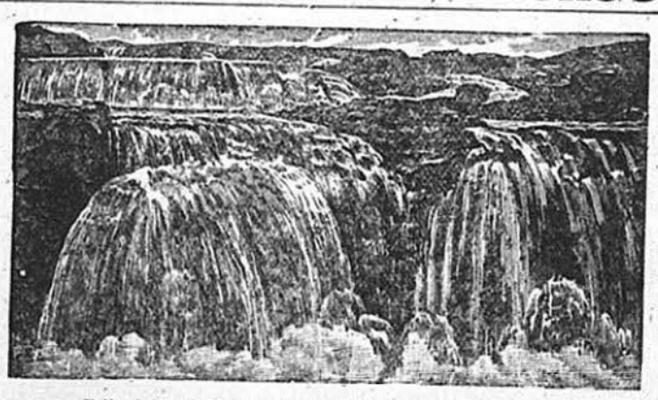
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And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break break,
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead,
Will never come back to me.

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He Fell In His Cellar and With One and the Same Fall Into the Spirit Land—What He Saw, Heard and Did While There—His Funeral Sermon as Prepared by Dolphus Skinner, D. D.—How Mr. Harter is Resurrected and Has No Use for It.

A curious incident this:—Rev. J. H. Harter died at his residence in Evens street, on Saturday, June 9. This is the first public announcement of the reverend gentleman's dissolution, and those who met him in the flesh no later than yesterday and conversed with him will probably exclaim: "What are you driving at?" Marvelous accounts have appeared in the newspapers from time to time, telling of the resurrection of people from death. The *Telegram* has Mr. Harter's own words for it that he believed he had been in the unseen world, and he was in dead earnest when he told it. The *Telegram* reporter caught on to the incident in a roundabout way, and he interviewed Mr. Harter and this is what he said:

I have been unwell for nearly two months past. I have done but little work in that time. I have, however, done what I could in our garden. On Saturday, June 9, in the forenoon of that day, I was doing some work in the cellar, under our house, the "Bower of Rest." While thus engaged I lost my balance and fell to the ground, where I lay in an unconscious state for some time. I seemed to be in spirit life. My surroundings were pleasant and my condition happy. After a while I returned again to consciousness in this life. I informed my family of my strange experience. Soon after noon of the same day, Mrs. S. A. Walters, of this city, came to our house in an excited state of mind to "see what was the matter." "She was surprised to see me alive," as a spirit had told her that I had "left the body and was in spirit life, and that she must write an address for the funeral occasion, which she did, as the spirit dictated." She brought the address which she read to us, and left it with me. Mrs. Walters claims that it was the spirit of the Rev. Dolphus Skinner, formerly of Utica, N. Y., but now in spirit life. I will state to you that Mr. Skinner was a friend of mine, and on the 31st of August, 1848, when I was ordained and set apart by the Universalist denomination in the Reformed Dutch church in Herkimer, N. Y. (my native town), he preached the sermon from the text, "Go preach the gospel to every creature." As far as able I have done so. Mr. Skinner has not forgotten me, as he has appeared to me in vision and given me advice since his entrance into spirit life. I do not know to what extent he may have influenced Mrs. Walters in the preparation of the address, but I give it to you as it came to me.

This is the sermon alleged to have been prepared by the spirit of Dolphus Skinner, D. D., to be delivered at Mr. Harter's funeral:

Friends, we have met here this afternoon to mingle our feelings of sympathy with the loved companion and family of our brother whose lifeless form is yet before us. To recall, also, some of the noble qualities that he possessed, and to not only pay tribute to his memory, after so recent a departure, but to take a retrospective view of his life in earth's surroundings, as we, as neighbors, have found him, now that nature has fulfilled her purpose in a material sense.

We stand on the border of the two worlds—the one in which our brother once lived and the one to which he has been removed. How well we all remember his deep sense of duty to those whom he loved, and to those who loved him. In stature he did not stand above his fellow man, but in soul we feel that he soared far beyond the undue censure which he was often known to meet. His hand was never known to be withheld, neither was his voice, where his quick impulse for right inspired. He has been found to keep the golden rule, doing to others as he would have them do unto him. His bread has never been withheld. "Such as I have, give I unto thee," has been his living motto, as many of us now present fully know. His voice has always been raised up in behalf of the downtrodden and oppressed.

The victim of that fell destroyer, rum, has had his ready counsel and helping hand regardless of standing or race. He has showered his blessings on unfortunates that came to his home, or found themselves overcome on the streets. The criticisms that have grated upon the finer sensibilities of his soul that could not be measured by the confines of his body, have often made him sad. This we know through personal knowledge. No regret of ours can remove these sad days through which his spirit has been called to pass.....

His lack of worldly goods was a great annoyance to him, not for a lack of his own personal enjoyment, but more especially for those who looked to him for protection in worldly wants. No member of the legal profession will be called to read the long documents of the inheritance left to his heirs; their minds and memory alone can scan that scroll. It is sacred from contamination with material things. We leave them alone with their possessions of which the world cannot rob them.

We seem to stand in spirit, with the one which has been released, and we see his being thrill with emotions of joy at his possessions in that home to which he has gone. Ever at variance in this world of dollars and cents, now he finds himself heir to millions in spiritual riches. The volume in which it is written is being perused by him and by those who wisely and lovingly cared for his frail barque while in earth-life.

The living fountains, in broken hearts, which his words of cheer have caused to flow,—the hidden springs that gush from the hillside of life, for many sore hearts, which he in kindness healed and sent on their way rejoicing, are living monuments, testifying to his philanthropy, sympathy and love in behalf of the sorrowing and the unfortunates.

Friends, our words are of little moment to him. He has gone—gone the way of all human kind.

We have met this beautiful afternoon to exchange our sympathies. We may never thus meet again. Our next greeting may perchance be in that other abode to which our friend and brother has been removed by the grand unlinking of nature. Let us profit by our retrospective lesson this afternoon. Let us partake of the same spirit. Let us be baptized afresh, that out of the fulness of our nature may spring some buds that may bloom—some that may yield good fruit—some that may do for the winter of earth-life—some that may do for the spring of that eternal life to which he of whom we speak has departed.

May this link, which seems apparently broken, help us to commune more perfectly with God and our own souls. May the transition of our brother not only bring him into possession of his good works, which have already gone out in the name of God and humanity, but may they help us to run the good race with a better grace for the good of all. Let us, like him, be true and courageous. There is no retreat.

The balconies of the universe are filled with smiling faces of those who have lived a good life, and "fought the good fight." Our co-worker and brother has joined that innumerable throng.

Now may you work, though ofttimes weary, though ofttimes misunderstood, yet you shall join that numberless multitude, scattering blessings on other aching hearts, working out the great problem of life in their earth-sphere.

To those who must see the empty chair we commend his teachings for their comfort and consolation in their lonely hours, and although his material body can no more be seated in the family circle, yet we trust that they will give it a spiritual recognition.

Adieu, cold clay.
The spirit found a better way;
Out of its night
Has come a bright and golden day.

DOLPHUS SKINNER.

AUBURN, N. Y., June 9, 1888.

Probably Mr. Harter is the first person in Auburn that has had the "pleasure" of seeing his own obituary, but the reading of it did not appear to obstruct his equanimity in the least. He rather enjoyed the idea that he had deceived the spirit of his old friend Dolphus Skinner. The strangest feature of the whole affair was Mrs. Walter's knowledge of the scene in the cellar when Mr. Harter fully believed that he was dead for a time. Mrs. Walters lives on the corner of Genesee and Williams, a mile from Mr. Harter's residence. She is a spiritual medium of local celebrity. Her educational advantages have been limited, and those who know her believe her unable to compose a sermon like the above without aid from some one. "Yes," said Mr. Harter, "I was dead and six feet under the ground (in my cellar) and resurrected."—*Auburn, N. Y., correspondence of the Elmira Telegram.*

WAS SHERIDAN DEAD?

Dr. O'Reillys's Desperate and Finally Successful Efforts to Reanimate the Seeming Corpse.

The country never has known how very near at one moment Gen. Sheridan was to death. From the account given we learn that there was a space of five minutes on the afternoon of Thursday, June 7, when science itself could not have told that Gen. Sheridan was not dead. No test of death known to medical science was absent, save only that life did, in fact, come back to the sufferer. The official bulletins and press dispatches of the day gave only hints of what really happened. The improvement in the General's condition during the forty-eight hours before 1 o'clock on that Thursday morning had been most encouraging.

After 6 o'clock on Thursday morning it became apparent that the General had not passed a comfortable night. The windows of the sick-room had been closed during the night and heavily draped with curtains. The patient body of reporters outside learned that the most serious complications had occurred. It was only given out to them that all efforts to ward off the threatened attack of heart failure had been unsuccessful, and that for two hours the pulsations were hardly perceptible to a hand laid upon the region of the heart. A fresh retort of oxygen had been procured and freely administered. Brandy was also given in small quantities at short intervals. Dry mustard was rubbed upon the body and strychnia in an increased dose was given. The sick man's face was flushed a dark red, flecked with white patches, and his limbs were swollen and feverish. It was learned that at one time he had become entirely unconscious, and for more than an hour afterward lay tossing about his bed, frequently crying aloud as if in great pain.

Much else had happened in that interval which the physicians did not think best to communicate to the public; but now that there is such a hopeful prospect of Gen. Sheridan's recovery the facts may be stated with propriety. During that afternoon there had been another of the alarming hemorrhages of the stomach, and this was followed by a hemorrhage of the bowels, which so exhausted the patient that he passed into unconsciousness. During this period was the supreme moment, when physicians, wife, brother, and friends all believed the brave soldier's struggles were at last ended; that death had indeed come, as a perhaps happy release. There was absolutely no pulse nor respiration. The firm jaw had dropped, the eyes had opened and were glazed. The nose was pinched with that awful pressure which seemingly can only come from death's cold fingers. There was even that subtle odor which follows so fast upon the final passage of the spirit and tells that mortality has claimed its due of the body from which what is immortal in it has escaped.

Mrs. Sheridan had been holding his hand, which had grown colder and colder. Col. Sheridan now released it from her clasp. Father Chappelle had administered the last rites of the church. He stood by the bedside, and his experienced eye, familiar with death in all its forms, noted the sure signs of dissolution. At last he turned away with the sign of the cross over the placid forehead, and went down to the ante-room, where Cols. Kellogg and Blount and Gen. McFeely were awaiting. Holding up his hand, he said "All is over."

A message was sent to Mrs. Michael Sheridan, at the house of the General's brother, near by. Meanwhile the watchers by the bedside were preparing to arrange the body in death, except that Dr. O'Reilly, hoping against hope, was still applying every device that science, and even desperate chance could suggest. He had opened the night-gown, and applying his ear to the heart, could detect no flutter of pulsation. He had noted all marks of death, but persevered. Mrs. Sheridan was kneeling in prayer for the departed soul, when the grave and white-haired physician seized a galvanic battery. One electrode he placed at the base of the General's neck, the other upon the inner side of the left thigh. The current generated, he has since said, was sufficient to have instantly killed a man in stalwart health. There was yet no sign of life. The physicians then resorted to hypodermic injections of brandy. Minutes passed slowly, and five were counted. The watchful ear was again at the heart. There was a feeble beat, then a hardly perceptible inspiration. Then the eyes opened and Mrs. Sheridan arose from her knees and bent over her husband. There was complete intelligence in the look he gave her, and it seemed as if the miracle of 1800 years before had been repeated and the dead had come back to life. Perhaps it had been. Science, still uncertain of its capabilities and possibilities, does not yet venture to say whether it was or was not.—*Chicago Globe.*

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Spiritual Evolution the Means to the End.

W. E. HUTCHINSON.

Beginning with our knowledge of the history of the conquests of the human mind over the matter of the world, we are presented with a view of a steady acquisition of spiritual power by men, that is all the more wonderful when closely observed. The process to a closely observing mind possessing the power of synthetical and analytical reasoning, appears to have been a marvellous one of spiritual materialization of occult forces going on each day of existence. The development of a science, or a branch of a science, through the wants of a people, and which is cultivated by the expanding wants of that people, is in all strictness a materialization; and the disuse, or loss of such science through any cause, as has frequently been the case in the history of mankind, is a dematerialization purely. Thus the tempering of edged tools of copper; the working of glass for uses not now known; and the methods of construction and purposes of the pyramids, are lost arts, because not needed, and the medium, necessity, being wanting, the dematerialization has taken place in these instances. So have the disuse of various tools, vehicles and methods of society become dematerializations, as on the other hand the newer articles which have taken the places of those that are superseded, are newer materializations of matter through the power of spirit or mind, or matter in its finer essence, controlling itself in its rougher or more ponderable state.

At the introduction of every species of organic nature, from the very beginning of creation, there was, I shall assume, a real materialization; and I shall further assume, that because of a preceding materialization the succeeding one was not alone necessary, but all the more powerful in every attribute because of its character as a successor to something gone before. The beginning, therefore, may be likened to a pattern upon which each pattern succeeding has improved.

A wind-brake of bark, grass or stone is a beginning in architecture; a roof to turn the falling elements is an evolution of mind manifesting itself in matter for satisfaction of a want. A partition in the structure comes afterwards, and suggests other ideas and uses. Thus is inaugurated the long and endless process of amplification and materialization, or the conquest of mind over matter. At every stage of the process thus involved contingent and exegetical questions of relationship arise and add to or modify the main or leading principle. Briefly, from the bark hut of the savage to the useful and esthetical Saint Peter's, or the capitol at Washington, there are many materializations or evolutions, and quite as many dematerializations.

The arts of painting and sculpture lead up to the climax of what is called the "Old Masters." Productions of theirs was a common and growing want; but in the shape of a production by an old master the object of want was not in reach of the multitude; yet there has been a supplement to this want in the shape of materialized facilities for the inexpensive productions of copies of the old masters. The wall paper, carpets and frescoing attached to tens of thousands of homes, are so many materializations from old masters. We wanted very much a better supplement to the light of the sun to facilitate the ends of society, and we got the earthen lamp of the ancients; the tallow and wax candle, the kerosene oil lamp, and lastly the electric light. The same has held good in the direction of all of the different wants of man.

It appears that want is a relative condition, and the means of supplying the want, while apparently limitless, is only controlled by the power of those needing the materialization in the direction of some great and necessary preceding step in human progress. A social messenger on foot wanted to make great speed, so he tamed and rode a horse having greater power than himself; the same kind of messenger on horse-back wanted to expedite messages and cover a greater distance, so he materialized signaling and post-routes with relays. He next makes use of boats propelled by hand and wind-power. Then comes land carriages and the application of steam as a motor by land and water, with the necessity for electricity as a rapid means of communication to facilitate the process of steam.

Wherever a human want in any direction has been manifested, it has been supplied by the bounteous hand of Nature in the degree that the want was common to a greater or lesser number of people. Spiritually speaking want is apparently a mediumistic condition through which its supply is capable of being materialized in the degree that it will lead up to higher conditions. It appears that such conditions are relative, and that the greater will neutralize or absorb the lesser. In this way methods, civilizations and nations have been partially or wholly dematerialized and rematerialized. Certain leading principles, however, appear to be endowed with stability, around which all others gather temporarily according to fitness for existence.

I take it that the foregoing dry and practicable argument, which is so well sustained by general knowledge, is amply capable of Spiritualistic construction to the extent indulged here; and that as an argument it is one of the best tangible proofs of the spiritual, individual and indestructible existence of the human soul as fashioned in the earthly man, that we have. Mankind has long since wanted life eternal with an earnestness far less in degree than he ever probably wanted a change of means and environment on earth. We have seen the latter want supplied, and have a right to expect that the former had been given, too, to say the least.

The Sunday Labor Question in Europe.

The workingman's weekly holiday is becoming a matter of national interest in Europe. The French Chamber of Deputies has passed a factory bill which compels employers to give their laborers one day at least in each week to themselves. Sunday was not specified in the bill to avoid any criticism of clerical legislation which might be made, but it is obvious, if the bill becomes a law, that Sunday will be the day selected for the workingman's holiday.

The first legislation in Germany bearing upon Sunday labor was contained in resolutions passed by the German Parliament in 1886, which provided, among other reforms, that from and after the 1st of April, 1890, it shall not be permitted to employ females Sundays or holidays or during the night from 8:30 P. M. to 5:30 A. M. This resolution seems to have been the entering wedge for further legislation. The Conservative party in the German Parliament at once began agitating to protect working people from labor Sundays, and with such success that the Government instituted official inquiry as to its practicability. Reports were received from 500,156 industrial establishments, employing 1,582,591 persons. A United States Consular report recently made to the Secretary of State gives full details of the inquiry, and shows that in the establishments employing machinery Sunday work is common with 49.4 per cent. of them for 28.9 per cent. of their workmen. In the establishments where handwork is done it is usual with 47.1 per cent. of them for 41.8 per cent. of their workmen, while in trade and commerce 67.8 per cent of the houses work Sundays, keeping 57 per cent. of their employés busy. In round numbers, over one half of these establishments are open Sundays and fully one-half of their workmen are employed and have not a full holiday. Though many are kept open all day, a considerable number run only part of the day; but in the end the result is that a large number of the German people get no rest from toil Sundays.

As the result of this inquiry a bill is now pending in the Reichstag which provides that manufacturers shall not compel their laborers to work Sundays and holidays. It applies to factories, workshops, and the building trades. In the case of shops the owners cannot work their employés longer than five hours these days. Where work does not admit of stoppage every workman must have every other Sunday from 6 A. M. to 6 P. M. for his own pleasure. In urgent cases also the local police authorities can allow Sunday and holiday labor.

The basis assigned for this legislation is the rapidly growing conviction that rest on Sunday from hard labor is essential to the preservation of the health of workingmen, and that, leaving out of the discussion the religious aspects of the question, the employer obtains better and more remunerative labor during the rest of the week from his employés when they have had a holiday. In our own country the religious argument is all-powerful, but the material advantage gained is none the less universally recognized, and to such an extent that the additional Saturday half-holiday during the hot months has been adopted quite generally in the cities. The action taken in France and Germany goes to show that the general impression heretofore existing of the holiday advantages enjoyed by foreign workingmen is incorrect, and that in this respect, as in every other, workingmen in this country are much better off than their foreign brethren. —*Chicago Tribune.*

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

HEAVEN REVISED.

AND A VOICE SAID UNTO ME, "WRITE."

"It Shall be Given You in That Same Hour What Ye Shall Speak."

MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

CHAPTER IV.

BUT ARE AS THE ANGELS.

The first result growing out of the experiences I have just narrated, next to that self-knowledge which I began to acquire through their means, was a knowledge of others. My eyes were opened so that when I met certain spirits, I seemed to enter intuitively into their thoughts and feelings; and I found, moreover, that, as my life-record was placed before the Spirit-world that all might read, so when the desire came to me from good motives to read a like record of other's lives, the desire was readily gratified. But I also found that when the desire was tinged with any feelings of selfishness or uncharity, a cloud seemed to overspread the record so that I could not perceive it clearly. By this means I quickly found those spirits most congenial to me, and ascertained my own place in the Spirit-world—my own "sphere," as I had been wont to think of it. And here again another thing took me by surprise. Though all classes of spirits, both good and bad, do not meet and mingle here as on earth, still there is no strong outward demarcation between the different spheres or grades. Spirits of different approximating grades meet and in outward appearance associate together; but each one recognizes by that inner consciousness, that fine intuition of the spirit, which is bestowed in a slight degree as a rare gift upon some favored mortals, those who are their true companions and friends; and thus to the spirit vision spirits of different spheres are as plainly and distinctly separated as though each were walled in into a separate heaven. No; I am wrong. A strong chain of sympathy binds all together, causing the lower spirits who have begun to progress at all, to turn their regards and their aspirations towards those above them; while the latter always respond, in accordance with a law within their being, to which they could not be false without themselves descending from their high positions. Thus, while wisdom and justice and truth are the centrifugal forces of the spiritual universe, dividing and separating, love and charity and sympathy are the centripetal forces, binding all together.

I had found my sphere in the association of those spirits whose degree of development most nearly approximated mine, and whose society was therefore congenial. I had found my home, which was, as best I could express it, an outward manifestation of my own character furnished and decorated with the fabrics I had woven, the articles I had constructed, and the pictures I had painted, by my thoughts and deeds, while yet in the earth life. It was, as it were, an objective self, and I soon came to love it as we must always love that which is part of ourselves. I had yet to learn what my work should be in the Spirit-world. But I was beginning to grow wiser, and so I curbed my impatience, waiting until that work should develop itself to my comprehension, as I felt the assurance it would do in the fullness of time. Moreover I dreaded by precipitate desires to subject myself to another ordeal. Margaret brought to me one day a woman who was newer to the experiences of the new life than even I. "Love her," she said; "she needs all your love and tenderness."

A rare bond of sympathy seemed to bind us together even from the beginning, and all unconsciously to myself I began my work by giving a helping hand to this sorrowing, earth-tried sister. I did not know it then, but I see it now, how we were each mutually helpful to the other. I in imparting strength to a spirit that as yet had little of its own; she in strengthening me in making a demand for that strength.

I asked her no questions of her past; I thought when she felt like confiding in me she would do so. I would have been content to remain ignorant until she chose to enlighten me, but Margaret thought best it should be otherwise. She told me how this woman had in earth-life been bound by human laws to a man who early in her married days had forfeited her respect, and as a matter of course her love also. But she bore her burden of sorrow to the end, outwardly patient and uncomplaining, and performing for duty's sake, with a heavy heart, those duties which would have been a rare delight if love had been the actuating motive. The end came at last. As she looked for the last time upon the coffined form of her husband, though she wept tears of pity for both, because of the happiness they had missed, she said to herself, "It is better thus."

I saw from the first that a shadow hung over her, she seemed expectant yet fearful of something. When I knew her history, I understood what it was. She was thinking of her husband, and wondering why he had not come to claim her as his wife. Margaret read this feeling clearly, and so after a time she said to her:

"Your mind is not wholly at rest. There is some matter wherein you are not quite satisfied."

"I had hoped—I had feared," she began, and then hesitated. She could not at once clearly define her own feelings.

"Yes, you have both hoped and feared, and when the fear is entirely subdued, and only the hope and the wish remain, then they will be realized."

The woman looked up inquiringly. "You are thinking of the man who was once your husband," Margaret continued, in answer to the look. "When you are ready to go to him, not with a revived earthly love, but in a spirit of heavenly love, which is ready to forgive and to aid, then you will see the man whom you now fear. He will not come to you, but you will go to him; and when you come to know him as he really is, and comprehend the causes which conspired to make him what he was and is, your soul will be filled with pity which will make it forgetful of self, and with thought only for him. Then you will stretch out your hands to him and become his savior, and he, with the love he really bears you, still strong in his heart, will follow your guidance whithersoever you choose to lead. This is part of your future work—not all of it. But not yet, not yet. You are not yet ready for it.

"Have no fears," added Margaret reassuringly; "there are no fetters here to bind the soul. The bonds to which we submit are only those of mutual affection and mutual adaptation. An earthly law bound you together, but you are free here, for death is the great divorcer."

"Are there, then, no husbands and wives—no marriages, in this world?" I asked earnestly.

"In heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels," was the reply given with a bright smile. "But I see you entirely misapprehend my answer. Let me explain. Here among us there are no marriage bonds which bind the soul to the corpse of a dead affection, but there is love fuller and more perfect than the earth knows anything about. You are still tinged with the earthly ideas, and the whole teaching of earth is to degrade sexual affection, and sink it to the lowest depths. Men and women who hesitate to take in vain the name of a purely imaginary deity, will not scruple every day of their lives to profane by light word or unhallowed deed the most sacred part of their natures. Truly, perverted love is a terrible demon. It is the embodiment and personification of selfishness. It tears, it defiles, it destroys, and it exults in its destruction. It sends more victims to the lower spheres than any other single cause. You must look there in these spheres of lost spirits, if you would know to what depths a man and a woman will sink who blaspheme against the holy spirit of love which should find a pure temple in every heart. But search out the possibilities of your own soul, and then tell me if love—real love—is the impure impulse, the degrading impulse, the subject for jest, which it is so almost universally regarded. Is not pure love the very essence of unselfishness? Does it not ennoble the soul and purify the heart? Does it not arouse higher impulses and bring the dawn of a spiritual vision to which one can never attain without it? Is there any earthly happiness which brings mortals nearer heaven than this sentiment of the soul, which by even good people is underrated and despised, and which by the ignorant and evil is turned into a curse? I tell you a man and a woman who truly love one another on earth, are already in heaven, and when you open the door of the Spirit-world to admit them, would you shut it in the face of their love? No; let it enter in all its fullness, and glorify their lives here as there."

"But —"

"Yes; I mean all. Do not the flowers bloom, and bloom immortally here? Every opening blossom is a manifestation of love—a sexual union. Would you deny immortality to the flower of life—to that which, even as we find it, good, bad and indifferent, is, after all, all that makes life tolerable? It is at the source of all action. It is, when unperverted, the deepest and purest impulse of every heart. It is the constant theme of your novelists, the perpetual inspiration of your poets. It has incited to the grandest and most heroic deeds, and the noblest self-sacrifice. There is no other emotion which has such power over the human heart, and which has so controlled the destiny of nations and of mankind in general. Yes, I know you have been used to a cant about spiritual love, which you have not yet forgotten, even with your present experience in the Spirit-world. You have entertained a dim, shadowy idea that spirits stand stationary like spiritual suns sending out beams of love, thus envelope one another. Or if that is not your precise idea, it is something quite as spiritual and illusive. But you did not leave your heart behind you with your earthly body. You have the capacity for loving intensified; and not only that, but have arms with which to embrace. Would you have been satisfied if, when you first beheld your long lost children, you had stood at a distance and regarded them with your imaginary spiritual affection? No; you instinctively stretched out your arms to them, and took them to your heart, and your kisses were on their lips, their brows, their cheeks. Is the conjugal affection less than the maternal? No; my children; we shall all some day, if we may not now, clasp to our hearts, some one whom we love, and who will love us with equal ardor in return. But not until we have entirely divested ourselves of the degrading earthly ideas concerning the purest, most sacred, most spiritual sentiment of the human heart?"

"But I thought you said there were no marriages here," we both remarked.

"Nor are there. There are no mismated couples; no degrading selfishness on one side, no misery and unrecognized self sacrifice on the other. They are as the angels. Earthly bonds are only perpetuated as the heart has sanctioned them. But love is the atmosphere of this life. You have not come to the arctic regions, but to the region where love is a pervading influence, warming all hearts. No spirit can find its most perfect development who misses from his life the experience which love can give him. If he has lived a loveless life on earth, the possibility is still reserved for him here. The certainty will come to him in the future. His bearings cannot be perfected without it."

"Is it possible," the new-comer asked, "that I shall come some day to feel this love for my husband?"

"For him who was once your husband," Margaret corrected. "No; there is no bond of spiritual attraction between you. You know that now. He will come to recognize it sooner or later, and though his heart is still turning to you, the time will come when he will find a more perfect happiness than he yet dreams of in the companionship of another."

"Take me to him," cried our companion.

"Not yet; you are not prepared. But you shall have the first lesson in that preparation and you shall come with us," added Margaret, turning to me; "for I see your mind is full of questioning."

My companion turned toward me with a sweet smile, her eyes being filled with tears, and drawing my arm within her own, we followed Margaret, who led the way to a temple which I had often noticed and wished to enter, but had restrained my impatience. Within we found, not a shrine, nor an altar of any kind, but innumerable volumes arranged on shelves which extended from floor to ceiling.

"Do they then have public libraries here?" I asked wonderingly.

"You mistake; this is a library of record, wherein all may read, whenever they choose, that which pertains to the lives of themselves and others. Here are the true biographies of earth, not the false, superficial affairs which pass under that name in the life from which you have come."

She opened a volume and bade us read. I read a story which filled me with wonder. It was of a man whose nature was perverted by inherited traits of an ignorant and depraved ancestry. With generous impulses, there was also an inherent weakness of character which caused him to be readily influenced and swayed for either good or evil. Added to these, were the conditions of the sensitive or medium, which, though the weaker already spoken of, made him the easy and unresisting victim of evil spirits who, finding the air of even the lower heavens to which they had passed too ethereal for them, and missing those gratifications of sense which were their only conceptions of happiness, continually sought the earth-life, and manifested their evil natures in evil ways.

When we had finished reading the record, I seemed to see in my companion's heart the depth of pity which opened down for the man thus doomed even before his birth to such an inheritance of misfortune and misery! All the hardness which for years she has entertained melted away, and she sat down and wept. Yes, we sometimes weep in the Spirit-world, for we have taken with us our emotional natures, and are not yet beyond sorrow.

"Take me to him! Take me to him!" she cried. She seemed to feel that every delaying moment was a reproach until she should stand face to face with him.

As Margaret silently led us away from the temple I turned to leave my two companions, for I felt that in the coming interview, at least, I ought not to intrude. But Margaret beckoned me back, and the woman clasped my hand with a firmer pressure. We followed a path which I had not before trodden. After a time Margaret spoke.

"My child, do not reproach yourself unjustly. You performed your part nobly, and did your duty well. Your self-sacrifice was more than ought to have been required of you. If you failed in a true appreciation of the difficulties which beset his path, it was because you had no knowledge of nor means of understanding them. Blame not yourself, but rather the unjust human law and popular sentiment which refuse to allow those to separate whom God hath not joined together."

We had passed out into a barren plain, and the path was rough and stony. The sky, too, which hitherto had beamed with more than earthly light, seemed to become gradually overcast, until finally, as compared with the light we had left behind us, there was scarcely more than twilight. Looking backward, the light of the region we had left shone like an aurora borealis upon the horizon.

"Shall we go back?" Margaret asked.

"Oh, no, no!" the woman responded with fresh eagerness, and we quickened our steps.

At last we espied in the gloom a figure sitting lonely among the rocks. The woman started and then stood still for an instant. She had recognized the figure.

"Oh, I pity him, so deeply!" she exclaimed, "but there is not one throb of love for him in my heart."

The man seemed to feel our approach, for he turned and looked eagerly in our direction, as if expecting some one. Evidently his expectations were at last realized, for as he saw us he sprang up with a look of joy.

"You have come at last!" he exclaimed. "I have been waiting for you day by day ever since I heard you had entered spirit-life; waiting in this solitude until I thought I should go mad. And yet you never came! You saw every one else, of course, before you thought of me!"

I recognized in his fretful and jealous complaining what must have been the earthly character of the man. The memories it awakened seemed almost more than the woman could bear. But she withheld all answer. He continued:

"You will at least stay with me now you have come?"

"No," replied Margaret; "her home is not here."

He stretched out his arms as if to embrace her, but she only took his hand and pressed it with what warmth she could.

"The same cold-hearted, cruel woman you were on earth!" he exclaimed with bitterness.

The old repellent feelings seemed to be struggling to come back in the breast of my friend. I whispered to her:

"Remember the record. It is not himself who is speaking, but through him generations of undisciplined, selfish and wayward ancestors, and hordes of evil spirits who by their frequent influence and control have perverted what little of good there was left in his nature."

She smiled sorrowfully as she pressed my hand, and then went and sat down beside him; and spoke kindly to him, trying to arouse the better feelings of his heart, not by reproof or moralizing, but by bringing happier emotions uppermost. Margaret and I turned to one side and left them alone.

Presently I felt a strange oppression in my breast, and my head began to swim as if with vertigo.

"We must remain here no longer," said Margaret; "this air is poison."

She called to our companion, who immediately arose and came back to us.

"You will take me with you?" the man asked entreatingly. "I have looked forward to this meeting all these years. You surely will not drive me away now."

He entreated so pitifully, that his wife seemed to know not what to say. She looked inquiringly to Margaret.

"Let him come, if he wishes," she responded, much to my surprise.

So with a cheerfulness he had not yet manifested he walked beside us, forgetting his past grievances in a flow of jubilantly-happy conversation.

As we returned, the sky gradually grew brighter, and the air purer, until we had nearly reached our starting point. The man had hesitated more than once on the route, apparently stumbling oftener as the obstacles in the path decreased.

"I can go no further," he said at last. "We must stop here. I cannot breathe, and the light almost blinds me. We must retrace our steps a little way, for this climate is certainly not a healthy one."

"Your wife's home is further on," said Margeret.

"Her home should be where her husband is," he returned with his own querulousness.

Then Margaret turned to him, and with a severity which she had not beforemanifested she said:

"You are no longer on earth. This woman is no longer your wife, but free to come and go as she chooses. Her home is waiting for her, a home which you yourself realize you cannot enter. Shame upon you, who with your selfishness still unchecked or unchanged, are not content with having blasted her mortal existence and filled it with sorrow; but now must seek to drag her into the semi-darkness where you find your congenial home. You may come to her when you are fitted, but she cannot go to you, except as an occasional visitor."

The man drooped in dejection. The blow seemed almost too great for him, and yet he bore it, and at last turned to her with an uncharacteristic gentleness.

"Forgive me," said he, "I will not curse you now as I have done in the past. I will not even seek to do so. I will not again ask you to come to me until I find myself more worthy. I did not realize my unworthiness until now. Promise me when that time comes——"

Margaret interrupted: "She can make you no promises, and you must seek to exact none. But I will make this promise in her stead, that when you become truly worthy of the love of a good woman, the desire of your heart, whatever it may then be, shall be gratified."

He slowly retraced his steps, and we turned and went on our way. Looking back, the last glimpse we obtained of him, he was standing with face turned towards us, and with outstretched arms, as if silently entreating us.

The interview was altogether a sad one, and yet not wholly unsatisfactory. My friend's work had begun, and she felt that some little had been accomplished. What a prolonged task it promised to be. However, here we are not limited by time, but have all eternity in which to work.

After Margaret had left us, my friend embraced me silently, and then took her departure. I sat down to think it all over, and presently became lost in revery; and when at length I aroused myself from it I found myself repeating: "But are as the angels! But are as the angels!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOTES FROM ONSET.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Since my last notes from Onset to the JOURNAL, it has been a very busy time here; the people have been arriving in numbers far exceeding previous seasons, until the hotels and cottages are well filled, so much so that our streets have the appearance of a day in the midst of our regular camp meeting. Saturday, the 14th, every train from the west was laden with visitors seeking a cooler home beside the waters of the Atlantic, Onset receiving her full share. The Southern and Western States were well represented. Every season demonstrates the fact that the people from the Western and Middle States are learning more and more of the beneficial results of recuperation at the sea shore. The people on the coast also find much benefit in the mountain air of Nothern New Hampshire and Vermont. The drinking water at Onset is unsurpassed—cold, pure, and clear as crystal, and admired by all.

The Association has made extensive arrangements this season to entertain the people that may visit Onset, seeking either mental or physical health.

The social gatherings during the past two weeks have been frequent and very much enjoyed; among them was a reception given Mrs. S. R. Stevens, at the cottage of Mrs. D. E. Putnam, on Pleasant avenue, which was made doubly interesting with a sum of money that spoke more than beautiful words, in this day of unpaid true mediumship. Among the many friends who were present to offer words of cheer, was Mr. John Lamont, of Liverpool, England. The evening was very pleasantly enjoyed.

Saturday evening, the 14th, was fruitful for birthday parties. Mrs. W. W. Currier received her friends on the occasion of her sixty-first birthday. Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Griffith also received their friends in commemoration of their youngest son, who is in spirit-life. Both parties were well attended, and the remarks were well calculated to do good.

Mediums for spirit communion are here and ready to do the good work as messengers between the two worlds, but I fear they will starve for want of sitters, as the average investigators only wants to see the marvelous which will be furnished in abundance, by the dozen or more frand mills that are here and ready for work, having been thoroughly advertised by thorough exposures during the past winter and spring, and bolstered up by the so-called spiritual press and its contributors.

Sunday, the 15th, opened clear and bright with enough already here to make a good audience for any of our best speakers. The trains came loaded with seekers after truth. The concert at the grand stand, Carter's full band, quieted the people with fine music. Everything indicated a successful and pleasant opening of our 12th annual camp-meeting. 10:30 A. M. arrived, and President Wm. D. Crockett called the vast assemblage to order, and in a short but appropriate speech, gave all a hearty welcome.

After singing by the audience he introduced one of our resident speakers, at Onset, Mrs. M. S. Woods, who naturally feeling the open insult that had been forced upon the good people of Onset by the selectmen of the town of Wareham by licensing the sale of intoxicating liquors at Onset (which is positively prohibited by the deeds of the Association to all the lot owners), spent the full hour of her lecture in an exhaustive argument against the abominable curse of rum, which was timely and to the point.

Continued on Fifth Page.

A SEA OF WHEAT.

[Translated from Constancia, Buenos Ayres for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.)

On the 24th of December, 1887, a lamentable accident took place in Barcelona, Spain, which the papers of the following day reported as follows:

THE DOUBLE MISFORTUNE OF YESTERDAY.

"It happened yesterday at half past 3 o'clock in the afternoon, at the wharf of Barcelona.

"A family from the Province of Aragon, composed of the mother (a widow), a married daughter and a son well in his teens, who was just convalescent from a serious malady, were, at the hour above stated, together upon the wharf, the first two seated upon the steps of a stairway and the latter standing beside them, enjoying the benefit of the sunshine which tempered the cold that was then reigning, and each one of them, without any doubt, very far from anticipating the disaster that was about to overwhelm them.

"At the before mentioned wharf men were busy, it appears, at the dangerous operation of piling up wheat that was being discharged from a vessel lying at anchor in our harbor, and either because of the weakening of one side of the wall composed, as is customary, of sacks of wheat to hold the loose grain in place, or because the weight of the wheat broke away the barriers of canvas that covered it, the case is that the mountain of wheat rushed precipitately in the direction of the stairway where the family were resting and in an instant the two women were buried by the avalanche. The son who by instinct of preservation had leaped aside on seeing the grain coming, immediately hurried to the assistance of the others; and when he was about to stretch out his hands to his sister who had caught him by one of his legs, a filled sack that fell from the wharf struck him in the breast with great force, throwing him to the ground at some distance away.

"At the cry of those present who witnessed the accident, a force of men hastened to the spot with shovels to uncover the victims, and were assisted in the task by many other persons; but although all labored with celerity and briskness it was sometime before the bodies of the two unfortunate women were discovered, and life was already found to be extinct. They had died from asphyxia; their open mouths were full of wheat that had made its way there as they struggled for breath.

"As may well be supposed, the young man on seeing the lifeless remains of his idolized mother and sister with whom a few minutes before he was in happy conversation, and without the slightest presentiment that such a terrible fate could occur to them, was wild with grief.

"A circumstance: On shovelling away the wheat from the place of the disaster, a dog belonging to the unfortunate family was found alive, standing close to the wall where he had taken shelter.

"A workman who was contemplating the horrible catastrophe was heard to say in energetic language, "What a contrast! While a large number of laboring people are dying of hunger for want of employment, these two unfortunate women are smothered in a sea of wheat!"

II.

When we read the foregoing account we were profoundly impressed, as was quite natural, and lamented the death of those two poor women; but still more were we impressed by the words of the laborer, which for us served as a hint to ask of the spirit who guides our work whether these words of the laborer did not contain the compendium of a history of horrors, and our invisible friend spoke to us as follows:

III.

"You have on your planet an adage or refrain that says, The voice of the people is the voice of God! and never was a simple mind better inspired than that one of the sons of toil as he stood contemplating the women who were smothered in a sea of wheat.

"Learn, then, such violent deaths are always in obedience to the fulfilment of an unavoidable law, the rendering unto each one according to his deeds. Great, very great, are the sins committed by the individual that must die by violence without having time to prepare his mind for that supreme moment in which he has to part from beloved friends and break those human ties that undoubtedly constitute the all of his earthly existence; and although the act of dying, philosophically considered; is only the laying aside of a garment more or less worn out, leaving to the spirit its spiritual body, and with this all the sensations of the true life (for he who quits the earth loses neither his memory, will, nor understanding), yet nevertheless it is none the less sad and painful for him to leave behind the domestic hearth where a few chapters, more or less interesting, of the eternal history of his spirit, have been written. And if it is sorrowful to take leave of those places where one has lived and loved; very much more violent is it to see one's self suddenly separated from dear ones without having been able to make these last requests, those sacred charges at the last moment, which even the most humble people respect and carry out as a divine mandate.

"Why is it, think you, that the countenances of old people acquire that very sweet serenity of expression, so that we even say 'the old folks are becoming children again?' It is because the spirit is satisfiedly content with having remained on the earth a time sufficiently long to acquire the knowledge it needs, and at the same time to square up the accounts it proposed to settle. An aged man may say, 'How the years weigh me down!' but if that same spirit could speak to you while its body is in repose, perhaps it would say quite to the contrary; closely allied to an ailing and sickly body it thinks very differently from what it does when freed from an organism whose imperative and multiplied necessities weary and fatigue the spirit.

"An existence is a voyage which the soul undertakes for its growth in perfection, and just as your earthly explorers are happy and even proud when they complete a journey around the world and penetrate into regions unexplored, so the spirit is satisfied with its work when it contemplates from above its no longer serviceable body, saying, 'Poor body of mine! return to dust in peace; how well thy muscles of steel, thy red blood, the phosphoric substance of thy brain, did serve me! Thou wast my charger that ever saved me from imminent peril! Thou art nothing now! Thou art separating into atoms, and in each one of them still palpitates the sensation which my will imparted to them.'

"Each existence is for the spirit a most interesting chapter of its history. Alas for that one who is obliged to part with its covering at a time when it is most attached to earthly life, who despises itself when reason becomes disordered, when it does not find in the body all the organs that it needs for its manifestation; and the proof of it you have in yourselves. How often you say that you find your life insupportable, that you would like to die, and at the same time if you feel that any danger threatens you, you flee from it instantly and endeavor to put yourselves out of harm's way; and, perhaps, you have more than once seen a cripple recover his agility on seeing a runaway horse approaching him. You also have the proof in beggars who, in spite of being in want of everything necessary for the sustenance of life (for many of them live from year to year, sleeping each night in a different place), you will see that on that account they never attempt to commit suicide; but quite to the contrary they become habituated to privations, their sensibility becomes blunted, undoubtedly, and they retain their instinct of preservation, for the love of life is superior to any amount of suffering. The spirit loves its clayey tenement, however defective and repugnant it may be, because it is useful for its advancement; because the law of indefinite progress demands a union of the human soul with an organic body; they are two quantities, neither of which is of any use without the other, for though it is true that the spirit exists without the body in a superior state, it is also certain that in worlds like yours and in others more advanced, without an organism suited to the conditions of the planet in which it may wish to dwell, it cannot accomplish its purposes; it cannot associate itself with the life of that globe which attracts the spirit by its magnificence, and by the memories which it awakens in the mind of the beloved beings residing in it who are connected with its own eternal history.

"Among the many errors which divers religions have propagated, one of them (the most pernicious without any doubt) is the contempt they have expressed for the human body—mortifying it with sackcloth, chastising it with lashes, weakening it by fasting, covering it with loathsome nastiness,—for woolen garments in contact with the body have with the heat developed parasites which have mortified it and made of it a repugnant object that has been looked upon by cultivated persons with pity and contempt. This is what the religions did in their infancy, and some of the different philosophies have participated in the same error—not exactly by neglecting and forgetting hygienic laws which require cleanliness with moderate and healthful food, but by saying, even those who call themselves spiritists, 'O! when will the hour of my departure from this world arrive! If permitted, I am going to remain in the Spirit-world century upon century without this body that so much encumbers me, without this materiality that is so exacting. O the life of the spirit is the true life.'

"These innocent exclamations keep up a relish for religious idealism which is the annihilation of the man. What, think you, can spirits in space enjoy whose advancement does not permit them to go beyond the orbit marked out by their relative labor and progress? Think you, perchance, that they enjoy the glory portrayed by the different religions? Spirits in space also suffer and regret the time lost in useless occupations, and they also lament their separation from the friends they loved, and are pained at the hardships they see them undergoing. The life of the spirit keeps in perfect harmony with its multiplied existences; he who has departed from this earth unwept and unblessed does not smile with the smile of a just person; the crisis of death does not anticipate the events of the eternal history of the spirit; what you do not attain in the earth or in the world in which you may dwell you will not obtain by having left an organism inefficient for your necessities. Nothing is gained by assault, by the forcing of fortune; in the regions of truth every thing is weighed and measured by laws of the strictest justice; therefore, ye who are only moderately endowed with virtues and intelligence do not sigh to leave this world, for you will not find greater happiness than your deeds merit. Do not undervalue the time you have at your disposal for progress and for perfecting yourselves, for you have no greater wealth nor do you possess greater treasures than the hours you know how to employ for the benefit of your fellow creatures; and this is of great advantage to you, for he who diffuses light is himself the source of light.

"With these considerations which we have thought necessary, we will tell you something, though not all, about the past of those two persons who left their earthly tenements in a sea of wheat."

IV.

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"In the relation of matters of fact we are in the habit of omitting places and dates, for the deed that is verified neither loses nor gains importance by the knowledge that it was executed on the banks of the Rhine or Guadalquiver, amid the fogs of the Thames or the ripples of the Seine—the place is of the least importance, the subject of the drama is what interests and that which exercises an influence upon the progress and upon the future of the spirit.

"Those two poor women of the people are two spirits who for many centuries have been bound together by the most intimate bonds of life and particularly by the oneness of their aspirations.

"In various existences they have belonged to the sacerdotal order which has always been avaricious, save a few and honorable exceptions. In an existence not very remote those two spirits contracted the horrible debt that they have just now paid. They belonged to a privileged class of high priests and were venerated and feared by an humble people who lived around them in squalid poverty after paying over to the holy mother, the Catholic Apostolic and Roman church, the tenth of all their income.

"Among those who paid this tribute were two hard-working old men who were twins and who, having each lost his wife and children, lived together; prolonged sickness and death in their families had so reduced their possessions that in their old age they had only a poor little cabin and a few acres of ground left and all under mortgage to different creditors. Under these circumstances they could illy afford to pay to the church the sum stipulated by her priests, and this fact they made known to the ecclesiastical assessors. The latter reported the matter to their superiors who made no delay in visiting John and Paul whom they had already spotted as free thinkers, for in all ages there have been a few who have been brave enough to protest against religious absurdities.

"The conference between the four was energetic on the part of the weaker ones who complained that the church exacted of poor people what she rather ought to give to them; that they were poor old men without any one to care for them in their poverty.

"John and Paul gave expression to great truths, and at that time to declare the truth was to sign one's own death warrant; but loyal souls have no fear of martyrdom and although they well surmised that they would pay very dearly for their daring, yet they talked to those fathers of the church with that ready frankness which free and earnest men employ, and the ministers of God ordered them to be gagged; they slyly got possession of the mortgaged lands and the miserable hovel; and lying like knaves and under pretense that the poor old men had concealed money in the ground, and that they had insulted the church, the two priests tormented them for several months, refusing them necessary nourishment, purposing to have them die slowly that most horrible of deaths—hunger. They would leave them without food until they saw them almost inanimate, and then they would give them nourishment only to begin again the torment of starvation until at last they died cursing their persecutors. In the meantime these two priests, taking advantage of a terrible drouth, bought up all the wheat they could lay their hands upon, selling it afterwards at fabulous prices, for its weight in gold, as one might say. The famishing multitudes besought them for mercy and then feigning a compassion that they were very far from feeling, they gave them damaged wheat which being devoured by the hungry masses, developed a desolating plague among them, carrying off innumerable victims. * * *

"And those two tyrants of humanity, those two monsters of depravity, who were never moved by the cry of a tender child, the petition of an aged man nor the prayer of a despairing mother surrounded by her starving children, died peacefully in their beds. The church gave them a funeral of great pomp; their bodies were deposited in the vaults of a sumptuous temple; famous sculptors carved out reclining statues of them which even to-day are sleeping upon their marble sepulchers and being visited by countless travelers, for they are really marvels of art.

"Thus it is in this world; many go to the common grave who should be canonized, and often perfect monsters of iniquity are immortalized. But of what consequence is it that in the comedy of human life parts are played like those represented in your theatres? Is, perchance, the actor a king who adorns himself with a purple mantle and who places the imperial crown upon his temples? No; his ephemeral reign endures but a few hours; when the performance is over, when the spacious coliseum is deserted, the actor falls back to what he was, a commedian more or less clever. Thus it is precisely with the spirit who leaves this world. He may have dwelt in a regal palace; an imperious law may have been only a caprice of his; but on reaching that other world he will be but as an actor who goes forth from the theatre with no more greatness and no more dominion than his many or few virtues. The farce will continue upon the earth, a hangman of humanity will be canonized; but this will not prevent the hangman from returning to that earth to pay eye for eye and tooth for tooth, as has happened to the two ambitious cornerers of grain who returned to your planet in a most humble position and have commenced paying their debts by dying smothered in a sea of wheat. It is just that the nourishing grain which they withheld from the starving multitudes should smother them a hundred and a hundred times, for there is no debt that shall not be paid and no instalment that shall not be made good. If this were not so, if human injustice and blindness were a likeness of Divine justice, thinking men might well go mad for reason would be lost in chaos; but fortunately it is not so; no one is happy by exclusive privilege and nobody is unhappy by being forsaken of Providence, for each one has what he legitimately merits; and if you closely observe your surroundings, if you carefully study into the chapters of human history which each family forms, you will see that, leaving aside those who come to settle up terrible accounts, the majority of earth's people suffer no more than the consequences of their blunders; many groan in poverty because in their present incarnation they squandered what they possessed; others incur debts (causing serious trouble) because they will not be resigned to living with honorable and quiet moderation, and more than one grave infirmity comes upon you at times because you gratify immoderately your appetites, and you bring about your own ills by your imprudencies. And do not forget that the same relation obtains in all the acts of your life; that no one enjoys more happiness than he has himself created; therefore it is that you see at times the mendicant smile as though almost in the enjoyment of supreme happiness, and it is because the perfect tranquillity of his conscience surrounds him with light in the midst of the deepest shadow.

"Remember, then, that no one has more repose and well being than that which he creates. Pity those who die like the unfortunate women, overwhelmed by an avalanche of wheat. Alas! for those who leave the earth without preparing their souls for that solemn scene called death! Adieu."

V.

The foregoing communication embodies great truths; each man is the artificer of his own fortune, and convinced that the fictions of history deceive the inhabitants of earth but not those who have passed beyond, we should endeavor to see that our acts be not amenable to just criticism on any ground, so that on leaving this world we may not find ourselves like the actor at the conclusion of a theatrical performance in which for a few moments he played the part of king, without on-taking of his purple and ermine; there remains to him as his own the slightest rag of his costume.

Let us treasure up truth and practice good works so that on leaving this earth, although our last breath be drawn in an humble cabin, the fact of our good deeds may shine both here and there, and although our remains be thrown into a common grave, let our spirit have the immense satisfaction of exclaiming: "I left the earth in peace with my conscience, and I shall be re-incarnated again without any fear." Happy is he who can contemplate his past life without remorse and smile placidly before the splendid aurora of his future. AMALIA DOMINGO Y SOLER.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Hymnology of Spiritualism.

W. G. HASKELL.

In the churches, the singing of religious or rather of theological hymns is a consequential part of the service. It is called "the praise of God." The words of these "sacred" hymns or songs are for the most part consistent with the systems of theology accepted by those who use them. "Simply to thy cross I cling;" "Jesus Only;" "Saved by the blood of the Lamb;" "Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost," and scores of others equally familiar, are pertinent illustrations of this fact. Some of the tunes to which such hymns are set are singularly beautiful, and are known in every household in the land, where, in not a few instances, the words of the hymns are unknown. The churches are financially able to employ the very ablest composers, and to pay them handsomely for their work.

Now the singing of hymns or songs is of no less consequence to spiritual gatherings than to Methodist or Baptist meetings. Our people may not—indeed do not—find it necessary to "praise God" by flatteries or to conciliate him by petitions, however beautifully and poetically worded. But experience has taught us that music, and particularly singing, is conducive to those conditions of harmony which make more easy, or certainly less difficult than without it, the access of the disembodied spirits to those remaining in the flesh. And so the spiritual circle as invariably begins, or its little breaks are filled in, with singing, as do the Orthodox prayer-meetings.

But it has been my experience, and that of many who have expressed themselves to me, that a quite large proportion of the hymns so used by our people are by no means consistent with the philosophy of Spiritualism, or with the experience of those who have passed from the earth-life, upon even such matters as have the consensus, so to speak, of spirits. Our hymns or songs, as found in our collections, are quite largely those of the churches, with, perhaps, here and there the elimination of a manifestly objectionable word, but often deeply tinctured with sentiments which plainly imply the positions of orthodoxy. I know how I feel when I listen to them. I am a dear lover of music, and especially so of vocal music; but when such hymns are sung by our people, in their circles or public assemblages, it is often with a feeling not conducive to harmony, because of my mental protest against the sentiments they utter. I am very sure that spirits usually tell us in their communications, that the current and popular religious systems are found by them to be not true. Spirit existence is not the thing, as to place or condition and occupation, which the churches teach. I have never even heard of a spirit who has affirmed that he or she has seen "the great white throne, and Him that sitteth thereon." In short, there is general repudiation of those doctrines which are the staple of sermons and prayers and hymns. How then shall that which is repulsive to me to day, because my thought is largely in accord with what most well informed spirits assert, become attractive to me to-morrow, if perchance I have then put off the mortal and put on the immortal? And how shall a circle expect to harmonize its sitters with the invisibles who draw near, by the expression, though made never so musically, of sentiments in which the said invisibles can not concur?

To the music of these hymns, or many of them, no exception can be taken. Melodies are good, and harmonies all that could be desired. It is not infrequently the case that the music is first composed, and then handed over to the verse-maker, to be furnished with words which he deems appropriate. And we may be reasonably certain that he will deem appropriate something which his employers desire, or which will give him a good reputation as a hymnist among those whose good graces he courts.

There is no lack of material from which to compile a collection of hymns that would be every way suitable to spiritual gatherings. Some of the finest, the most truly spiritual sentiments ever put into verse, are to be found in the published works of the world's acknowledged poets, not a few of whom have themselves been in hearty sympathy with the essential things in Spiritualism. Such are some of Whittier's, Tennyson's, Longfellow's, Pope's "Universal Prayer," etc., already set, in metrical composition, to the music of charming hymns. Many of our people through their own organism, and many of our mediums as agents or scribes for some in spirit-life, have written exquisite gems of poesy, and many others could and would, without doubt, give us other fine bits of verse, adapted to existing and popular tunes. Out of such available material, it would not be difficult for a competent compiler to make up a collection of fifty or more such hymns, and for some of our publishers to issue them without music, in neat, compact, pocket-sized books, to be sold at a low price, convenient for our people to take along with them to lectures, camp-meetings and circles, or to furnish the songs of a family about its own fireside.

There may be such a collection now in existence. If there is, I have not seen it; and I would suggest to its publisher a moderate amount of advertising, that our people may know of it, and where to get it. But if not, is it not a matter for some properly qualified party to make ready?

Philadelphia, Pa.

The "Signs of The Times."

It is plain that whatever Prof. Elliott Coues does, he does well. His excellent address, delivered before the Western Society for Psychical Research, at Chicago, may profitably be pondered over by those who desire to see the true scientific spirit infused into psychical research, and more especially by those who imagine that the scientific method has only to be applied to the phenomena of Spiritualism in order to demonstrate their falsity. Every line of the discourse has the real scientific ring about it, there is no base metal, and it is certainly in itself a striking "Sign of the Times" that it should have been produced by a man whose whole training, as he told his audience, had been "that of a scientist, accustomed to cool, critical, skeptical, yet unbiassed looking at every question that comes up, submitting all statements to the test of verification by actual experiment;" by a man, in point of fact, about whose scientific standing there can be no question, and whose reputation is sufficiently broad-based to silence orthodox academic sneers.

There are men of science and men of science; the term is one susceptible of various definitions, according to circumstances. The really scientific man is rare, the scientific quack is common; and the psychical student may justly view with satisfaction the fact that the greatest outcry against his subject and against himself comes up from those whose position, such as it is, depends on their keeping on good terms with the public, or from those whose vanity has been pricked by the impertinent suggestion of the Spiritualist that the "laws of nature" have not as yet been completely collated and pigeonholed. It would be interesting to observe in what manner Professor Coues' address would be received by a body of orthodox "scientists" actually forced to consider it. Unfortunately such work has generally been met by a conspiracy of silence, and no doubt the same tactics will be resorted to in this case. Indeed, it is the only course open to those who are too narrow-minded or too cowardly to face the facts, or whose faculties have been warped by a slavish devotion to some special minor subject, which has weaned them from all interest in other things, and rendered them childish and incapable, in dealing with any thing outside the burrow in which they have spent their lives.

But perhaps the chief value of this remarkable paper, in so far as we are specially concerned, lies in the lessons conveyed to would-be psychical researchers as well as to over-enthusiastic students of the occult. It may seem strange, at first sight, that persons who give themselves up to "research" in these matters should require to have it explained to them how experimental work with a suitable human organism is a *sine qua non;* but our own experience with our psychical researchers at home is quite sufficient to show that this elementary point takes long to master, and by many, indeed, is not mastered at all; while the need of proper treatment of sensitives, the careful development and observation of the instrument used, are far from being understood by those who would certainly not allow a plough boy to play pranks with a delicate balance or electronomer, or to amuse himself with immersion lenses and valuable specimens. The psychical bungler, in fact, requires to be talked to very plainly for his own good as well as for the good of others, in view of his behavior having so frequently been like that of the proverbial bull in the chinashop. Professor Coues certainly does this, and we owe him a debt of gratitude for it, as well as for pointing out to the members of the Western Society more clearly and forcibly, and certainly more scientifically, than has probably yet been done by any one, that no amount of description, no amount of testimony from others, can really avail much, and that he who gains real knowledge in these matters is the man who proves the reality of psychical phenomena by personal experiment and observation, and above all, by the study of the manifestation of spirit in himself.

"Most persons," says Professor Coues, "live and die in happy ignorance of the powers of animal magnetism, and they are perhaps wise who remain thus ignorant. Much better back to our office, or store, or home, and attend to our ordinary business, and enjoy our usual pleasures, than wander unguardedly in the laboratory of the magnetizer at risk of an explosion at the first step." With great force and singular clearness does he drive home the lesson that animal magnetism is the key to the position; that to play with this tremendously dangerous force, in the present state of our knowledge with regard to it, is worse than "playing with fire." It must be admitted, indeed, that some such warning is urgently wanted; and it is devoutly to be wished that it may be taken to heart by those whom it most concerns. It cannot be denied that the great majority, probably, of those who "sit for manifestations" have not the faintest conception of what they are doing, of what forces they are calling into play, and of what injury may be done. It should be widely known that mesmeric experiments, and sittings for table turning, are not to be regarded as forms of harmless amusement for young ladies and gentlemen after tea, to be alternated with lawn tennis and billiards or whist. While, on the one hand, the careful and reverent study of the phenomena of Spiritualism by those who will qualify themselves for the work, is a labor which must produce enormous benefits for mankind, on the other, the careless, haphazard wonder-hunting of which there exists so much, must necessarily be pregnant with danger and evil. Let those who would know, clearly understand that they are entering upon a road which bristles with dangers and disappointments, but at the same time which may lead them far and high.—*Light, London.*

The Late D. D. Home.

I am about to describe a life very far removed from the common. I shall relate the facts of it with the more scrupulous attention to exactitude, inasmuch as it may well be said of D. D. Home:

"Many have spoken of him, but few have really known him."

Daniel Dunglas Home was born near Edinburgh, March 20, 1833. His parents both came of ancient Scottish families. Through his mother, whose maiden name was McNeill, he was descended from a Highland family in which the traditionary Scottish gift of the "second-sight" had been preserved. Mrs. Home possessed it herself; and while her son was still an infant she had a vision concerning him that found fulfilment more than twenty years later at Fontainebleau.

An Aunt, who had no children of her own, adopted Home; and his infancy was passed in her care at Portobello. When he was nine years old, she and her husband emigrated to America, and took with them the boy whose life was destined to be so wonderful. He was a sensitive, delicate child, and of a highly nervous temperament, of such weak health from his infancy that he had not been expected to live. His frail health, however, no more affected his natural sweetness of temper and gaiety of spirit than did the bitter trials of after years. "I remember him," writes to me a schoolfellow of his, Mr. J. W. Carpenter, mayor of Norwich, Connecticut, "as one of the most joyous, affectionate and whole-souled boys among my whole circle of acquaintances, always ready to do a kind act. He was fond of his studies; but when out of the schoolroom spent all his time in the woods and beside the streams with one or two chosen companions. His nature was very sensitive. And he was easily grieved at any act of unkindness done to others or to himself.

"I never saw any thing of Spiritualism," adds Mr. Carpenter, "and am therefore a disbeliever myself; but I know that my old friend was thoroughly honest and sincere in his belief. I know of no one of my many schoolmates whose career I have more carefully followed, and whom I have been more proud to call my friend, than D. D. Home."

Greenville, Connecticut, where Home received his first impressions of America, has been swallowed up in the growth of the adjoining city of Norwich. Forty years ago, when he lived there with his uncle and aunt, Greenville existed as a separate village; and close at hand were the woods to which he escaped at every opportunity, spending there hours in that study of nature which always charmed him. Nothing escaped his observation and his prodigious memory. He always looked back on those days as the happiest of his boyhood. His studious and dreamy habits separated him from most other children of his age; but he had a chosen companion in these rambles, a schoolfellow a little older than himself, of the name of Edwin. A strong friendship grew up between the two; and they were always together, until Home went with his relatives to live at Troy, in the State of New York, some three hundred miles from Norwich.

A few weeks before this separation, Home was, as usual, with his friend in the woods. The two boys were both great readers; and when either of them had found any thing in a book that interested him, it was sure to be communicated to the other. On this occasion—it was in April, 1845 or 1846—Edwin was full of a ghost story that he had just read. The event it related to is associated with the history of a noble English family; and I am told that it furnished Sir Walter Scott with the groundwork of one of his ballads. A lady and her lover had mutually agreed that, if there were a life beyond this, the one who died first should appear to the survivor. In

pursuance of his vow, the lover, within a few days of his death, presented himself to his mistress. She treated the vision as a delusion of her senses; on which the spirit stretched forth his hand and laid it on hers, leaving there a mark that was ineffaceable. Many years after he had listened to this legend in the woods of Norwich, Home met in England a member of the family to which it related; and was assured that the history was well authenticated, and that a portrait of its heroine still existed, known in the family as "the lady with the black ribbon," from a covering she had always worn on her wrist, to conceal the mark.

When Edwin's story was told, the two boys set themselves to discuss it, and also the possibility of such apparitions of departed spirits to those whom they had loved on earth. With the romance of their age, they ended by agreeing to bind themselves by the same promise that the two lovers in the legend had taken; and exchanged vows on the spot, in the most solemn manner they could devise. A few weeks later, Home went to live at Troy. He was then about thirteen years of age.

In the month of June following, he had been spending the evening at a friend's house, and on returning to that of his aunt, found that she had already retired to rest. Fearing to be scolded for being late, her nephew hastened to follow her example. It was a lovely summer's night, and the moon, shining through the curtainless window of his room, rendered a candle unnecessary; but at the moment when the boy, having finished his prayers, was slipping into bed, her light was suddenly darkened. Startled by the phenomenon, Home looked up, and beheld a vision that he has described in the opening chapter of his "Incidents in My Life," published in the year 1863, by Messrs. Longman:

"I was about to draw the sheet over me," he writes, "when a sudden darkness seemed to pervade the room. This surprised me, inasmuch as I had not seen a cloud in the sky; and on looking up I saw the moon still shining, but it was on the other side of the darkness, which still grew more dense, until through the darkness there seemed to be a gleam of light, which I cannot describe; but it was similar to those which I and many others have since seen when the room has been illuminated by spiritual presence. This light increased; and my attention was drawn to the foot of my bed, where stood my friend Edwin. He appeared as in a cloud of brightness, illuminating his face with a distinctness more than mortal....He looked on me with a smile of ineffable sweetness, then, slowly raising the right arm, he pointed upward; and making with it three circles in the air, the hand began slowly to disappear. Then the arm, and finally the whole body, melted away. The natural light of the room was then again apparent. I was speechless, and could not move, though I retained all my reasoning faculties. As soon as the power of movement was restored I rang the bell, and the family thinking I was ill, came to my room, when my first words were—'I have seen Edwin—he died three days ago.'"

A day or two afterwards a letter was received, announcing the death of Edwin after a very short illness.—*From D. D. Home, his Life and Mission, by Mrs. Home.*

The Story of Fine-Ear.

[The following touching narrative was sent to the Editor for insertion in a weekly journal of which she had the management some time ago. Having been mislaid and recently recovered, it is now offered to the readers of *The Two Worlds*; first, because the Editor pledges herself for the strict truth of the story, and is personally cognizant of the witnesses; next, because one of the noblest sentiments of the human heart is pity and kindness to dumb animals; and finally, we give it and press it earnestly upon the attention of every psychologist as a proof that the divine sparks of love and sympathy exist, and can be fanned into a flame of redeeming loveliness, even in the lowest and most abhorred of creatures, whether animal or human.—ED. T. W.]

Ten or twelve years ago there was in the prison at Brest a man sentenced for life to the galleys. I do not know the exact nature of his crime, but it was something very atrocious. I never heard what his former condition in life had been, for even his name had passed into oblivion, and he was recognized only a number. Although his features were naturally well formed, their expression was horrible; every dark and evil passion seemed to have left its impress there, and his character fully corresponded to its outward indications. Mutinous, gloomy, and revengeful, he had often hazarded his life in desperate efforts to escape, which had hitherto proved abortive. Once, during winter, he succeeded in gaining the fields, and supported for several days the extremity of cold and hunger; he was found, at length, half frozen and insensible under a tree, and brought back to prison, where, with difficulty, he was restored to life. The ward-master watched him more closely, and punished him more severely, by far, than the other prisoners, while a double chain was added to his already heavy fetters. Several times he attempted suicide, but failed through the vigilance of his guards. The only result of his experiments in this line were an asthma, caused by a nail which he hammered into his chest, and the loss of an arm, which he fractured in leaping off a high wall. After suffering amputation, and a six months' sojourn in the hospital, he returned to his hopeless, life-long taskwork.

One day this man's fierce humor seemed softened. After the hours of labor, he seated himself with the companion in misery to whom he was chained in a corner of the court, and his repulsive countenance assumed a mild expression; words of tenderness were uttered by the lips which heretofore had opened only to blaspheme, and with his head bent down, he watched some object concealed in his bosom.

The guards looked at him with disquietude, believing he had some weapon hidden within his clothes, and two of them, approaching him stealthily from behind, seized him roughly, and began to search him before he could make any resistance. Finding himself completely in their power, the convict exclaimed, "Oh, don't kill him! Pray, don't kill him!"

As he spoke, one of the guards had gained possession of a large rat, which the felon had kept next to his bosom.

"Don't kill him!" he repeated. "Beat me; chain me; do what you like with me; but don't hurt my poor rat! Don't squeeze him so between your fingers! If you will not give him back to me, let him go free!" And while he spoke, for the first time probably since his childhood, tears filled his eyes and ran down his cheeks.

Rough and hardened as were the guards, they could not listen to the convict, and see his tears, without some feeling of compassion. He who was about to strangle the rat, opened his fingers and let it fall to the ground. The terrified animal fled with the speed peculiar to his species, and disappeared behind a pile of beams and rubbish.

The felon wiped away his tears, looked anxiously after the rat, and scarcely breathed until he had seen it out of danger. Then he rose, and silently, with the old savage look, followed his companion in bonds, and lay down with him on their iron bedstead, where a ring and chain fastened them to a massive bar of the same metal.

Next morning, on his way to work, the convict, whose pale face showed that he had passed a sleepless night, cast an anxious troubled glance towards the pile of wood; and gave a low peculiar call, to which nothing replied. One of his comrades uttered some harmless jest on the loss of his favorite, and the reply was a furious blow, which felled the speaker, and drew down on the offender a severe chastisement from the taskmaster.

Arrived at the place of labor, he worked with a sort of feverish, ardor, as though trying to give vent to his pent-up emotion, and, while stooping over a large beam which he and some others were trying to raise, he felt something gently tickle his cheek. He turned round, and gave a shout of joy. There, on his shoulder, was the only friend he had in the world—his rat! who, with marvelous instinct, had found him out and crept gently up to his face. He took the animal in his hands, covered it with kisses, placed it within its nest, and then, addressing the head gaoler, who happened to pass by at the moment, he said—

"Sir, if you will allow me to keep this rat, I will solemnly promise to submit to you in everything, and never again to incur punishment."

The ruler gave a sign of acquiescence, and passed on. The convict opened his shirt, to give one more fond look at his faithful pet, and then contentedly resumed his labor.

That which neither threats nor imprisonment, the scourge nor the chain, could effect, was accomplished, and rapidly, by the influence of love, though its object was one of the most despised among animals. From the moment when the formidable convict was permitted to cherish his pet night and day in his bosom, he became the most tractable and well-conducted man in the prison. His extraordinary strength, and his moral energy, were both employed to assist the governors in maintaining peace and subordination. Fine-Ear, as he called his rat, was the object of his unceasing tenderness. He fed it before he tasted each meal, and would rather fast entirely than allow it to be hungry. He spent his brief hours of respite from toil in making various little fancy articles, which he sold, in order to procure tid-bits (I don't refer to the paper) which Fine-Ear liked—gingerbread and sugar, for example. Often, during the period of toil, the convict would smile with delight when his little friend, creeping from its nestling place, would rub its soft fur against his cheek. But when, on a fine sunshiny day, the rat took up his position on the ground, smoothed his coat, combed his long moustaches with his sharp nails, and dressed his long ears with his delicate paws, his master would testify the utmost delight, and exchange tender glances with the black, roguish eyes of Master Fine-Ear.

The latter, confiding in his patron's care and protection, went, came, sported, or stood still, certain that no one would injure him; for to touch a hair of the rat's whiskers was to incur a terrible penalty. One day, for having thrown a pebble at him, a prisoner was forced to spend a week in the hospital ere he recovered from the effects of a blow bestowed on him by Fine Ear's master.

The animal soon learned to know the sound of the dinner-bell, and jumped with delight on the convict when he heard the welcome summons.

Four years passed on in this manner, when one day poor Fine-Ear was attacked by a cat, which had found her way in into the workshop, and received several deep wounds before his master, flying to the rescue, seized the feline foe and actually tore her to pieces.

The recovery of the rat was tedious. During the next month the convict was occupied in dressing the wounds. It was strange the interest which every one connected with the prison took in Fine-Ear's misfortune. Not only did the guards and turnkeys speak of it as the topic of the day, but the hospital nurses furnished plasters and bandages for the wounds; and even the surgeon condescended to prescribe for him.

At length the animal recovered his strength and gaiety, save that one of his hind paws dragged a little, and the wound still disfigured his skin. He was more tame and affectionate than ever, but the sight of a cat was sufficient to throw his master into a paroxysm of rage, and, running after the unlucky puss, he would, if possible, catch and destroy her.

A great pleasure was in store for the convict. Thanks to his good conduct during the past four years, his sentence of life imprisonment had been commuted into twenty years, in which were to be included the fifteen already spent in prison.

"Thank God," he cried. "Under His mercy it is to Fine-Ear I owe this happiness!" and he kissed the animal with transport. Five years still remained to be past in toilsome imprisonment, but they were cut short in an unlooked-for manner.

One day a mutinous party of felons succeeded in seizing a turnkey, and, having shut him up with themselves in one of the dormitories, they threatened to put him to death if all their demands were not instantly complied with, and a full amnesty granted for this revolt.

Fine-Ear's master, who had taken no part in the uproar, stood silently behind the official and soldiers, who were ready to fire on the insurgents. Just as the attack was about to commence, he approached the chief superintendent, and said a few words to him in a low voice.

"I accept your offer," replied the governor. "Remember, you risk your own life; but if you succeed, I pledge my word that you shall be strongly recommended to the Government for unconditional pardon, this very night."

The convict drew forth Fine-Ear from his bosom, kissed him several times, and then placing him within the vest of a young fellow prisoner, with whom the rat was already familiar, he said, in a broken voice:

"If I do not return, be kind to him, and love him as I have loved him."

Then, having armed himself with an enormous bar of iron, he marched with a determined step to the dormitory, without regarding the missiles which the rebels fired at his head. With a few blows of his bar he made the door fly open, and darting into the room, he overturned those who opposed his entrance, threw down his weapon, and seizing the turnkey, put him—or rather flung him—safe and sound into the passage. The soldiers seeing this, advanced, and overpowered the rebels. They received the punishment they deserved, and Fine-Ear's master was set at liberty. He ever after loved the little creature, which he called "the miraculous cause of his liberty." This little animal was as truly the means used by God to deliver the convict as if he had sent an angel to open the prison doors. When it pleases God to deliver any one from prison or death, an animal may be his messenger; for the smallest and least of God's creatures obey his will, and are not beneath his notice.—*The Two Worlds, Manchester, England.*

Congo Now a Slave State.

Richard F. Barton, writing from Paris, furnishes the *N. Y. Herald* with an interesting letter concerning the African explorer Stanley. He calls Stanley "an artist in surprises, a geographical Sardou" and does not despair of his turning up alive and well at some unlooked for point? Continuing Barton writes:

On the present occasion his avowed objective was to rescue Emin Pasha, who has distinctly and determinedly declined to be rescued, but Stanley's real object was to divert the ivory trade from the long and expensive Zanzibar line to the cheap and safe waterways of the Congo. The idea is excellent. By this means Belgium can recoup the millions she has wasted upon expeditions and stations on the Zanzibar coast. Also, under the unprejudiced annexionists, our cousins—the Germans—can have the sole profit of the slave exportation; nor would a Teuton of them all raise a hand against what brings grist to the mill. Stanley has thus, by one touch of his magic wand, converted the Congo Free State—the happy hunting ground of Tiputib and his merry Sawahill men, absurdly named Arabs—into the Congo Slave State par excellence. The great slave mines are now transferred from the Unyamwezi country, the old mountains of the moon, to the Upper Congo. These fresh "diggins" remain to be exploited. Tiputib is made Governor (God save the mark!) of those new slave reserves at a salary of £300 a year, where he can easily make £30,000 a year, and where his followers are pretty sure to shoot him if he talk any nonsense about the abolition of the slave trade.

You must not expect to hear any truths of this kind in England, where the imperious and tyrannical opinion of society subdues even the boldest spirit. A well-known administrator, who was sent to the Congo, after a careful inquiry, found Mohammedanism the grand and saving fact, and set down the Christian missionary as an utter humbug in all except being a doughty explorer, a laborious and useful linguist, and able collector of other men's money. The administrator goes home fully resolved to state the facts uncompromisingly before the public of Great Britain, but, although the administrator is an honest man, the influence of the association of old ideas comes trooping back into his brain and compels him, so far from stating the facts, to state the clean contrary. He stands up and delares that the missionaries are the cream of creation and that the Gospels are overspreading the land, whilst if he mentions Islam it is in a patronizing tone, as if Mohammed were a mere cook's courier to the founder of Christianity. All this is utterly unfair. It deceives the unfortunate public. The narrator may be honest and honorable, but he dare not state the facts nor has he the courage of his own opinions. If he did society would turn upon him with the usual "O, no, we never mention him," and his name never would be heard unless accompanied by snarl or sneer. The fact is, England's chronic disease is religiosity in the few and hypocrisy in the many.

July Magazines Not Before Mentioned.

Wide Awake. (Boston.) The Story of Helen Keller, with portrait, gives details about this marvelous child that will interest old and young; another delightful piece of biography is the Monroe chapter in The Children of the White House. Very little has ever been given to the public concerning President Monroe's two daughters, but for this paper the most interesting matter has been unearthed; John Burroughs, in How To Observe Nature, tells some of his charming secrets; and Edward Everett Hale gives an account of The Artillery Elections when he was a boy. Many more delightful stories, poems and pictures adorn the pages of this issue.

The Phrenological Journal. (New York.) The Phrenological Journal for July opens with a notable man, Dr. N. S. Davis, of Chicago, who is one of our best known physicians. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, the author, is also discussed, and so is Sir Morell Mackenzie. A note on the Pathology of written Language is a curious item of physiology. The reader of this number will be pleased by its variety of topic and the useful entertainment it contains.

The Unitarian Review. (Boston.) An excellent table of contents appears this month: Creation is Revelation; Natural, Unnatural, and Supernatural; James Freeman Clarke, and Lea's History of the Inquisition are some of the leading articles.

The Historical American. (Cleveland, Ohio.) Number one of volume one of this illustrated monthly is ready for readers. It is to be devoted to History, Literature, Science and Art. The subscription is $3 per annum.

The Theosophist. (Adyar, Madras, India.) The usual good reading is found in the June number of this monthly, devoted to Oriental Philosophy, Art, and Occultism.

Also:

The Freethinkers' Magazine, Buffalo, N. Y.
St. Louis Magazine, St. Louis, Mo.
Horticultural Art Journal, Rochester, N. Y.
La Revue Spirite, Paris.
Le Lotus, Paris.
The Phrenological Magazine, London, Eng.
The Christian Metaphysician, Chicago.

New Books Received.

The Great Pyramid. Its Teachings to us as a People. By Chas. Latimer, C. E. Chicago: C. H. Jones. Price, 25 cents.

An Irish Knight of the 19th Century. Sketch of the Life of Robert Emmet. By Varina Anne Davis. New York: John W. Lovell Company. Price, 25 cents.

Mexico Our Neighbor. By Hon. John H. Rice. New York: John W. Lovell Co. Price, 25 cents.

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, July 28, 1888.

"Spiritualism and Like Delusions."

Spiritualism is dead again. Its delusions are now finally dispelled. It is done to death this time by Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton, who skillfully executes this monstrosity in only five pages of the *American Magazine* for July, pp. 328-332, with a firm hand, an easy complacency and a very modest exhibition of his really gigantic intellectual stature. We have been in at the death of Spiritualism so often that we know the executioner on sight. Dr. Hamilton is one of the regular staff of executioners—the typical hangman employed by our brother editors when they think the spectacle of gibbeted delusions will edify their constituency. We attend the process of strangling forever this most monstrous and dangerous delusion, with a complacency that matches Dr. Hamilton's own,—and to-morrow will see the truth of Spiritualism as bright and shining as if nothing had happened.

But let us look around the place of execution where Dr. Hamilton presides. The Diss De Bar is the only new wax figure in the entire collection. The rest are very old dummies, so old, so threadbare, so moribund, that we suspect Dr. Hamilton to be a very new hand himself, despite the air of easy assurance with which he exhibit his images. Here, gentlemen and ladies, is the ubiquitous cancer doctor with his dupes; here is Job, and the witch of Endor and St. Vitus. Here is the Wesley family gone crazy, which our Methodist friends are specially requested to notice; here are the Fox Sisters—you can even hear their toe-joints snap. There is Guiteau, and another person who believed in metempsychosis. Over there are Hermann, Kellar and Hertz, doing spirit-pictures by slight-of-hand. On the right is St. Januarius stewing his blood; on the left is our Lady of Lourdes working a miraculous cure. Rochefoucauld is invoked to make a sensible remark, and then come Charcot and the school of Salpetriere to hypnotize us. Abraham Lincoln looms up as "remarkably superstitious," and Napoleon appears as a notable victim of illusions and hallucinations. A young lady appears playing on the harpsichord; her lover dies, and so does she. A case of epilepsy and a case of incipient delirium tremens are presented. Dr. Forbes Winslow is requested to "tabulate the conditions which might lead to the successful raising of ghosts," and obligingly does so. The audience is requested to observe the nodding head of the statue of a saint in St. Paul's churchyard, and to notice that it stopped nodding when a bird that had alighted flew away. Appealing finally to these things to prove that "in these days of scientific precision and materialism it is much easier to prick the popular delusion than it was in a more sentimental age," our amiable executioner gives the *coup de-grace* to Spiritualism; washes the gore off his mighty hands, and goes home to dinner.

We do not doubt Dr. Hamilton's good faith—in himself. It is good to have such robust faith, such vigorous credulity, such papal infallibility, and such fine scorn for those unlucky, unwise wights among poor human beings who, the more they know of the facts in the case, are the more ready to acknowledge the limitations of their comprehension. But away with such unworthy doubts and craven fears! When one sits down to demolish Spiritualism in five pages of a magazine, Dr. Hamilton's plan is the only way to be commended. Briefly it is as follows: 1. Say that the fraud and folly which disgrace genuine Spiritualism, and are most loudly denounced by true Spiritualists, are fraudulent, foolish and disgraceful—and say so with the air of being the first to discover that fact. 2. Say that some of the actual and undisputed manifestations can be explained as natural phenomena without recourse to any spiritual hypothesis—and say so with the air of imparting some novel and valuable information. 3. Say that all the rest of the manifestations do not manifest, because—because—well, you know, because they can't, you know—it is impossible! 4. Say anything you please, head up, eyes to the front, little finger on the seam of scientific pants—provided you say nothing that bears upon the facts in the case.

We congratulate Dr. Hamilton on following these rules to a brilliant conclusion, and return to affairs of more importance.

Opposition to Jesuitism in the Boston Public Schools.

Two great meetings were held in Boston on the 11th inst., one at Faneuil Hall, the other at Tremont Temple, to protest against the displacement of Swinton's history from the public schools of the city and against the transfer of Mr. Travis, one of the masters of the English High School, because of his comments on Swinton's statements respecting indulgences.

Both halls were crowded to overflowing. Speeches were made and resolutions were adopted with tumultuous enthusiasm and amidst cheering and applause, denouncing the act of the school committee, which, it was declared, was done in "servile obedience to the requirements of the papal priesthood" characterizing attacks upon our educational institutions by naturalized citizens and their descendants as the "basest kind of ingratitude," expressing detestation for "the vicious claims of the Jesuits that the State should have no voice whatever in the education of its future citizens," condemning the policy which has already made dangerous concessions to the Jesuits and declaring that no more shall be made "to these enemies of the republic," demanding the restoration of Swinton's history and Mr. Travis to their places, inviting "the co-operation of all Roman Catholics who appreciate the blessings of American citizenship," and refusing to vote for any person whose allegiance to a foreign potentate makes him regardless of American institutions, praising Hon. Abram S. Hewitt for resisting Roman Catholic aggressions and greed, and appointing a committee of fifty "to take immediate action to protect the public schools from all assaults of the Romish hierarchy."

No such public meetings have been held, no such speeches have been made, no such resolutions have been adopted in Boston since the time that the Old Bay State, rocked by excitement caused by the encroachments of the Catholic hierarchy, resented the pretensions of priests and pope in this Republic and made an issue which resulted in the election of the anti Catholic candidate, John L. Gardner, Governor of Massachusetts. Among the speakers were well known Protestant clergymen of Boston: Rev. A. A. Miner, Rev. L. T. Townsend, of the Boston University, Rev. Philip H. Moxom, Rev. James N. Gray, Rev. A. H. Plumb, Rev. George A. Ela, Rev. William Clark, Rev. Thos. Leyden, a converted Catholic, and others. Dr. Caroline E. Hastings, one of the members of the school board, who voted against withdrawing Swinton's text-book from the high-school, was one of the speakers.

The complaint against the text-book and its expounder was a Catholic priest who denied the correctness of Swinton's definition of indulgences in the early ages of the Church, and complained that the teacher had given the doctrine of indulgences a false application. As to the correctness of all of Swinton's statements about indulgences the JOURNAL need not here offer any opinion, but it may be mentioned that the Boston *Herald*, after carefully investigating the subject, decided that "the statement made by Prof. Swinton, is fully sustained by all acknowledged authorities, whether secular or religious, though the Roman Catholic authorities generally accessible in English are rather shy of giving all the facts of the case, while Protestant writers are often so sure of them that they present a very distorted record." Mr. Travis is an experienced teacher and he has long held the respect and friendship of the boys he has taught, irrespective of religious belief. It is improbable that he transcended his duties as a teacher, although it is possible of course that he gave a Protestant twist to the facts in regard to the doctrine of indulgences, which is certainly bad enough without any exaggerations or additions.

The real reason that the Catholic priest wished Mr. Swinton's history excluded from the Boston public schools is sufficiently evident when it is known that it is one of the many text books condemned by the Roman Catholic authorities, the same authorities that condemn our public schools and are doing their utmost to supersede our system of education with an ecclesiastical and parochial system in which Catholic doctrine and authority are of first importance. The feeling of those whose indignation is aroused by the action of the school board should be, not against Roman Catholics as such, but against alien and hierarchical dictation in regard to our public system of education, the corner-stone of our Republican institutions.

There is no doubt that Jesuitical influence, checked and now continually growing less in the Catholic countries of Europe, is stealthily making itself felt in this country, where the enormous immigration from the priest-ridden and king-cursed portions of the old world makes the support of branches of the Romish hierarchy possible in all the large communities in this Republic. In Germany, France and Italy the designs and methods of the Jesuits are well understood by the political leaders and by the more intelligent classes of the people, and every precaution is taken to guard against their schemes to subvert popular education and popular government. Here but little is popularly known or suspected of their aims or agencies, and the people of the United States have yet to learn what an insidious and powerful influence they exert when it is directed against any system or institution to which the order is opposed.

One thing in the Boston meetings will detract from their influence. Nearly all the speakers were Protestant preachers, some of whom seemed to value the occasion offered them only as it afforded an opportunity to denounce Romanism as a false religion opposed to their faith, while none of them was ever known to speak a word in favor of the complete secularization of the State. Rev. A. A. Miner, one of the most prominent speakers, is one of the parties in favor of christianizing this Government, of making a recognition of Jesus Christ as the ruler of nations in the Constitution of the United States. Rev. Mr. Townsend condemned the Catholics because of their influence in "the removal of the Bible from the public schools." He would in common with his clerical brethren who spoke, impose King James' version of the Bible upon Catholic children and the children of those who reject the Bible as a special revelation, with no suspicion that he was showing a narrow sectarian spirit similar to that which he condemns.

Why was the speaking at these Boston meetings confined almost wholly to Protestant ministers? Why were there no speeches by lawyers, physicians, merchants, and citizens who have no personal or professional interest in opposing the policy of the Catholic church? With what consistency can men who resist the movement in favor of taxing church property, who insist upon prayer and Bible reading in our public schools, who favor public appropriations for sectarian institutions, who stubbornly oppose every effort to abolish the absurd judicial oath, and to relieve atheists and agnostics of all disabilities imposed upon them because of their religious views, with what consistency, we ask, can they denounce the Catholic priests because of their unwillingness to have books in the schools which are inimical to their faith? Romish aggression and intolerance should be opposed; so should Protestant bigotry and narrowness. Both Catholics and Protestants must come to understand the principle of impartial freedom and of equal and exact justice for all.

By insisting upon Protestant prayers and Bible reading in our public schools, the Protestant clergy have encouraged the Catholics in their opposition to our public school system and their demands, now becoming quite pronounced, for their proportional part of the school fund to support schools in which Catholic doctrine shall be taught.

The Protestant clergy must, sooner or later, if not from liberality and a sentiment of justice, then from policy and in self-defence, make common cause with those who are working for the total secularization of the State by removing every vestige which remains of that unholy alliance of Church and State which was once universal throughout Christendom. There is a strong and growing disposition to resist the aggressions of the Romish priests in the educational and social affairs of the country, but this disposition prevails largely among those who are not blind to the sectarianism, bigotry and intolerance which exist in the orthodox Protestant churches and which at times are hardly less offensive than the same qualities as exhibited by the adherents of the Romish Church. Let us have opposition to sectarian narrowness, sectarian plotting and sectarian greed all along the line.

The Amateur Scientist.

It is awfully funny to observe his movements and conversation. The grave dignity with which he discourses on scientific subjects is paralyzing to the uninitiated, and this adds new zest to the fun. When this amateur is a spiritual scientist with wealth, leisure, and a will which wears neither breeching nor holdbacks, then things get real jolly. Brother Henry J. Newton is this sort of a scientist. As a husband, father, and host he is all that one could ask. We never lose an opportunity to visit his hospitable home, and to talk with his amiable family. But it is as a spiritual scientist that Brother Newton affords us the most entertainment. In this capacity he is just now without a peer among Spiritualists. He takes the advice of spirits, voiced through the vocal organs of the medium to be tested, as to how the cabinet shall be built. The bad, bad, critical and observing Spiritualist discovers how the medium circumvents the fish-net test, but Brother Newton with his scientific acumen knows that it is Jesuit spirits who are responsible. Then he tests her again, this time on her own premises where she can introduce a confederate. She improves her opportunity, several witnesses establish the fact, but Brother Newton's scientific mind pierces their delusion and finds that nothing but square dealing on the part of the medium was attempted. Then the newspapers take the matter up; whereupon Brother Newton pines to take up somebody. He seeks, of course, the most difficult-to-get-at somebody. His abused protegé could lock arms with him and together they could walk down to the *World* office any day in the week and see the papers served on an officer of that corporation. But a thing so simple and expeditious is not in the line of the amateur scientist. It does well enough to boast to the faithful that the wicked *World* is to be sued, but a truly, truly, spiritualistic amateur scientist knows better than to aid in inserting a finger within the mouth of the animal whose hereness is too realistic. He knows a trick worth two of this, does this scientist. It is vastly cheaper and safer to make faces and shy sticks at the one who is a thousand miles off. It makes more dust—dust fills the eyes of the faithful—and is infinitely more economical and prudent. O, give this scientist an opponent whose whereness exemplifies the element of furtherness, and he is at his best, leastwise that's the way it looks just now. We have labored for years to excavate some of the surplus science from Brother Newton, so that his mind would be more elastic, plastic, and conformable to the spirit of the times; but we fear the task must be given up as impracticable. A professional scientist is obstinate material, but compared with this amateur he is only clay in the hands of the potter. An amateur who plies his fad in a dark room, watching the antics of a half-dressed old woman, is evidently beyond repair.

A good friend, who is pecuniarily interested in a camp meeting, wonders why the JOURNAL does not give more space to the gossip and news of the various camps? Why it don't send specially qualified stenographic reporters to the several camps? In reply to the first question it is sufficient to say that however pleasing it may be to Mr. Brown or Smith to have the painting of his cottage, or the purchase of a new arm chair, chronicled; or however gratifying to medium Jones or Thompson to say that he is at the same old stand and full of business, such items possess no general interest and are better adapted to the local camp papers. In reply to the second question, it is enough to say, it don't pay! A stenographic reporter competent for this special work would cost, including his expenses, not less than $200.00 per month, and there is not enough good reportable matter at any one camp, as camps are now conducted, to warrant the expenditure. When there shall be a Spiritualist camp conducted on some such plan as Chautauqua, then we will be glad to send to it all the expert reporters required to report lectures and speeches and class work, which have general interest and permanent value.

A New York materializer, Mrs. Cadwell, has gone to Onset, and there found her voice. How wonderful! For a year she has been reputed dumb. Her control, Nelse Seymour, could talk, but she could not. Oh, miraculous change! But how this will detract from the interest of her future séances. Everybody knew that "Nelse" was a genuine ghost, and not Mrs. Cadwell masquerading in the guise of the dead minstrel, because "Nelse" talked. Mrs. Cadwell couldn't talk. This settled it. But it is all right that the materializer should have her voice once more, else how could she enjoy the camp meeting; and to have to live along for a whole year with a shut mouth was quite bad enough. Besides there is great need just now of talking on the subject of persecution. Having been sealed up a whole year we can imagine how earnestly and how pathetically Mrs. Cadwell will descant on the wrongs endured by materializers.

The Hartford, Conn., *Times* has the following: A prominent business man in Waterbury was, until quite recently, in the habit of giving large sums of money, which had been taken in after banking hours, into the hands of his wife for safe keeping. On the 8th of June he handed her a thousand dollars in bills, and at the same remarked that he would deposit the money at the bank in the morning. After breakfast the bills were called for, but the woman had forgotten where they were secreted. A general search was instituted. Bureau drawers were upset, cupboards and closets ransacked, even carpets taken up; but still the missing money could not be found. The irate husband stormed and swore by note, but the result remained the same. It was finally believed that the money was stolen. The house was again put in order but the wife received no more deposits for safe keeping. Sunday night she had a vivid dream, in which was revealed the money's hiding place. Hastily rising from her couch she lifted the lid of an antique chest and unfolded a pair of blankets, when the money rolled out.

Queen City camp meeting will be held at South Burlington, Vt., August 21st to September 16th. It is said that the unrivalled beauty of Queen City Park, with its lake scenery and charming retreats, are alone sufficient to repay visitors. The following speakers have been engaged: Hon. A. E. Stanley, Miss Jennie B. Hagan, Mrs. Sarah A. Wiley, Abbie W. Crossett, Judge A. H. Dailey, Mrs. Fannie D. Smith, Dr. W. B. Mills, Bishop A. Beals, Mrs. Emma L. Paul, Mrs. Morse Baker, R. H. Kneeshaw, J. Clegg Wright, A. E. Tisdale, Joseph D. Stiles, Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, Mrs. Juliette Yeaw, and Mrs. Lizzie Manchester.

Rev. H. F. Titus of Newton, Mass., resigned his (Baptist) pastorate some time ago, explaining that he had begun the study of medicine to better fit himself for missionary work, but his people induced him to go on preaching for them until last Sunday. Then he told them he should not enter their pulpit again; that he had ceased to be a Baptist; that there was no other church that he could go to since none attempted to live the ideal life patterned out in the gospels, and that he had no choice but to try to start a new one of his own. Mr. Titus believes that the church should undertake to live as Jesus lived; that there should be no rich or poor among them; that they should give generously one to the other; that they should take care of each other better than Free Masons or any similar society, and that there should be no social distinctions among them.

New York *Sun:* We regret to see that the industrious Chinese residents of this city have begun to introduce distinctions among themselves on religious grounds. In fact, it looks as if they already had a system of religious persecution in their social life. For example, they are about to hold a big Chinese picnic and excursion, and notice has been given of the exclusion from the festivities of all "Sunday School Chinamen," which is the phrase that is used to describe christianized Chinamen. Now, in thus putting a social ban, a pagan boycott, a brand of outlawry upon such of their countrymen living here as favor Christianity, the pagans are blundering. The pagans have, of course, the right to exclude them on account of their religion, or because they have renounced the customs of their ancestors; but yet it would be proper for the pagans who enjoy freedom here to exercise a large liberality in the toleration of religious differences.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Geo. H. Brooks is now at the Haslett Park camp meeting.

Last Sunday, J. Clegg Wright lectured at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. He lectures there again next Sunday.

A Lake Pleasant correspondent reports much building, many fine improvements and a prosperous outlook at that resort.

Prof. A. E. Carpenter has an interesting article in a late number of the Boston *Transcript*, on "The Exposure of Spiritualist Humbugs."

Bishop Perry of Iowa has received the degree of "D. D. Oxon." from the University of Oxford, England. The only other living American who has received a like distinction is the Rev. Phillips Brooks of Boston.

Lucy Stone Blackwell argues that no woman should be hanged unless condemned by a jury of her own sex. But could twelve women be collected by the ordinary court procedure who would unanimously doom a sister to death?

Mrs. E. M. Dole, who has been visiting in Cincinnati for some time, passed through the city the beginning of the present week, on her way to Waukegan. She seems to be greatly recuperated in health and spirits. She will not resume her mediumistic labors here until October.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is claimed by the London *Star* as of English birth, though she has spent most of her life in America. Personally, it adds, she is attractive, seemingly on the sunnyside of forty, with yellow hair cut short, large blue eyes, fair complexion, a plump and well proportioned figure, and extremely quiet and gentle manner.

Our able English contemporary *Light* has given considerable attention to the lecture of Prof. Elliott Coues on "The Signs of the Times," republishing it in full from the JOURNAL and repeatedly commenting on it approvingly. In its issue for the 30th ult., *Light* has a leading editorial devoted to the lecture which the JOURNAL reproduces on another page. In reply to the many calls for the lecture which could not be supplied we now announce that it will ere long be published in pamphlet form.

One of the most brilliant female writers of Spain, is Miss Amalia Domingo y Soler, whose literary merit has been recognized by the Spanish world for many years. She is a spiritist in belief and writes for many of the spiritual periodicals of Spain and is also a regular contributor of the *Constancia*, a semi-monthly publication of Buenos Ayres. On another page will be found one of her articles; the casualty of two women being smothered under an avalanche of wheat, furnishes a text for the illustration of the reincarnation theory in which she is a believer.

A city correspondent writes: "Mrs. Shepard Lillie, Mr. Edgar W. Emerson and Mr. J. S. Lillie, held three meetings on July 15th and 16th and were successful every way. Mr. Emerson left the 17th for Onset Bay camp meeting, and Mr. and Mrs. Lillie for Minnesota, her former home. On their return from Minnesota, and while on their way to Haslett Park camp meeting, they will be tendered a farewell reception and benefit at the Prince's Opera House, 558 West Madison street, at 8 P. M., on Wednesday, July 25th. All friends of the cause are invited."

About four or five years ago a negro by the name of Carter went to Manning, S. C., and was employed as a cooper by a turpentine firm. A short time after, he says, he dreamed that he was going to turn to a white man. In a few months' time his hands commenced to turn white, and he is now almost white. His health, he says, was never better, and he does not feel any more inconvenience in be-

ing a white man than a negro. Some persons are inclined to shun him, and have refused to pass where he was, as they considered him a leper, or did not know but that he might be one.

Attention is called to an advertisement, on the third page, of the Union College of Law. To those contemplating the legal profession the JOURNAL can unreservedly commend this school. Judge Booth, who stands at the head of it, is known far and wide as an able jurist, a successful teacher and a man of advanced religious and humanitarian views. The Faculty of this College is composed of leading lawyers who take special pride in the enterprise and give it their best service. It has been in successful operation for many years, and among its alumni may be counted many brilliant lawyers and able judges who gladly acknowledge their indebtedness to the Union College of Law for the thorough training it gave them.

Bishop Wilberforce's familiarity with the manners and habits of the lowest classes was well illustrated once when a Hampshire lout appeared before him for confirmation. The Bishop felt sure he had confirmed him before, so he leaned over and said very softly: "My boy, I think I have confirmed you before." The lad opened his great, wide eyes and replied, "You be a liar." Wilberforce knew that this was only the ordinary way a clown knew how to deny what was not true. So he was told to kneel down, and he was confirmed.

Buchanan's Journal of Man is now ready for the July readers. To say that Dr. J. Rodes Buchanan is the editor is sufficient to insure a large sale. His writings are always popular and widely circulated. We are prepared to furnish any number of copies. Price, 10 cents each.

The June number of *Lucifer*, published in London, Eng., is received. It is an attractive number, and has a good table of contents. Price, 35 cents a copy. For sale at this office.

Notes from Onset.

Continued from First Page

At 2:30 P. M., J. Clegg Wright gave one of his best efforts as a teacher in the school of pure Spiritualism, showing its ends, aims, and possibilities when faithfully lived and practiced. At the close of Mr. Wright's lecture, Mrs. Whitney, late of California, gave an exercise in mediumship.

The Association feels assured of having another successful meeting this season. The conference meetings at the grand stand will be one of the main features of the camp, as they will afford a splendid opportunity for the people to come together and relieve themselves of their pent-up thoughts, compare notes and gain mental strength.

Tuesday, the 17th, J. Clegg Wright gave his closing lecture at this camp at 2 P. M., on "The Growth of Man and his Religious Ideas." Nothing but a verbatim report would do the gentleman justice.

Wednesday, Miss Shelhamer, the well known medium, arrived at the grove to fill an engagement on Saturday and Sunday, the 22nd and 23rd. Secretary J. M. Young, from Lake Pleasant, made a flying visit to Onset on Tuesday, the 17th.

Mrs. C. E. Gilbert, Washington, D. C., is visiting and recuperating at Onset. Miss C. C. Dyer, of New Hampton, N. H., is at Old Pan Cottage. Elisha Morse and wife, Minneapolis, Minn., U. A. Kilham, wife and daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett, Chicago, Ill., are registered at Glen Cove House, Onset, Mass. W. W. CURRIER.

General News.

Governor Hill recommends a new census taking, and the holding of a constitutional convention.—A case recognized in Oregon as the woman suffrage test case will be heard by the Supreme Court of that State this month.—By a close vote the directory of the Kansas City Board of Trade has decreed there shall be no saloon in the Exchange Building.—The farmers about Memphis kindly remember Hiram Sibley, who gave them $10,000 worth of assorted seeds when they were in hard straits from storms some six or seven years ago.—The young man committing suicide at Trinidad, Col., said supposed to be Fred Reingion, of *Harper's Weekly*, was of noble German family, and named Raymond Baron von Rohiwiski.—The Japanese are becoming so fond of card playing that in Kioto alone over 340 people are kept employed in the manufacture of playing cards, both Japanese and foreign, and the annual sales in Kioto amount to 53,557 yen.—James Freeman Clarke followed these rules during a long life and was happy: I have never been in a hurry, I have always taken plenty of exercise; I have always tried to be cheerful, and I have taken all the sleep that I needed.

It costs $100,000 a year to keep up the New York 7th regiment.—Delaware peaches will be abundant. The yield is estimated at 5,000,000 baskets.—There is one place in Ventura county, California, where there are 6,000 acres planted with beans.—It is anticipated that the government exhibits at the Cincinnati exposition will cover 40,000 square feet of space.—The white hat has become extinct in London, and the reign of the "stovepipe" has returned in greater force than ever.—It is quite a caprice for a girl of the period to wear the colors of her favorite college fastened to some part of her gown.—Tiny mikado fans, made of paper, are worn in the hair by young girls.—The government is trying lobster culture on the Pacific coast. The first Atlantic installment has been anchored at Santa Cruz.—The canning of shrimp is becoming a great industry in New Orleans. Fully 100,000 cans a day are packed there during the season.—Georgia has more watermelons than the railroads can transport.—Yellow fever is on the increase in Florida.—A gas-gusher was tapped at Wabash, Ind.—Crop prospects in the northwest are very bright.—The largest oil-well in the world has been tapped at Findlay, O. The flow is estimated at 10,000 barrels per day.—Recent directory estimates place the population of California at over one and a half millions, double what it was in 1880.—Gen. M. R. Patrick, governor of the central branch of the National Military home, at Dayton, O., is reported to be dying.—At Toronto Dr. Whiting, of St. Thomas, convicted of an assault on his 11 year-old niece, was given twenty-five lashes, the first installment of his punishment, which was fixed at two years in prison and fifty lashes.

THE WELLS BORE.

Mr. Henry J. Newton in the Role of Defender of a Detected Impostor.

He Thirsts for Vengeance, But When Offered a Chance His Courage and Faith Seem to Fail.—A Correspondence which is Self-Explanatory.

The following correspondence is public property and its prompt publication seems necessary to a proper understanding on the part of the JOURNAL'S readers, and in the best interests of truth and justice. The editor of the JOURNAL has never made an editorial assertion of a personal nature which he did not think at the time was true and that he could prove to be so. The present case is no exception, and he stands ready to produce the evidence when properly summoned before a legal tribunal as will be seen by a perusal of what follows:

NEW YORK, May 11th, 1888.

JNO. C. BUNDY—*Dear Sir:*—In your JOURNAL of May fifth (5th) you say "You can, if necessary, prove in the courts of New York City that Mrs. Wells is a vile swindler and has been for years using trick cabinets and confederates." In view of such a statement by you so strongly put, I wish to ask you a few questions which I hope you will frankly answer.

First, is the Mrs. Wells alluded to above Mrs. E. A. Wells? Second, you say, "if necessary you can prove," etc. Now what in your opinion would make it more necessary than at present? Third, if your statement is true is it not your bounden duty to do what you say you can in this respect? Fourth, if your expenses are paid to come to New York City will you come and undertake to do in this direction what you say you can? Fifth, if you contemplate coming to New York at no distant day, will you inform Mrs. Wells or me of that fact, and state when and where in New York City you will be on a day specified and send such information to either Mrs. Wells or myself one week prior to the day indicated?

I have written this letter by the advice of a Chicago lawyer and a friend of yours.

Hoping an early feply, I am respectfully yours, HENRY J. NEWTON,
128 West 43rd St.

CHICAGO, May 22, 1888.

MR. HENRY J. NEWTON (128 West 43rd St., New York City)—*Dear Sir:*—Yours of the 11th, written as you say under a lawyer's advice, came duly to hand, and as I do not think I need the advice of a lawyer to answer, it is now taken up at the earliest moment and in advance of other letters requiring answer received prior to yours. You ask certain questions and express a desire that I will "frankly answer." Your questions refer to an editorial in the JOURNAL of May 5th, in which the assertion was made to the effect that if necessary I could prove in the courts of New York City that Mrs. Wells was a vile swindler and had for years been using trick cabinets and confederates. I will take up your questions *seriatim*. You ask:

(1st) "Is the Mrs. Wells alluded to above Mrs. E. A. Wells?"

To this I reply, Yes.

(2nd) "You say, 'if necessary you can prove,' etc. Now, what, in your opinion, would make it more necessary than at present?"

I answer, that to my mind nothing could make it more necessary and important to prove the truth of what I published, and I believe that in the interests of Spiritualism and of good people who have been deceived by this woman, the truth of said editorial statement should be legally established without delay.

(3rd) "If your statement is true, is it not your bounden duty to do what you say you can in this respect?"

I answer decidedly, No. I have neither the time nor the money to do all that the occasion demands. If I had, I would have saved the cause of Spiritualism, and otherwise sensible men, from the humiliation of being proved the dupes of designing adventuresses.

(4th) "If your expenses are paid to come to New York City, will you come and undertake to do in this direction what you say you can?"

To this I answer that the payment of my expenses to come to New York on the mission indicated is no adequate compensation from so stanch a defender of Mrs. Wells as yourself. New York is as near to Chicago as is Chicago to New York, and here is my place of business, to which I am always closely confined with only brief and rare intervals of absence from town.

(5th) "If you contemplate coming to New York at no distant day, will you inform Mrs. Wells of that fact and state when and where in New York City you will be on the day specified, and send such information to either Mrs. Wells or myself one week prior to the day indicated?"

To this compound question, which is evidently put for the purpose of intimidation, I reply as follows: You are apparently laboring under a misapprehension. I would like the opportunity of proving what I have published, and let me suggest in passing that Mrs. Wells may find it necessary to meet such proof ere she has pursued her course much farther. To gratify you and to avoid all unnecessary delay, I make this proposition to you, to-wit: You prepare your papers to proceed against me upon the publication in the JOURNAL of May 5th. I will designate an attorney in New York or Brooklyn upon whom you may make service. He will give the required notice of appearance by my authority. You to execute under the approval of that attorney a bond to me in the sum of one thousand dollars, to be paid to cover my expenses if I defeat Mrs. Wells before a jury upon the trial of that action. If you defeat me, you have vindicated yourself and Mrs. Wells, and have done a good thing for the cause we both alike are interested in.

I hope since you have opened this matter in this form and under the advice of a lawyer, that you will accept the above proposition. I do not, under the circumstances, see how you can well decline. Although constantly interrupted while giving this to my stenographer I trust I have been sufficiently frank, explicit and intelligible to meet your wishes.

Fraternally Yours,
JNO. C. BUNDY.

NEW YORK, May 24th, 1888.

JOHN C. BUNDY—*Dear Sir:*—Yours of the 22nd has just come to hand and I hasten to reply. I will notice first your reply to what you call a compound question. You say, "It is evidently put for the purpose of intimidation." To this I simply deny that I asked you that or any other question for any such purpose. You make a broad assertion of what you can establish in the courts of the city of New York, and my purpose was and is to see that you undertake to do it, and if my question had the effect which you intimate it did I am sorry. I will enter into and execute a suitable bond that all your personal expenses shall be paid, which may be incurred in defending a suit for libel, brought against you by Mrs. E. A. Wells, in a court in New York City, provided you get final judgment against her. I cannot be made a party to any element of speculation in this matter, and to my mind the above is a fair and proper proposition, especially is it so if you really feel as you write, when you say that "nothing could make it more necessary or important to prove the truth of what you publish," and further that the truth of said editorial statement should be legally established without delay. Is this so? If you admit service by your attorney there may be no necessity of your coming here at all, as you know nothing about it beyond hearsay.

You can bring no evidence from Chicago; the evidence, such as it is, must be all here; hence when you say New York is as near to Chicago as is Chicago to New York, it is true only as it relates to distances, but not in relation to this case. Is there any one in Chicago who will pay the expense of coming there and instituting legal proceedings? If so the case will be taken to Chicago. I noticed an editorial in *The Better Way* in its issue of the 19th inst., which contains several liberal offers from New York parties which might meet more fully your expectations. I am entirely ignorant of who the parties may be, but judge from the language used that they mean just as it is stated. I think I fully understand the insinuation that "Mrs. Wells may find it necessary to meet such proof, ere she has pursued her course much farther," as I am somewhat familiar with the workers and their work in the conspiracy here and in Boston, I hope since you have opened this matter in this form without the advice of a lawyer you will accept my proposition; in fact I don't see how you well can under the circumstances decline. Fraternally Yours,
HENRY J. NEWTON.

CHICAGO, May 28, 1888.

HON. A. H. DAILEY (Brooklyn, N. Y.)—*Dear Sir:*—Herewith I enclose my check for $100 as a retainer in a matter explained as follows: In RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of May 5th, I made certain editorial statements concerning one Mrs. E. A. Wells and her alleged mediumship. On the 11th I received a letter from Mr. H. J. Newton asking certain questions. I replied to this on the 22nd, and I enclose herewith a copy of said reply, which also embodies his questions. I this day am in receipt of a letter from Mr. Newton in reply to mine of the 22nd, and I enclose it also.

The enclosures will give you an understanding of the situation. I place the whole matter in your hands and desire that you will act as my attorney, accept service for me and do all things that I should be empowered or expected to do were I within the jurisdiction of the courts of your State.

I thus promptly place the case in your hands as my attorney because I desire to have the merits of this controversy speedily settled in the only way that they can be, to wit: by legal proceedings in a court of justice. I made a plain, square proposal to Mr. Newton and, as I thought, a very fair and reasonable one. He sees fit to vary it and in a way to lead to misunderstandings and delays such as I do not propose to allow or be a party to. Neither do I propose to measure wits with Mr. Newton in smart letter-writing or in playing buncombe.

His remarks about an editorial in *The Better Way* of the 19th refer to something of which I am wholly ignorant as I do not see that delectable sheet, and have not for months. Finding that it was only a weak imitation of the defunct *Mind and Matter*, I ceased to look at it and to exchange with it. If Mr. Newton's cause has got so low that he is willing to join hands with the vile, infamous, J. A. Bliss and his "N. D. C. Axe," and the successor of the blasphemous, obscene and scurrilous sheet published by the late J. M. Roberts, then indeed am I sorry, and the cause of decent Spiritualism is to be pitied.

You will please notify Mr. Newton that you represent me; and you will also please to take such prompt measures as may be necessary to give him every opportunity to show his sincerity in his expressed desire to prosecute. Yours truly,
JNO. C. BUNDY.

HUNTINGTON, L. I., May 31, 1888.

DEAR COLONEL: Yours containing the check, Mr. Newton's correspondence, etc., came to-day. I probably will write Mr. Newton, but as the whole matter is in my hands, I shall insist on such change of terms as will meet my own views. This certainly you must expect when you place your matters in my hands. I understand something of the responsibilities now upon you, and if Mr. Newton and Mrs. Wells have a desire to clear her very smirched character from the odium under which it rests, I think your offer eminently a fair one.

One thousand dollars will not pay your expenses, including lawyer's fees, etc., if your lawyer is to be paid reasonably for his services. You will be put to considerable expense and great loss of time. All for what? To prove in court just what I think any sensible person knows now of the character of Mrs. Wells' materializing séances. I had a smell of one of them through her special favor some years ago. I remember the occasion *well!* It was a warm and sultry evening in early September. The katydids were chirping among the trees on the mountain back of Summit, N. J. My wife and I were at the Perrine Mountain Home which graces this beautiful place. I was to speak at a meeting to be held in the open air the next day, in front of their house. Mrs. Wells was a guest, and gave a séance the evening preceding the meeting, to which we were invited; and accepting the invitation we witnessed the show. I am sure I saw no materialization other than the partially nude form of Mrs. Wells. She was another katydid. She has a sort of a whistling way of speaking. There is a whispering sound characterizing her vocalization, which was common to all the voices I heard. I was called up to the cabinet to recognize a departed relative, and in her approach for an embrace the exhalations of a head of sweaty hair showed me that the materializations were true to nature, too true to be interesting. I could see that Mrs. Wells, in a partially nude state, was imposing herself upon me as a departed relative. Whether she was entranced or not, I cannot say, but even if she was entranced, what difference does that make as to the genuineness of the representation? Somebody was attempting to deceive me. Mrs. Wells was an instrument to that deception. That fact being established, I have only required the evidence of my personal friends

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

Excellent Books for Sale at this Office.

The Art of Forgetting. By Prentice Mulford. This pamphlet was issued in the White Cross Library series and has been widely circulated. It is full of suggestions and hints for those who feel depressed and heart sick. It is comforting and just what they ought to read. Price, 15 cents.

Psychography. By M. A. (Oxon.) A treatise on one of the objective forms of psychic or spiritual phenomena. The author's object has been to present a record of facts bearing on one form only of psychical phenomena. Price, paper cover, 50 cents.

Home circles, how to investigate Spiritualism, with suggestions and rules; together with information for investigators, Spiritualists and skeptics. 10 cents a copy. A good pamphlet to use for missionary purposes.

Four Essays Concerning Spiritism. By Heinrich Tiedemann, M. D. The subjects embodying the four essays are, What is Spirit? What is Man? Organization of the Spirit-Body; Matter, Space, Time. Price, 30 cents.

The Watseka Wonder. A narrative of startling phenomena occurring in the case of Mary Lurancy Vennum. Also a case of Double Consciousness. These cases are wonderful psychic and physio-psychological studies and have attracted world-wide attention by their authenticity and startling phenomena. Price, 15 cents.

Shaker Sermons. Containing the substance of Shaker Theology, together with replies and criticisms. Readers, who are interested in this line of thought can find much to interest them in this work. Cloth bound only 50 cents. For sale at this office.

The following works are by Giles B. Stebbins: Chapters from the Bible of the Ages. These chapters are selected with great care from the Hindu, Vedas, Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster, Talmuds, Bible, Plato, Luther, Milton, Max Muller, Lucretia Mott, T. Starr King, Parker, Emerson, Denton, Tuttle, and many other authentic sources. It is a most valuable collection and is a work that has received encomiums from high authority. Cloth bound, price reduced from $1.50 to $1.00 postpaid.

After Dogmatic Theology, What? Materialism or Spiritual Philosophy and Natural Religion. The aim of this work is to state materialism fairly, and to hold it as inconsistent. A wide range of ancient and modern proof of the higher aspects of the God idea in history is given. Cloth, 150 pages; only 60 cents, postpaid.

The American Protectionist's Manual. This work is especially sought after at this time when the tariff question is discussed by all stanch American citizens. A subject that has entered as a vital question into the politics of America deserves careful thought and serious attention and the statements in this work are offered as a help to all classes. It has been commended as interesting, fair, clear and strong, packing more in its 192 pages than any other book of that size on these subjects. Price, cloth, 75 cents; paper cover, 25 cents, post paid.

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Dr. J. G. Smith, the well known inventor, of Cleveland, passed to spirit-life the 19th of May, at Ravenna, Ohio, where he was stopping for a short time on his way home from the south part of the State, where he had been spending the winter. Dr. Smith was born in Ontario county, N. Y. He began the study of medicine at the age of 17, and graduated at the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa. He commenced the practice of medicine in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1854. The labors of a large practice there were too arduous for one naturally delicate, and as the result of over work he was prostrated with valvular disease of the heart. He then entered the field of invention, and received from time to time 15 patents, all useful, and many of them in successful operation. Through his long 22 years of sickness, he was always cheerful. He was a close student and an original thinker. His ideas were clear upon all subjects pertaining to men and the laws governing him. Your valuable paper was a great comfort to him; it softened the sorrow caused by the death of a dearly beloved daughter, who was the sunshine of his home and the comfort of his sad life. She passed away three years ago, since which time he has studied to learn something of future life. Your valuable paper gave him hope and comfort. He leaves an only son to mourn his loss, and also a wife who has been permitted to care for him and share his sorrows and afflictions.

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ing a white man than a negro. Some persons are inclined to shun him, and have refused to pass where he was, as they considered him a leper, or did not know but that he might be one.

Attention is called to an advertisement, on the third page, of the Union College of Law. To those contemplating the legal profession the JOURNAL can unreservedly commend this school. Judge Booth, who stands at the head of it, is known far and wide as an able jurist, a successful teacher and a man of advanced religious and humanitarian views. The Faculty of this College is composed of leading lawyers who take special pride in the enterprise and give it their best service. It has been in successful operation for many years, and among its alumni may be counted many brilliant lawyers and able judges who gladly acknowledge their indebtedness to the Union College of Law for the thorough training it gave them.

Bishop Wilberforce's familiarity with the manners and habits of the lowest classes was well illustrated once when a Hampshire lout appeared before him for confirmation. The Bishop felt sure he had confirmed him before, so he leaned over and said very softly: "My boy, I think I have confirmed you before." The lad opened his great, wide eyes and replied, "You be a liar." Wilberforce knew that this was only the ordinary way a clown knew how to deny what was not true. So he was told to kneel down, and he was confirmed.

Buchanan's Journal of Man is now ready for the July readers. To say that Dr. J. Rodes Buchanan is the editor is sufficient to insure a large sale. His writings are always popular and widely circulated. We are prepared to furnish any number of copies. Price, 10 cents each.

The June number of *Lucifer*, published in London, Eng., is received. It is an attractive number, and has a good table of contents. Price, 35 cents a copy. For sale at this office.

Notes from Onset.

Continued from First Page

At 2:30 P. M., J. Clegg Wright gave one of his best efforts as a teacher in the school of pure Spiritualism, showing its ends, aims, and possibilities when faithfully lived and practiced. At the close of Mr. Wright's lecture, Mrs. Whitney, late of California, gave an exercise in mediumship.

The Association feels assured of having another successful meeting this season. The conference meetings at the grand stand will be one of the main features of the camp, as they will afford a splendid opportunity for the people to come together and relieve themselves of their pent-up thoughts, compare notes and gain mental strength.

Tuesday, the 17th, J. Clegg Wright gave his closing lecture at this camp at 2 P. M., on "The Growth of Man and his Religious Ideas." Nothing but a verbatim report would do the gentleman justice.

Wednesday, Miss Shelhamer, the well known medium, arrived at the grove to fill an engagement on Saturday and Sunday, the 22nd and 23rd. Secretary J. M. Young, from Lake Pleasant, made a flying visit to Onset on Tuesday, the 17th.

Mrs. C. E. Gilbert, Washington, D. C., is visiting and recuperating at Onset. Miss C. C. Dyer, of New Hampton, N. H., is at Old Fan Cottage. Elisha Morse and wife, Minneapolis, Minn., U. A. Kilham, wife and daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett, Chicago, Ill., are registered at Glen Cove House.

Onset, Mass. W. W. CURRIER.

General News.

Governor Hill recommends a new census taking, and the holding of a constitutional convention.—A case recognized in Oregon as the woman suffrage test case will be heard by the Supreme Court of that State this month.—By a close vote the directory of the Kansas City Board of Trade has decreed there shall be no saloon in the Exchange Building.—The farmers about Memphis kindly remember Hiram Sibley, who gave them $10,000 worth of assorted seeds when they were in hard straits from storms some six or seven years ago.—The young man committing suicide at Trinidad, Col., and supposed to be Fred Reingion, of *Harper's Weekly*, was of noble German family, and named Raymond Baron von Rohiwiski.—The Japanese are becoming so fond of card playing that in Kioto alone over 340 people are kept employed in the manufacture of playing cards, both Japanese and foreign, and the annual sales in Kioto amount to 53,557 yen.—James Freeman Clarke followed these rules during a long life and was happy: I have never been in a hurry. I have always taken plenty of exercise; I have always tried to be cheerful, and I have taken all the sleep that I needed.

It costs $100,000 a year to keep up the New York 7th regiment.—Delaware peaches will be abundant. The yield is estimated at 5,000,000 baskets.—There is one place in Ventura county, California, where there are 6,000 acres planted with beans.—It is anticipated that the government exhibits at the Cincinnati exposition will cover 40,000 square feet of space.—The white hat has become extinct in London, and the reign of the "stovepipe" has returned in greater force than ever.—It is quite a caprice for a girl of the period to wear the colors of her favorite college fastened to some part of her gown.—Tiny mikado fans, made of paper, are worn in the hair by young girls.—The government is trying lobster culture on the Pacific coast. The first Atlantic installment has been anchored at Santa Cruz.—The canning of shrimp is becoming a great industry in New Orleans. Fully 100,000 cans a day are packed there during the season.—Georgia has more watermelons than the railroads can transport.—Yellow fever is on the increase in Florida.—A gas-gusher was tapped at Wabash, Ind.—Crop prospects in the northwest are very bright.—The largest oil-well in the world has been tapped at Findlay, O. The flow is estimated at 10,000 barrels per day.—Recent directory estimates place the population of California at over one and a half millions, double what it was in 1880.—Gen. M. R. Patrick, governor of the central branch of the National Military home, at Dayton, O., is reported to be dying.—At Toronto Dr. Whiting, of St. Thomas, convicted of an assault on his 11 year-old niece, was given twenty-five lashes, the first installment of his punishment, which was fixed at two years in prison and fifty lashes.

THE WELLS BORE.

Mr. Henry J. Newton in the Role of Defender of a Detected Impostor.

He Thirsts for Vengeance, But When Offered a Chance His Courage and Faith Seem to Fail.—A Correspondence which is Self-Explanatory.

The following correspondence is public property and its prompt publication seems necessary to a proper understanding on the part of the JOURNAL'S readers, and in the best interests of truth and justice. The editor of the JOURNAL has never made an editorial assertion of a personal nature which he did not think at the time was true and that he could prove to be so. The present case is no exception, and he stands ready to produce the evidence when properly summoned before a legal tribunal as will be seen by a perusal of what follows:

NEW YORK, May 11th, 1888.

JNO. C. BUNDY—*Dear Sir:*—In your JOURNAL of May fifth (5th) you say "You can, if necessary, prove in the courts of New York City that Mrs. Wells is a vile swindler and has been for years using trick cabinets and confederates." In view of such a statement by you so strongly put, I wish to ask you a few questions which I hope you will frankly answer.

First, is the Mrs. Wells alluded to above Mrs. E. A. Wells? Second, you say, "if necessary you can prove," etc. Now what in your opinion would make it more necessary than at present? Third, if your statement is true is it not your bounden duty to do what you say you can in this respect? Fourth, if your expenses are paid to come to New York City will you come and undertake to do in this direction what you say you can? Fifth, if you contemplate coming to New York at no distant day, will you inform Mrs. Wells or me of that fact, and state when and where in New York City you will be on a day specified and send such information to either Mrs. Wells or myself one week prior to the day indicated?

I have written this letter by the advice of a Chicago lawyer and a friend of yours.

Hoping an early reply, I am respectfully yours,

HENRY J. NEWTON,
128 West 43rd St.

CHICAGO, May 22, 1888.

MR. HENRY J. NEWTON (128 West 43rd St., New York City)—*Dear Sir:*—Yours of the 11th, written as you say under a lawyer's advice, came duly to hand, and as I do not think I need the advice of a lawyer to answer, it is now taken up at the earliest moment and in advance of other letters requiring answer received prior to yours. You ask certain questions and express a desire that I will "frankly answer." Your questions refer to an editorial in the JOURNAL of May 5th, in which the assertion was made to the effect that if necessary I could prove in the courts of New York City that Mrs. Wells was a vile swindler and had for years been using trick cabinets and confederates. I will take up your questions *seriatim*. You ask:

(1st) "Is the Mrs. Wells alluded to above Mrs. E. A. Wells?"

To this I reply, Yes.

(2nd) "You say, 'if necessary you can prove,' etc. Now, what, in your opinion, would make it more necessary than at present?"

I answer, that to my mind nothing could make it more necessary and important to prove the truth of what I published, and I believe that in the interests of Spiritualism and of good people who have been deceived by this woman, the truth of said editorial statement should be legally established without delay.

(3rd) "If your statement is true, is it not your bounden duty to do what you say you can in this respect?"

I answer decidedly, No. I have neither the time nor the money to do all that the occasion demands. If I had, I would have saved the cause of Spiritualism, and otherwise sensible men, from the humiliation of being proved the dupes of designing adventuresses.

(4th) "If your expenses are paid to come to New York City, will you come and undertake to do in this direction what you say you can?"

To this I answer that the payment of my expenses to come to New York on the mission indicated is no adequate compensation from so stanch a defender of Mrs. Wells as yourself. New York is as near to Chicago as is Chicago to New York, and here is my place of business, to which I am always closely confined with only brief and rare intervals of absence from town.

(5th) "If you contemplate coming to New York at no distant day, will you inform Mrs. Wells of that fact and state when and where in New York City you will be on the day specified, and send such information to either Mrs. Wells or myself one week prior to the day indicated?"

To this compound question, which is evidently put for the purpose of intimidation, I reply as follows: You are apparently laboring under a misapprehension. I would like the opportunity of proving what I have published, and let me suggest in passing that Mrs. Wells may find it necessary to meet such proof ere she has pursued her course much farther. To gratify you and to avoid all unnecessary delay, I make this proposition to you, to-wit: You prepare your papers to proceed against me upon the publication in the JOURNAL of May 5th. I will designate an attorney in New York or Brooklyn upon whom you may make service. He will give the required notice of appearance by my authority. You to execute under the approval of that attorney a bond to me in the sum of one thousand dollars, to be paid to cover my expenses if I defeat Mrs. Wells before a jury upon the trial of that action. If you defeat me, you have vindicated yourself and Mrs. Wells, and have done a good thing for the cause we both alike are interested in.

I hope since you have opened this matter in this form and under the advice of a lawyer, that you will accept the above proposition. I do not, under the circumstances, see how you can well decline. Although constantly interrupted while giving this to my stenographer I trust I have been sufficiently frank, explicit and intelligible to meet your wishes.

Fraternally Yours,
JNO. C. BUNDY.

NEW YORK, May 24th, 1888.

JOHN C. BUNDY—*Dear Sir:*—Yours of the 22nd has just come to hand and I hasten to reply. I will notice first your reply to what you call a compound question. You say, "It is evidently put for the purpose of intimidation." To this I simply deny that I asked you that or any other question for any such purpose. You make a broad assertion of what you can establish in the courts of the city of New York, and my purpose was and is to see that you undertake to do it, and if my question had the effect which you intimate it did I am sorry. I will enter into and execute a suitable bond that all your personal expenses shall be paid, which may be incurred in defending a suit for libel, brought against you by Mrs. E. A. Wells, in a court in New York City, provided you get final judgment against her. I cannot be made a party to any element of speculation in this matter, and to my mind the above is a fair and proper proposition, especially is it so if you really feel as you write, when you say that "nothing could make it more necessary or important to prove the truth of what you publish," and further that the truth of said editorial statement should be legally established without delay. Is this so? If you admit service by your attorney there may be no necessity of your coming here at all, as you know nothing about it beyond hearsay.

You can bring no evidence from Chicago; the evidence, such as it is, must be all here; hence when you say New York is as near to Chicago as is Chicago to New York, it is true only as it relates to distances, but not in relation to this case. Is there any one in Chicago who will pay the expense of coming there and instituting legal proceedings? If so the case will be taken to Chicago. I noticed an editorial in *The Better Way* in its issue of the 19th inst., which contains several liberal offers from New York parties, which might meet more fully your expectations. I am entirely ignorant of who the parties may be, but judge from the language used that they mean just as it is stated. I think I fully understand the insinuation that "Mrs. Wells may find it necessary to meet such proof, ere she has pursued her course much farther," as I am somewhat familiar with the workers and their work in the conspiracy here and in Boston, I hope since you have opened this matter in this form without the advice of a lawyer, you will accept my proposition; in fact I don't see how you well can under the circumstances decline. Fraternally Yours,

HENRY J. NEWTON.

CHICAGO, May 28, 1888.

HON. A. H. DAILEY (Brooklyn, N. Y.)—*Dear Sir:*—Herewith I enclose my check for $100 as a retainer in a matter explained as follows: In RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of May 5th, I made certain editorial statements concerning one Mrs. E. A. Wells and her alleged mediumship. On the 11th I received a letter from Mr. H. J. Newton asking certain questions. I replied to this on the 22nd, and I enclose herewith a copy of said reply, which also embodies his questions. I this day am in receipt of a letter from Mr. Newton in reply to mine of the 22nd, and I enclose it also.

The enclosures will give you an understanding of the situation. I place the whole matter in your hands and desire that you will act as my attorney, accept service for me and do all things that I should be empowered or expected to do were I within the jurisdiction of the courts of your State.

I thus promptly place the case in your hands as my attorney because I desire to have the merits of this controversy speedily settled in the only way that they can be, to wit: by legal proceedings in a court of justice. I made a plain, square proposal to Mr. Newton and, as I thought, a very fair and reasonable one. He sees fit to vary it and in a way to lead to misunderstandings and delays such as I do not propose to allow or be a party to. Neither do I propose to measure wits with Mr. Newton in smart letter-writing or in playing buncombe.

His remarks about an editorial in *The Better Way* of the 19th refer to something of which I am wholly ignorant as I do not see that delectable sheet, and have not for months. Finding that it was only a weak imitation of the defunct *Mind and Matter*, I ceased to look at it and to exchange with it. If Mr. Newton's cause has got so low that he is willing to join hands with the vile, infamous, J. A. Bliss and his "N. D. C. Axe," and the successor of the blasphemous, obscene and scurrilous sheet published by the late J. M. Roberts, then indeed am I sorry, and the cause of decent Spiritualism is to be pitied.

You will please notify Mr. Newton that you represent me; and you will also please to take such prompt measures as may be necessary to give him every opportunity to show his sincerity in his expressed desire to prosecute. Yours truly,

JNO. C. BUNDY.

HUNTINGTON, L. I., May 31, 1888.

DEAR COLONEL: Yours containing the check, Mr. Newton's correspondence, etc., came to-day. I probably will write Mr. Newton, but as the whole matter is in my hands, I shall insist on such change of terms as will meet my own views. This certainly you must expect when you place your matters in my hands. I understand something of the responsibilities now upon you, and if Mr. Newton and Mrs. Wells have a desire to clear her very smirched character from the odium under which it rests, I think your offer eminently a fair one.

One thousand dollars will not pay your expenses, including lawyer's fees, etc., if your lawyer is to be paid reasonably for his services. You will be put to considerable expense and great loss of time. All for what? To prove in court just what I think any sensible person knows now of the character of Mrs. Wells' materializing séances. I had a smell of one of them through her special favor some years ago. I remember the occasion *well!* It was a warm and sultry evening in early September. The katydids were chirping among the trees on the mountain back of Summit, N. J. My wife and I were at the Perrine Mountain Home which graces this beautiful place. I was to speak at a meeting to be held in the open air the next day, in front of their house. Mrs. Wells was a guest, and gave a séance the evening preceding the meeting, to which we were invited; and accepting the invitation we witnessed the show. I am sure I saw no materialization other than the partially nude form of Mrs. Wells. She was another katydid. She has a sort of a whistling way of speaking. There is a whispering sound characterizing her vocalization, which was common to all the voices I heard. I was called up to the cabinet to recognize a departed relative, and in her approach for an embrace the exhalations of a head of sweaty hair showed me that the materializations were true to nature, too true to be interesting. I could see that Mrs. Wells, in a partially nude state, was imposing herself upon me as a departed relative. Whether she was entranced or not, I cannot say, but even if she was entranced, what difference does that make as to the genuineness of the representation? Somebody was attempting to deceive me. Mrs. Wells was an instrument to that deception. That fact being established, I have only required the evidence of my personal friends

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

Excellent Books for Sale at this Office.

The Art of Forgetting. By Prentice Mulford. This pamphlet was issued in the White Cross Library series and has been widely circulated. It is full of suggestions and hints for those who feel depressed and heart sick. It is comforting and just what they ought to read. Price, 15 cents.

Psychography. By M. A. (Oxon.) A treatise on one of the objective forms of psychic or spiritual phenomena. The author's object has been to present a record of facts bearing on one form only of psychical phenomena. Price, paper cover, 50 cents.

Home circles, how to investigate Spiritualism, with suggestions and rules; together with information for investigators, Spiritualists and skeptics. 10 cents a copy. A good pamphlet to use for missionary purposes.

Four Essays Concerning Spiritism. By Heinrich Tiedemann, M. D. The subjects embodying the four essays are, What is Spirit? What is Man? Organization of the Spirit-Body; Matter, Space, Time. Price, 30 cents.

The Watseka Wonder. A narrative of startling phenomena occurring in the case of Mary Lurancy Vennum. Also a case of Double Consciousness. These cases are wonderful psychic and physio-psychological studies and have attracted world-wide attention by their authenticity and startling phenomena. Price, 15 cents.

Shaker Sermons. Containing the substance of Shaker Theology, together with replies and criticisms. Readers, who are interested in this line of thought can find much to interest them in this work. Cloth bound only 50 cents. For sale at this office.

The following works are by Giles B. Stebbins: Chapters from the Bible of the Ages. These chapters are selected with great care from the Hindu, Vedas, Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster, Talmuds, Bible, Plato, Luther, Milton, Max Muller, Lucretia Mott, T. Starr King, Parker, Emerson, Denton, Tuttle, and many other authentic sources. It is a most valuable collection and is a work that has received enconiums from high authority. Cloth bound, price reduced from $1.50 to $1.00 postpaid.

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Seekers of Summer Sylvan Shades

should send for the Summer Tourist Folder of the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," and a copy of "In Summer Days," descriptive of the favorite Northern and Eastern resorts and the way to reach them, profusely illustrated, enclosing two stamps for postage. The tourist routes presented to the attention of the public by the Michigan Central are unrivalled in variety and interest, and should be carefully examined before deciding upon one's summer trip.

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Passed to Spirit-Life.

Dr. J. G. Smith, the well known inventor, of Cleveland, passed to spirit-life the 19th of May, at Ravenna, Ohio, where he was stopping for a short time on his way home from the south part of the State, where he had been spending the winter. Dr. Smith was born in Ontario county, N. Y. He began the study of medicine at the age of 17, and graduated at the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa. He commenced the practice of medicine in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1854. The labors of a large practice there were too arduous for one naturally delicate, and as the result of over work he was prostrated with valvular disease of the heart. He then entered the field of invention, and received from time to time 15 patents, all useful, and many of them in successful operation. Through his long 22 years of sickness, he was always cheerful. He was a close student and an original thinker. His ideas were clear upon all subjects pertaining to men and the laws governing him. Your valuable paper was a great comfort to him; it softened the sorrow caused by the death of a dearly beloved daughter, who was the sunshine of his home and the comfort of his sad life. She passed away three years ago, since which time he has studied to learn something of future life. Your valuable paper gave him hope and comfort. He leaves an only son to mourn his loss, and also a wife who has been permitted to care for him and share his sorrows and afflictions.

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INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

FAITH.

"'Tis by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at Heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide and faith our light."

When desert sands and darkness round us close
While yet we wander far from rest and home,
When hopeless we would fain the strife give o'er,
And fall, by thirst and weariness o'ercome,
Faith smiles, and whispers of the murm'ring brooks
That wander through unfading fields of green;
Of dewy hillsides sparkling in the light,
With misty vales and groves that lie between,
In that fair land whose skies may never frown;
Where they whose feet have trod the desert through
Forget the heat and burdens of the way
And find their highest, noblest, visions true.

We listen to the inspiring voice until
The steadfast stars illumine night's black dome
And pain, and thirst, and weariness forgot
The desert echoes with our songs of home.

"The want of sight she well supplies,
She makes the pearly gates appear
Far into distant worlds she pries
And brings eternal glories near."

The eye of faith o'erlooks the weary years—
The dreary leagues of parched and burning sand
That near us lie; but far beyond our sight
Her steady gaze is resting on the better land.

She tells us of the city's gates of pearl
And shining towers that greet her clearer sight;
Its golden streets where, 'neath the Tree of Life
The dwellers walk with ever new delight.

Her eye, regarding not interior things,
Flies o'er the wondrous space from star to star,
And to our list'ning ear she tells the tale
Of endless glories in those worlds afar.

And while she speaks our fears and sorrows flee,
Toil, pain, and weariness vex us no more.
Earth, ocean, time and distance fade away,
Lost in the splendors of the eternal shore.

—O.

Saved by a Vision.

The interesting account of the "Spiritual Experience of an Old Sea Captain" reminds me of an "experience" of probably a similar nature which occurred on a voyage from Newcastle to Amsterdam about a century and a-half ago. The hero of the tale, of the truth of which I have no doubt, was a near relative of an ancestor of my own, and the story is thus given by his nephew:—

"My uncle was a man of strong natural parts, had a good education, and was skilled in medicine. He went to sea very young, where he experienced several instances of a particular Providence, one of which, being remarkable, I give it at large.

"About the age of fourteen he went to sea in a ship called the *Providence*, belonging to his father, and commanded by his half-brother. Going out of Hasbro' Gat, he had such a disturbed dream or vision as convinced him there was some shipwreck at no great distance, and that he must exert himself to save the crew. He immediately informed his brother of his dream, and went up to the mast-head, when he saw, or thought he saw, part of a wreck, with some people on it, and desired his brother that the ship might bear away, and he would inform them when she pointed for the wreck; which was accordingly done. They had run many miles when the mate went to the mast-head, and my uncle told him he saw the wreck considerably plainer than before, and was certain there were men on it. When they had run thus about an hour, the mate told the master he now saw the boy was mistaken, for he could see nothing. The master then ordered the ship should haul her wind, but the boy called out that he saw the wreck very plain, and there were five people on it, one of whom, a little boy, had on a fisherman's cap, and that they had a handkerchief on a stick, which they held up in their hands, and he desired some of the crew to come to him, and he would show it to them very plainly, on which several went up, who said they could see on the horizon something like a flock of seafowl on the water; but his brother, believing him rather than the others, ordered the ship as directed by my uncle. After a considerable time they saw the wreck very plain, and when they drew near found it exactly as described by my uncle. They lowered their boat and took up the five people, one of whom, the lad, sailed with me forty years after this event. I have heard this relation many times from him; he said it was the most miraculous deliverance he had ever heard of. My uncle said he acted by an irresistible influence, and that it was impossible in the nature of things for the wreck to be seen when he was firmly persuaded that he saw it. He was a man of strong features, of a firm, penetrating aspect, and a great admirer of Newton, Locke, and Boyle."—W. E. CORNER, *in Light, London.*

Heaven Revised.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I feel an earnest desire to drop a line to the JOURNAL to say what very great pleasure I experienced in reading the first two chapters of Mrs. Duffey's article, "Heaven Revised!" One paragraph in that communication which referred to the recognition of those who had passed away young and grown to maturity in spirit-life, I deem particularly happy; I do not think that language could be formed more expressive of a great spiritual truth than that used by that lady, in the sentence to which I refer. Her words are:

"They had always been babies to me in my memory. But when I beheld these youths beside me, some subtle instinct revealed to me that they were my babies now nearly grown to manhood. I felt neither hesitation nor surprise in the recognition. It was as though I had always expected them to appear thus to me. I only held out my arm with an unutterably glad impulse, crying 'My boys! Mine!'"

I had at one time a similar experience and have never found satisfaction in the manner in which I endeavored to express it. Language always seemed inadequate; Mrs. Duffey has conveyed the idea, perhaps, as nearly as that is possible in words.

A baby girl was born, lived six or eight weeks, passed on and was buried, while I was hundreds of miles away, and, of course, never saw her physical form, but in about eighteen years afterwards, while watching at midnight by the bed of a dying son, she became perceptible to me, standing at the head of his bed. It seemed the most proper and natural thing in the world that I should recognize her, and we conversed mentally for some time before she faded from my sight. She had appeared as a young woman.

In the spirit condition "we know and are known" whether we still inhabit a physical form or not, and when we meet a "stranger" (?) we shall not need to ask "Who are you? What's your name? Where do you live? What are you driving at?" or any such questions, because we shall not only perceive his physical outline but we shall "know" him just as he knows himself. Nor is it necessary that we should "die" before realizing this truth. I presume hundreds of JOURNAL readers have had experiences similar to that of mine just related; and from such experiences can testify to the fitness of Mrs. Duffey's language in explanation of it.

What a pity it is that Spiritualists cannot become sufficently spiritualized to perceive spiritual things; but they can scarcely expect to become so while they "live, move and have their being" only in the midst of physical surroundings and cash-down mediums. Let us have truth and the apt expression of facts. THOS. HARDING.

Sturgis, Mich.

Among President Cleveland's callers the other day was John Winchell of Detroit, aged 91, who had come personally to urge the passage of a bill to pay him arrears of pension granted in 1834 for wounds received in 1814 at Lundy's lane.

Railroad men say that lightning occasionally strikes locomotives when they run through thunder storms, but it has never been known to harm them or the men in the cabs. The electricity thins out and spreads all over the engine, running off the wheels and along the track when it leaves the machinery. The impression is that the locomotives are lightning-catchers and attract the bolts that otherwise might hit the cars.

The International Council of Women.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Since March and April I may say the uppermost real interest and thought here have been connected with "the International Council of Women," at least in reformatory and liberal schools and circles. There was a wealth of spirituality in the women gathered there, and the assembly not only throbbed with its life, but it has made its pulsations felt in the activities and the thinking of women the country over, not the least in the West.

There was a wide difference in the education and the experiences of the women gathered there, yet they seemed, in regard to practical work and heroic purpose, to be of one mind and heart. The beliefs taught them in their youths, and perhaps still cherished, were various, but we could clearly see that all were tending to the essential in religion and life.

Will they not be brought through this heart-warm meeting, through this hospitable and profound discussion of vital themes, to interpret religion as something larger and more compassionate than they have hitherto done, or rather than any priesthood has done? And without dogma? They will accept more and more, I believe, what the mother heart utters, and the interpretations not only of such great hearts, but the annunciations of such anointed, yet unordained mothers and sisters, and this means that they shall respect, yea, revere the motions and emotions of their own souls.

Seeing in this Council, the melting together of these unities in the universal, we can apprehend the genius of the Quaker faith that spoke as it was moved upon, and of its apostle George Fox and his disciples; of the genius of Whitfield and other religious leaders who listened in their childhood day "to the voice within" before they had heard the noisy voices of praise, pride and power drawing away from the central life. Women were ever among religious reformers, and if they do not cry as of old, "Rabbi, Rabbi," it is not because they are lacking in the religious spirit, but even more truly, as I believe, imbued with it. How many religious women, students and law-givers have been brought to our notice within recent months and years, to encourage the striving women of this time! And there must always be a multitude of women unhoused by conventional churches who will yet never be left without the witness in their inner lives. And in the Council, the testimony to this moving and universal guidance if not *named*, was real. It came from women of different lands and various schools of thought, and from leaders of culture in all; this subtile sense beneath all. Where activity and experience met, it must have been greatly satisfying.

Consider, too, the philosophical grasp of republican principles, as necessary to all the governed, that Mrs. Stanton instinctively illustrated; the science of government of which Miss Anthony gives an instance in her own power and character; the unfailing and vigilant service, always true to the equality of woman, as through life rendered by Lucy Stone; the heart and head of Miss Eastman, gaining almost simultaneous utterance, intellectual yet spiritual; the alert womanliness and motherliness of Mrs. Harbert, ever ready to utter the feminine soul and to defend the rights of her sisters wherever placed, and to recognize the personality and character due each who had earned it; the beauty of expression, the happy rhetoric, and the gain in sympathy through experience of life, that Mrs. Howe evidences in association with women, the exquisite beauty of a tribute to one "passed beyond," or in graceful verse; the original thought and thoughtfulness of the teacher, Miss Morris, of the Brooklyn schools, showing excellent individual methods and an earnest moral nature; equally original, perhaps, is Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson, with her trained powers and her conscience, insisting that women shall gain exact knowledge, and be true to it, employing it for the best good of the race. She is not satisfied with any fractional or partial acquirements in science, nor will she have others rest there, especially if they hold responsible places.

But I must put down my pen though the faces and voices of so many gladden my memory, hoping another day to give a glimpse of the earnest life and utterances of those, maybe, whose light has never shone through your pages.

Detroit, Mich. CATHARINE F. STEBBINS.

A Gas Well Located by the Spirits.

The Medium, W. S. Rowley, in Luck.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I feel extremely happy, for I, with others here, have had one of the very best of tests of spirit-guidance. About two years ago, some Cleveland gentlemen who had passed over to the other side, communicated to Mr. Strong and myself that there was an immense reservoir of natural gas south of the city at Newburgh, a suburb of Cleveland. They described the exact location, and even pointed out the hills and some houses, etc., that were near by. Neither Mr. S. nor myself had ever been on the ground, but we went out there, and found that they had described the premises precisely as they are. So Mr. George Howe (whom you know) and Mr. Thomas Axworthy, our present city treasurer, bought the property and put up the money to drill a well. The first one proved unfortunate, as the drillers got their tools fast in the well and could not get them out, but work was commenced upon another one that I located by the same means. Saturday night the largest well in Ohio was struck, and the gas is now flowing therefrom from 75 to 100 feet high.

Every one is excited, as they have drilled over 200 places here without results, and our State geologist and all experts declared that there was no high pressure gas here. We were within only a few feet of the very depth that the spirits had declared all the time that we would find the gas, viz., 1,700 feet when gas was struck. It is simply immense. The fact that I have one-eighth interest in it for locating it is sufficient evidence that my medial assistance is appreciated. Everybody is wild over it, and most all are willing to give the Spirit-world credit. The *Leader* here is very conservative and may not give proper credit.

It is certainly a splendid test of spirit power to look into the bowels of the earth. We have been laughed at by unbelievers all along, but it is our turn to laugh now. Mr. Howe, Mr. Strong, Mr. Hubly and others will vouch for the correctness of my statements. Every one says that would have been the *last* place they would have thought of looking for gas. It is a bonanza for the stockholders, but I am a thousand times more pleased to have the statements of the "powers that be" corroborated than to get the loaves and fishes.

Cleveland, O., July 16. W. S. ROWLEY.

Spirit Aid in Time of Sickness.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

A few years ago my wife was taken suddenly and dangerously ill. I and my daughter were waiting on her, one at a time; when my turn came my daughter said, "Ma would not take the last powder; they did her more harm than good." It was night, two miles to the doctor. I readily saw she was right, the medicine was not having the desired effect. I thought of invoking assistance from my spirit friends to summon aid to relieve my sick wife. While I was sitting thus in a kind of reverie my wife asked me, "Where have those folks gone?" She described several persons (spirits) we were well acquainted with, who passed over a few years ago; one of them she could not see clear enough to recognize. She thought it was our spirit daughter. (The very one I had sought for help). My wife said they held a consultation around her bed but she could not understand what they were saying. She was impressed that she should take water, that a live coal of fire was dropped in, every few minutes. I gave her that, and she became better at once; her stomach became quiet, the vomiting ceased and she improved from that time without any more medicine.

Now, does not this prove that if, in time of need, we earnestly pray for the help of our nearest and dearest spirit friends, they will at once respond and, if possible, help us? An orthodox might have called upon Jesus Christ, and still some spirit friend might have personated the Nazarene and given the necessary aid. J. PEFFLEY.

Mrs. E. L. Watson has been addressing a very large audience at McVickers' Theatre in Chicago. From Ingersoll, who last filled that large auditorium, to Mrs. Watson is a long step. Col. Bundy was in the chair, and for an hour she held her audience in silent admiration of a most eloquent and cogent address. The notices of the event in the secular press were very complimentary. In America, as in England, a sane and clean Spiritualism is winning wide respect.—*Light, London.*

In Memory of the Transition of Will L. Watson, only Son of Mrs. E. L. Watson of "Sunny Brae," Santa Clara, Cal.

A Mother's Last Offering to Her Dead Boy.

"Speech is but broken light upon the depth of the unspoken."

The many friends of Mrs. E. L. Watson will be pained to hear of the sad affliction which has desolated her heart, in the death of her only and dearly beloved son Will, who was born into higher possibilities, July 5th, from his home at "Sunny Brae," Cal., after an illness of four weeks. Within ten days after the mother had gone East, he telegraphed me, at San Francisco, as an intimate friend of the family, that he was not well and asked me to come to him, which I immediately did. His first request was, "not to let mother know, as it would spoil her visit, and with good nursing he would soon recover his usual health;" but time and care brought no change for the better, and in about three weeks after Mrs. Watson left home, I telegraphed her to come to, what proved to be a death bed.

Mrs. Watson had just filled her last engagement, and was to have a few weeks of rest and recreation, when the dispatch reached her at Rochester. She started immediately and reached home after five days' travel, and for ten days had the blessed privilege of ministering unto his need. Oh! how she tried to nurse him back to health and a life of usefulness. How bravely she bore the cross of affliction, which seemed all too heavy for her mother heart, never by look or word losing faith in the thought of his recovery, but in vain! And for only one short week did she have the consolation of his recognition. How many times during that week did he give proof of his thoughtful care and gratitude to that mother for her every word of tenderness. His devotion to, and care of, his young sister was truly beautiful. He never forgot to thank every one who performed the slightest service. His life seemed to have blossomed into fullness, shedding a fragrance over all. Often would he say, "When I recover I will be more to mother than I have been," feeling deeply the worth and love of that devoted heart. After hope had been rekindled in our hearts, and we saw no danger, the Death Angel entered the beautiful home on the 2nd of July; but not until the morning of the 5th, was the spirit released from its earth environments.

The funeral was held at his home on Friday, July 6th, the mother paying the last loving tribute to her darling boy; and such tribute only a mother could have rendered. The service was opened by the soft low singing of that impressive song, "He is Gone," after which Mrs. Watson arose and with uplifted eyes, offered such an impassioned prayer as melted all eyes to tears and bowed all hearts in worship of the good and beautiful in nature, even of death itself. After another softly-rendered song, "Where the Roses ne'er shall wither," the mother, in words of burning eloquence poured out her heart's love for her precious boy; not in undue praise did she speak of his virtues, but only told of his earnest efforts toward the good, his strivings to reach the highest and best in all things that would ennoble; of his confidence and trust, of his sympathy with and tender care of her, of his sweet counsels and communing with her. O! what a beautiful lesson she gave from that life, to the young comrades of her boy. She touched, as with flame of fire, every heart, and inspired all with a determination to profit by the life and character of their arisen friend, and weave into their lives all there was of beauty in his. She felt he had ripened for the change and did not pass the golden portal without having caught a glimpse of that unseen world so closely impinging upon our own. The gate had stood ajar for him to enter, and he was met by loving friends who stood in waiting to guide him onward into brighter paths and deeper realities.

O! how it strengthened our faith in God and in the ministry of His angels, and in our philosophy, which triumphs over death, and robs the grave of all its sting!

All who witnessed that scene, and listened to that outpouring of the mother's soul upon the altar of her love, must have felt the inflowing of the divine presence and been deeply impressed with the grandeur of a faith which could sustain and bring consolation to that mother's heart, as she stood with uplifted and illumed face, and with love-touched lips breathed her last tribute to the lifeless form lying cold in death within the flower-strewn casket before her. Never while consciousness remains, will that picture be obliterated from memory's page. Every word burned deep into the inner consciousness of all within the hearing of that voice and every heart was attuned to the divine melody of that mother's love, which reached to, and blended with, that deeper love which broods over all.

The floral offerings of neighbors and friends attested their high appreciation of his integrity of character, manly adherence to his highest conviction of right and justice.

I know the many friends of Mrs. Watson will join me in the prayer that strength may be given her to bear this most crushing trial of her life, and that she, too, may find the healing balm upon which to feed her hungry soul, that she has so many times carried to the suffering hearts of others tried like herself in the bitter school of affliction. O! may she come from out this valley of Gethsemane strong in the conviction that all is for the best, and better able to carry aloft the torch-light of truth, that shall illumine the darkened path which ignorance alone doth shadow, and still minister to the hungry hearts waiting so anxiously her public ministrations. HENRIETTA E. ROBINSON.

San Francisco, Cal.

Extracts from Laurence Oliphant's "Scientific Religion."

"It would not be right for any man, desiring to know whether this inspiration (that I expound) is true or not, to begin by believing it after the manner of the churches; no belief can stand in these days that is not based upon the evidence of personal experience."

"Error is only dangerous when it is aggressive; and to meet error of this description, when one is convinced by one's own personal experience that it is error, a certain attitude of aggression seems to be imposed on one; but it is consistent with an entire tolerance and charity for individuals, and is, in fact, only applicable to those who are thoroughly honest and in earnest, even if their earnestness be misdirected."

"Though dogmas crumble away one after another, and the dry rot of ecclesiasticism becomes daily more apparent, the religious instinct is more quickened than ever."

"A spiritual wave is now rolling in upon the world of a character unprecedented in its past history; it is daily gathering force, and is already crest-high. Before very long it will break."

"A crisis is imminent—anticipated by every form of religion. It will be a moral rather than a physical crisis. .... It will sweep away the present ecclesiasticisms, and substitute for them a religion in which there shall be 'one body and many members.'"

"In a word it will be a psychical rather than a physical conflict; though I do not mean to say that the ordinary weapons of so-called 'civilized warfare' will not be called into requisition."

"Many have received and are receiving accession of the spiritual potency which shall enable them to engage in this warfare, without any due conception of its nature."

"All revelation which proceeds from the invisible must be relative in value, all inspiration imperfect."

"I am convinced that the dread book of account which the Scriptures speak of is, in fact, the mind itself of each individual. I feel assured that there is no such thing as forgetting possible to the mind; a thousand accidents may, and will, interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions of the mind; accidents of the same sort will also rend away this veil; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, this inscription remains forever, just as the stars seem to withdraw before the common light of day, whereas, in fact, all we know that it is the light which is drawn over them as a veil, and that they are waiting to be revealed when the obscuring daylight shall have withdrawn."—*De Quincey.*

Mrs. Nancy G. Stewart writes: I enclose an order for another year's subscription. The JOURNAL is a welcome visitor every Friday morning. I only wish it were a daily instead of a weekly. I could write pages in its praise, but others more competent have already done so.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Letter.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

With Mr. Walter Howell's two lectures yesterday, the services of the "Brooklyn Spiritualists Society" were brought to a close for the season. The speaker had just arrived from his trip abroad, where he tells me he got over a great deal of ground in a very short space of time, in order to be on hand at Cassadaga Lake Camp to fill engagements to commence July 21st. The lectures given, like all from this gifted medium, were logical, powerful and instructive; and the fact of his having been nearly blind throughout his young life goes the more to prove the certainty of an outside control.

The conference meeting held in a different building in the lower section of the city, continues its sessions throughout the summer as is usually the custom. Here we have that class of service which best encourages personal effort to express one's best thought upon any subject presented by the opening speaker. It takes the place in our ranks of the prayer meeting in the church, and helps us to help ourselves and make more of ourselves than by simply asking God to help us as in the latter case. True, we ask the help of our angel and spirit friends, and in doing so come into relation openly with the same class of beings that church people do in getting their prayers answered, if answered at all; but we know we must take hold, too, as well as have their help; and we also know we approach them understandingly, face to face, and meet them more as man to man, rather than as to a God we bow down to in worship.

Growth is more than prayer or revival—it is the only real salvation; but we need not lose reverence for that which is older and wiser and humbler than ourselves. Rather should we aim to cultivate the higher and diviner side of our nature, so that reaching Godward we may grow like unto it even while here on earth. Gods only walk the earth at rare intervals; and these are only negative ones, instruments in the hands of the divine or Christ spirit to show the possibilities of character to which man may in time attain. They are the weakest personally of all mediums; and yet in their very weakness lies their strength, because of the absoluteness of control which such a negative condition gives.

Remember the cry of Jesus when he said: "Not my will, but Thine be done," also: "It is not I who doeth these things, but the Father (spirit) which dwelleth in me—He doeth it." And so many other like sayings which confirm his entire self-abnegation and surrender to the will of the spirit. He was made to see the truth ahead of his fellows, to recognize fully his mission, and so, knowingly, to leave it all to God who doeth all things well, and follow the guidance of the spirit even to his death on the cross that ultimately good might come from it.

At the last meeting of our conference, a case of destitution, where a mother and five small children were left helpless by an absconding husband, was reported by Mr. S. B. Bogert; and upon this as a basis a "Ladies' Aid Society" was formed. With such a practical beginning, we hope it may succeed, and be the forerunner of a Children's Lyceum in the fall. Here we have three important departments for a successful society. "The stone which the builders rejected (for the old society left the conference behind when it moved up town) may yet become the head of the corner." No society can succeed where self seems to dominate among its officers—it marks the utter lack of the unselfish or Christ spirit. We don't want a straight out and out character of that kind, but a due balance between the dominant animal selfishness in primitive or unregenerate man, and the mother love which gives all to the child and asks nothing—absolutely nothing in return.

This is not an age in which to present the example of a man having one garment taken from him only to offer another; not an age in which having one cheek smitten to turn the other—it is too weak a character. It was an expression under control of love—extreme love—and meant to offset the "eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" of Moses and the Israelites.

This is an age of harmony, of reason, of balance, of right living, of thoughtfulness for others less fortunate than ourselves; and he who personifies such an age in one individual must do so ahead of his time and under a steady, conscious, enlightened control.

The movement has reached a point where we need still more, in the light of the recent agitation in New York, to make for character in men, women and mediumship. The outside world understands that every time, and can appreciate what honest mediums have to offer much better than the trickery of magicians either in the cause or out of it. We need to make one grand, organic expression of a body or brotherhood of people practically embodying in their daily lives the truths which have been taught them. When this is done, with a spiritual science as the basis of our belief, we can convert the world. W. J. CUSHING.

Letter from an Old Man.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Will you please stop my JOURNAL; not because I do not like it; I am well pleased with it. I commenced Spiritualism with the Rochester rappings, and have taken an active part therein until the present time. I have taken Britten and Partridge's paper and the *Banner*, and also the JOURNAL from the time it was first commenced by Mr. Jones, up to the present time. I have always been on the unpopular side. I signed the first temperance pledge I ever saw. I was a Garrisonian abolitionist, a Henry C. Wright non-resistant, an advocate of woman's rights and prohibition, and all other unpopular reforms. I have been well off as to property, but am poor now, and all I can do for you is to pray for you. HENRY PUTNAM.

Hutchinson, Minn.

Mr. Putnam will continue to receive the JOURNAL. The publisher would rather go hungry than deprive such an old and worthy veteran of his paper. Should any of the JOURNAL'S wealthy subscribers feel impressed to help it take care of this and many similar cases the publisher will be thankful.

Des Moines' Thrifty Constables.

July 18th was a quiet Sunday in Des Moines, all on account of the enforcement of a recently discovered law put on the statute books by a Granger Legislature fifteen years ago. Some of the constables who used to make quite an income from searching saloons, found their revenue diminished, as the saloons were closed, and discovered the old law forbidding the opening of stores, the sale of cigars, or anything else Sunday. The Monday preceding they arrested several cigar dealers who had sold cigars the day before, and gave out that this Sunday they would stop everything, even street-cars from running. It was reported that they would be at the newspaper offices at 12 o'clock to prevent morning papers from publishing. Accordingly the publishers of the different papers had appeal bonds ready, while the employes were aching for a chance to turn the hose on the officious constables if they had put in an appearance. But they prudently kept away. They frightened all the newsboys so that not one has dared to lift up his voice and sing to-day in his usual manner on the streets. Every cigar store has been closed, though the drug stores have sold cigars and the proprietors half expect to be arrested to-morrow morning. It is generally believed that the constables are taking this course only for the revenue they can get from it and not from any sentiment of special respect for the Sabbath.—*Ex.*

The Senses.

"There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body.—*Paul.*

The physical body is the machinery by and through which the spiritual man, the real man, organizes and informs himself of and about the phenomena of nature. This machinery consists of five senses—feeling, tasting, smelling, hearing and seeing. Seeing is his photographing apparatus. The eye is always taking pictures, whether or no. These pictures on the physical retina are inverted just as are photographers'. Set these, inverted, and retake them, and they are erect. So when I look into my optical box, I retake (invert the picture,) or revert it, and see it as it is in nature. This explains erect vision, critics of Doctor Wells to the contrary. —*Stirling.*

Some Florida coast people are talking of a turtle cannery.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

A woman has arrived at Long Branch with 128 dresses.

The cyclorama of Niagara has had enormous success in London. As the English say, it has "fetched" the town.

London omnibusses are to be illuminated with the electric light, the storage battery to be carried under the seat of the drivers.

The oak planted by the Prince of Wales in Central Park is dying, though every effort has been made to save the tree.

amounted at the outside to over $300. It is too often the habit now to have thousand-dollar furnishings for hundred-dollar estates.

Some of the Navajo scouts used by the government in chasing Geronimo are reported to be robbing and murdering thirty miles east of Gallup, N. M.

Salmon fishers at Woodbush, Dunbar, England, recently found in one of their nets a fish with the body and tail of a salmon and the head of a haddock.

July 3rd a slight shock of earthquake was felt at Middleton, Md., accompanied by a dull rumbling, something between a far-off explosion and distant thunder.

The latest meteor story is one that is alleged to have fallen near Kiew, Russia, and which, when broken open, is said to have been found full of small diamonds.

A young French officer is said to have invented a microphone which will record and announce the approach of a body of soldiers and give some idea as to their numbers.

Farmers down in Jersey are about instituting "bug days," wherein a concerted effort will be made to exterminate the insects that just now are playing havoc with fruit and vegetables.

A strange new insect, somewhat on the lines of the lady bug, has appeared by millions in the oat fields of Dutchess County, New York, and threatens to make the harvest a light and chaffy one.

An English court has just decided that railway servants cannot eject persons from trains who say they have lost their tickets, the only remedy being to sue the passenger for breach of contract.

Memphis doctors are puzzling over the case of a negro woman who died from the voluntary opening of the plates of the skull, for which they can find no warrant in laws of medicine or anatomy.

Divorces are even easier in Germany than here. At Frankfort-on-the-Main last week a married woman was pronounced the person at fault and legally divorced because she did not know how to cook.

A wild girl, some twelve or fourteen years old, has been discovered in Catahoula parish, Louisiana, and the people there are anxious to capture without harming her, and see if it is not possible to civilize her.

It is reported that several of the oldest and most respectable London clubs are in want of both money and members. The new clubs are so numerous and possess so many fresh attractions that the old ones find it difficult to compete.

John Toole, of New Haven, who for thirteen years has been mourned as one of the unidentified victims of the Ashtabula Railroad horror, walked in upon his friends the other day alive, hearty and prosperous—out in California.

Thirty years ago insanity was almost unknown among the Southern negroes, but now the number thus affected in North Carolina alone is estimated at 1,000 and the asylum for their treatment at Goldsboro' has just been enlarged.

In San Francisco suit has been brought against the estate of one Loewenthal, who committed suicide last winter upon the day set for his wedding, by the father of his fiancee, for the $2,000 claimed to have been spent in preparation for the marriage.

The Mormons of West Virginia appear to have hit upon a practical solution of the problem. How shall the Mormons be made to go? At a meeting in Wheeling on Wednesday night they got into a general row, during which six or seven of them were fatally stabbed.

Thus far the attempt to stock the streams of California with lobsters bears evidence of success. The lobsters sent from Wood's Holl, Mass., after a few days' rest revived from the fatigue of the journey, and about one-half of them have been liberated in Monterey Bay.

West Virginia, it is said, is overrun by strolling gypsies, and much interest has been excited by the death of a beautiful child about ten years old, whom some good women bought from the band for a few dollars, as she was evidently stolen, meaning to find and restore her, if possible, to her home and friends.

The Paris Exposition in 1889 will have some wonderful educational and instructive novelties. There is to be a globe, 130 feet in circumference, which will give the geographical divisions of the world with all modern discoveries. There will be a gallery around it and professors to explain the whole.

A curious piece of magnetic ore was recently exhibited at Anniston, Ala. It was so strongly magnetized that a needle would cling to it by its point, then the attraction would become so great that the needle would dance and wave about as if shaken by a breeze and finally cling to the ore by its entire length.

Swarms of crickets have been ravaging Algeria this year. They fly in clouds so thick as to obscure the sun. When they alight they destroy every trace of vegetation. Sometimes they fall exhausted to the ground in such numbers as to completely cover it with dead bodies, from which unhealthy exhalations arise.

William Barber, a South Georgia railroad man, must have a place among curious criminals. Some time ago he employed a negro near the railroad on which he was employed to present systematically claims for stock destroyed by it, and when the company forwarded the money for settlement the two divided the pile.

The first decision of the status of a life insurance policy, where the wife, for whose benefit it was taken out, died before the husband, has just been made by Judge Seddon in St. Louis. He holds that where a man insures his life for the benefit of his wife and then survives her, the policy will inure to the benefit of the children, independently of the insured's creditors.

Rebecca Nourse, "the pious witch of 1692," was remembered the other day, when some forty-three of her descendants met and picnicked in her honor at Danvers Centre, Mass. They visited the old house of the witch and her grave, and then subscribed $200 with which to buy a tablet on which shall be inscribed the names of the forty friends who defended her at her trial.

An East Mahoning, Pa., farmer a few days ago noticed a six-weeks' old chicken tackle a young house snake about ten inches long with the evident intention of making a meal of it, and he thought he would watch how matters ended. The snake fought gallantly, but after repeated efforts the chick at last succeeded in its designs, and gave its bill a satisfactory wipe on the ground and walked off as unconcerned as you please.

Miss Fambrough, of Scull Shoals, Fla., is a young woman of nerve and presence of mind. The other day her father's Jersey bull attacked him, and was in a fair way to kill him. His wife saw him fall and ran toward him, but the daughter, more thoughtful, first got the ax, and running up hit the bull such a tremendous whack that it stunned him, so that the father had a chance to get up, grab the ax, and bury its head in the skull of the brute.

There is considerable excitement at Grantville, Ga., over a group of springs that have been lately opened up within 450 yards of the depot in that place. The water of one of these springs is highly impregnated with iron, one with sulphur and one with alum. Near by is one spring running out from under a large iron rack. The water of this one is clear and cool. Then about 100 yards further down are two other springs gushing out from under a steep hill. The water of these two is nearly as cold as ice and clear as crystal.

A lawyer living in a town near Waterbury, Conn., states a fact which well illustrates the thrift and frugality which characterize many of the old families which have not been touched by modern extravagance and love of display. In that town three estates have been settled within a few months aggregating property to the amount of $700,000, and yet he says if all the household furniture of those three families had been sold at the best possible price the amount received for it would not have

Voices From the People.

AND

INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

FAITH.

"'Tis by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at Heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide and faith our light."

When desert sands and darkness round us close
While yet we wander far from rest and home,
When hopeless we would fain the strife give o'er,
And fall, by thirst and weariness o'ercome,
Faith smiles, and whispers of the murm'ring brooks
That wander through unfading fields of green;
Of dewy hillsides sparkling in the light,
With misty vales and groves that lie between,
In that fair land whose skies may never frown;
Where they whose feet have trod the desert through
Forget the heat and burdens of the way
And find their highest, noblest, visions true.

We listen to the inspiring voice until
The steadfast stars illumine night's black dome
And pain, and thirst, and weariness forgot
The desert echoes with our songs of home.

"The want of sight she well supplies,
She makes the pearly gates appear
Far into distant worlds extends the pries
And brings eternal glories near."

The eye of faith o'erlooks the weary years—
The dreary leagues of parched and burning sand
That near us lie; but far beyond our sight
Her steady gaze is resting on the better land.

She tells us of the city's gates of pearl
And shining towers that greet her clearer sight;
Its golden streets where, 'neath the Tree of Life
The dwellers walk with ever new delight.

Her eye, regarding not interior things,
Flies o'er the wondrous space from star to star,
And to our list'ning ear she tells the tale
Of endless glories in those worlds afar.

And while she speaks our fears and sorrows flee,
Toil, pain, and weariness vex us no more.
Earth, ocean, time and distance fade away,
Lost in the splendors of the eternal shore.

—*O.*

Saved by a Vision.

The interesting account of the "Spiritual Experience of an Old Sea Captain" reminds me of an "experience" of probably a similar nature which occurred on a voyage from Newcastle to Amsterdam about a century and a-half ago. The hero of the tale, of the truth of which I have no doubt, was a near relative of an ancestor of my own, and the story is thus given by his nephew:—

"My uncle was a man of strong natural parts, had a good education, and was skilled in medicine. He went to sea very young, where he experienced several instances of a particular Providence, one of which, being remarkable, I give it at large.

"About the age of fourteen he went to sea in a ship called the *Providence*, belonging to his father, and commanded by his half-brother. Going out of Hasbro' Gat, he had such a disturbed dream or vision as convinced him there was some shipwreck at no great distance, and that he must exert himself to save the crew. He immediately informed his brother of his dream, and went up to the mast-head, when he saw, or thought he saw, part of a wreck, with some people on it, and desired his brother that the ship might bear away, and he would inform them when she pointed for the wreck; which was accordingly done. They had run many miles when the mate went to the mast-head, and my uncle told him he saw the wreck considerably plainer than before, and was certain there were men on it. When they had run thus about an hour, the mate told the master he now saw the boy was mistaken, for he could see nothing. The master then ordered the ship should haul her wind, but the boy called out that he saw the wreck very plain, and there were five people on it, one of whom, a little boy, had on a fisherman's cap, and that they had a handkerchief on a stick, which they held up in their hands, and he desired some of the crew to come to him, and he would show it to them very plainly, on which several went up, who said they could see on the horizon something like a flock of seafowl on the water; but his brother, believing him rather than the others, ordered the ship as directed by my uncle. After a considerable time they saw the wreck very plain, and when they drew near found it exactly as described by my uncle. They lowered their boat and took up the five people, one of whom, the lad, sailed with me forty years after this event. I have heard this relation many times from him; he said it was the most miraculous deliverance he had ever heard of. My uncle said he acted by an irresistible influence, and that it was impossible in the nature of things for the wreck to be seen when he was firmly persuaded that he saw it. He was a man of strong features, of a firm, penetrating aspect, and a great admirer of Newton, Locke, and Boyle."—W. E. CORNER, *in Light, London.*

Heaven Revised.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I feel an earnest desire to drop a line to the JOURNAL to say what very great pleasure I experienced in reading the first two chapters of Mrs. Duffey's article, "Heaven Revised!" One paragraph in that communication which referred to the recognition of those who had passed away young and grown to maturity in spirit-life, I deem particularly happy; I do not think that language could be formed more expressive of a great spiritual truth than that used by that lady, in the sentence to which I refer. Her words are:

"They had always been babies to me in my memory. But when I beheld these youths beside me, some subtle instinct revealed to me that they were my babies now nearly grown to manhood. I felt neither hesitation nor surprise in the recognition. It was as though I had always expected them to appear thus to me. I only held out my arm with an unutterably glad impulse, crying 'My boys! Mine!'"

I had at one time a similar experience and have never found satisfaction in the manner in which I endeavored to express it. Language always seemed inadequate; Mrs. Duffey has conveyed the idea, perhaps, as nearly as that is possible in words.

A baby girl was born, lived six or eight weeks, passed on and was buried, while I was hundreds of miles away, and, of course, never saw her physical form, but in about eighteen years afterwards, while watching at midnight by the bed of a dying son, she became perceptible to me, standing at the head of his bed. It seemed the most proper and natural thing in the world that I should recognize her, and we conversed mentally for some time before she faded from my sight. She had appeared as a young woman.

In the spirit condition "we know and are known" whether we still inhabit a physical form or not, and when we meet a "stranger" (?) we shall not need to ask "Who are you? What's your name? Where do you live? What are you driving at?" or any such questions, because we shall not only perceive his physical outline but we shall "know" him just as he knows himself. Nor is it necessary that we should "die" before realizing this truth. I presume hundreds of JOURNAL readers have had experiences similar to that of mine just related; and from such experiences can testify to the fitness of Mrs. Duffey's language in explanation of it.

What a pity it is that Spiritualists cannot become sufficently spiritualized to perceive spiritual things; but they can scarcely expect to become so while they "live, move and have their being" only in the midst of physical surroundings and cash-down mediums. Let us have truth and the apt expression of facts.

THOS. HARDING.

Sturgis, Mich.

Among President Cleveland's callers the other day was John Winchell of Detroit, aged 91, who had come personally to urge the passage of a bill to pay him arrears of pension granted in 1834 for wounds received in 1814 at Lundy's lane.

Railroad men say that lightning occasionally strikes locomotives when they run through thunder storms, but it has never been known to harm them or the men in the cabs. The electricity thins out and spreads all over the engine, running off the wheels and along the track when it leaves the machinery. The impression is that the locomotives are lightning-catchers and attract the bolts that otherwise might hit the cars.

The International Council of Women.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Since March and April I may say the uppermost real interest and thought here have been connected with "the International Council of Women," at least in reformatory and liberal schools and circles. There was a wealth of spirituality in the women gathered there, and the assembly not only throbbed with its life, but it has made its pulsations felt in the activities and the thinking of women the country over, not the least in the West.

There was a wide difference in the education and the experiences of the women gathered there, yet they seemed, in regard to practical work and heroic purpose, to be of one mind and heart. The beliefs taught them in their youths, and perhaps still cherished, were various, but we could clearly see that all were tending to the essential in religion and life.

Will they not be brought through this heart-warm meeting, through this hospitable and profound discussion of vital themes, to interpret religion as something larger and more compassionate than they have hitherto done, or rather than any priesthood has done? And without dogma? They will accept more and more, I believe, what the mother heart utters, and the interpretations not only of such great hearts, but the annunciations of such anointed, yet unordained mothers and sisters, and this means that they shall respect, yea, revere the motions and emotions of their own souls.

Seeing in this Council, the melting together of these unities in the universal, we can apprehend the genius of the Quaker faith that spoke as it was moved upon, and of its apostle George Fox and his disciples; of the genius of Whitfield and other religious leaders who listened in their childhood day "to the voice within" before they had heard the noisy voices of praise, pride and power drawing away from the central life. Women were ever among religious reformers, and if they do not cry as of old, "Rabbi, Rabbi," it is not because they are lacking in the religious spirit, but even more truly, as I believe, imbued with it. How many religious women, students and law-givers have been brought to our notice within recent months and years, to encourage the striving women of this time! And there must always be a multitude of women unhoused by conventional churches who will yet never be left without the witness in their inner lives. And in the Council, the testimony to this moving and universal guidance if not *named*, was real. It came from women of different lands and various schools of thought, and from leaders of culture in all; this subtile sense beneath all. Where activity and experience met, it must have been greatly satisfying.

Consider, too, the philosophical grasp of republican principles, as necessary to all the governed, that Mrs. Stanton instinctively illustrated; the science of government of which Miss Anthony gives an instance in her own power and character; the unfailing and vigilant service, always true to the equality of woman, as through life rendered by Lucy Stone; the heart and head of Miss Eastman, gaining almost simultaneous utterance, intellectual yet spiritual; the alert womanliness and motherliness of Mrs. Harbert, ever ready to utter the feminine soul and to defend the rights of her sisters wherever placed, and to recognize the personality and character due each who had earned it; the beauty of expression, the happy rhetoric, and the gain in sympathy through experience of life, that Mrs. Howe evidences in association with women, the exquisite beauty of a tribute to one "passed beyond," or in graceful verse; the original thought and thoughtfulness of the teacher, Miss Morris, of the Brooklyn schools, showing excellent individual methods and an earnest moral nature; equally original, perhaps, is Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson, with her trained powers and her conscience, insisting that women shall gain exact knowledge, and be true to it, employing it for the best good of the race. She is not satisfied with any fractional or partial acquirements in science, nor will she have others rest there, especially if they hold responsible places.

But I must put down my pen though the faces and voices of so many gladden my memory, hoping another day to give a glimpse of the earnest life and utterances of those, maybe, whose light has never shone through your pages.

Detroit, Mich. CATHARINE F. STEBBINS.

A Gas Well Located by the Spirits.

The Medium, W. S. Rowley, in Luck.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I feel extremely happy, for I, with others here, have had one of the very best of tests of spirit-guidance. About two years ago, some Cleveland gentlemen who had passed over to the other side, communicated to Mr. Strong and myself that there was an immense reservoir of natural gas south of the city at Newburgh, a suburb of Cleveland. They described the exact location, and even pointed out the hills and some houses, etc., that were near by. Neither Mr. S. nor myself had ever been on the ground, but we went out there, and found that they had described the premises precisely as they are. So Mr. George Howe (whom you know) and Mr. Thomas Axworthy, our present city treasurer, bought the property and put up the money to drill a well. The first one proved unfortunate, as the drillers got their tools fast in the well and could not get them out, but work was commenced upon another one that I located by the same means. Saturday night the largest well in Ohio was struck, and the gas is now flowing therefrom from 75 to 100 feet high.

Every one is excited, as they have drilled over 200 places here without results, and our State geologist and all experts declared that there was no high pressure gas here. We were within only a few feet of the very depth that the spirits had declared all the time that we would find the gas, viz., 1,700 feet when gas was struck. It is simply immense. The fact that I have one-eighth interest in it for locating it is sufficient evidence that my medial assistance is appreciated. Everybody is wild over it, and most all are willing to give the Spirit-world credit. The *Leader* here is very conservative and may not give proper credit.

It is certainly a splendid test of spirit power to look into the bowels of the earth. We have been laughed at by unbelievers all along, but it is our turn to laugh now. Mr. Howe, Mr. Strong, Mr. Hubly and others will vouch for the correctness of my statements. Every one says that would have been the *last* place they would have thought of looking for gas. It is a bonanza for the stockholders, but I am a thousand times more pleased to have the statements of the "powers that be" corroborated than to get the loaves and fishes.

Cleveland, O., July 16. W. S. ROWLEY.

Spirit Aid in Time of Sickness.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

A few years ago my wife was taken suddenly and dangerously ill. I and my daughter were waiting on her, one at a time; when my turn came my daughter said, "Ma would not take the last powder; they did her more harm than good." It was night, two miles to the doctor. I readily saw she was right, the medicine was not having the desired effect. I thought of invoking assistance from my spirit friends to summon aid to relieve my sick wife. While I was sitting thus in a kind of reverie my wife asked me, "Where have those folks gone?" She described several persons (spirits) we were well acquainted with, who passed over a few years ago; one of them she could not see clear enough to recognize. She thought it was our spirit daughter. (The very one I had sought for help). My wife said they held a consultation around her bed but she could not understand what they were saying. She was impressed that she should take water, that a live coal of fire was dropped in, every few minutes. I gave her that, and she became better at once; her stomach became quiet, the vomiting ceased and she improved from that time without any more medicine.

Now, does not this prove that if, in time of need, we earnestly pray for the help of our nearest and dearest spirit friends, they will at once respond and, if possible, help us? An orthodox might have called upon Jesus Christ, and still some spirit friend might have personated the Nazarene and given the necessary aid.

J. PEFFLEY.

Mrs. E. L. Watson has been addressing a very large audience at McVickers' Theatre in Chicago. From Ingersoll, who last filled that large auditorium, to Mrs. Watson is a long step. Col. Bundy was in the chair, and for an hour she held her audience in silent admiration of a most eloquent and cogent address. The notices of the event in the secular press were very complimentary. In America, as in England, a sane and clean Spiritualism is winning wide respect.—*Light, London.*

In Memory of the Transition of Will L. Watson, only Son of Mrs. E. L. Watson of "Sunny Brae," Santa Clara, Cal.

A Mother's Last Offering to Her Dead Boy.

"Speech is but broken light upon the depth of the unspoken."

The many friends of Mrs. E. L. Watson will be pained to hear of the sad affliction which has desolated her heart, in the death of her only and dearly beloved son Will, who was born into higher possibilities, July 5th, from his home at "Sunny Brae," Cal., after an illness of four weeks. Within ten days after the mother had gone East, he telegraphed me, at San Francisco, as an intimate friend of the family, that he was not well and asked me to come to him, which I immediately did. His first request was, "not to let mother know, as it would spoil her visit, and with good nursing he would soon recover his usual health;" but time and care brought no change for the better, and in about three weeks after Mrs. Watson left home, I telegraphed her to come to, what proved to be a death bed.

Mrs. Watson had just filled her last engagement, and was to have a few weeks of rest and recreation, when the dispatch reached her at Rochester. She started immediately and reached home after five days' travel, and for ten days had the blessed privilege of ministering, unto his need. Oh! how she tried to nurse him back to health and a life of usefulness. How bravely she bore the cross of affliction, which seemed all too heavy for her mother heart, never by look or word losing faith in the thought of his recovery, but in vain! And for only one short week did she have the consolation of his recognition. How many times during that week did he give proof of his thoughtful care and gratitude to that mother for her every word of tenderness. His devotion to, and care of, his young sister was truly beautiful. He never forgot to thank every one who performed the slightest service. His life seemed to have blossomed into fullness, shedding a fragrance over all. Often would he say, "When I recover I will be more to mother than I have been," feeling deeply the worth and love of that devoted heart. After hope had been rekindled in our hearts, and we saw no danger, the Death Angel entered the beautiful home on the 2nd of July; but not until the morning of the 5th, was the spirit released from its earth environments.

The funeral was held at his home on Friday, July 6th, the mother paying the last loving tribute to her darling boy; and such tribute only a mother could have rendered. The service was opened by the soft low singing of that impressive song, "He is Gone," after which Mrs. Watson arose and with uplifted eyes, offered such an impassioned prayer as melted all eyes to tears and bowed all hearts in worship of the good and beautiful in nature, even of death itself. After another softly-rendered song, "Where the Roses ne'er shall wither," the mother, in words of burning eloquence poured out her heart's love for her precious boy; not in undue praise did she speak of his virtues, but only told of his earnest efforts toward the good, his strivings to reach the highest and best in all things that would ennoble; of his confidence and trust, of his sympathy with and tender care of her, of his sweet counsels and communing with her. O! what a beautiful lesson she gave from that life, to the young comrades of her boy. She touched, as with flame of fire, every heart, and inspired all with a determination to profit by the life and character of their arisen friend, and weave into their lives all there was of beauty in his. She felt he had ripened for the change and did not pass the golden portal without having caught a glimpse of that unseen world so closely impinging upon our own. The gate had stood ajar for him to enter, and he was met by loving friends who stood in waiting to guide him onward into brighter paths and deeper realities.

O! how it strengthened our faith in God and in the ministry of His angels, and in our philosophy, which triumphs over death, and robs the grave of all its sting!

All who witnessed that scene, and listened to that outpouring of the mother's soul upon the altar of her love, must have felt the inflowing of the divine presence and been deeply impressed with the grandeur of a faith which could sustain and bring consolation to that mother's heart, as she stood with uplifted and illumed face, and with love-touched lips breathed her last tribute to the lifeless form lying cold in death within the flower-strewn casket before her. Never while consciousness remains, will that picture be obliterated from memory's page. Every word burned deep into the inner consciousness of all within the hearing of that voice and every heart was attuned to the divine melody of that mother's love, which reached to, and blended with, that deeper love which broods over all.

The floral offerings of neighbors and friends attested their high appreciation of his integrity of character, manly adherence to his highest conviction of right and justice.

I know the many friends of Mrs. Watson will join me in the prayer that strength may be given her to bear this most crushing trial of her life, and that she, too, may find the healing balm upon which to feed her hungry soul, that she has so many times carried to the suffering hearts of others tried like herself in the bitter school of affliction. O! may she come from out this valley of Gethsemane strong in the conviction that all is for the best, and better able to carry aloft the torch-light of truth, that shall illumine the darkened path which ignorance alone doth shadow, and still minister to the hungry hearts waiting so anxiously her public ministrations.

HENRIETTA E. ROBINSON.

San Francisco, Cal.

Extracts from Laurence Oliphant's "Scientific Religion."

"It would not be right for any man, desiring to know whether this inspiration (that I expound) is true or not, to begin by believing it after the manner of the churches; no belief can stand in these days that is not based upon the evidence of personal experience."

"Error is only dangerous when it is aggressive; and to meet error of this description, when one is convinced by one's own personal experience that it is error, a certain attitude of aggression seems to be imposed on one; but it is consistent with an entire tolerance and charity for individuals, and is, in fact, only applicable to those who are thoroughly honest and in earnest, even if their earnestness be misdirected."

"Though dogmas crumble away one after another, and the dry rot of ecclesiasticism becomes daily more apparent, the religious instinct is more quickened than ever."

"A spiritual wave is now rolling in upon the world of a character unprecedented in its past history; it is daily gathering force, and is already crest-high. Before very long it will break."

"A crisis is imminent—anticipated by every form of religion. It will be a moral rather than a physical crisis. .... It will sweep away the present ecclesiasticisms, and substitute for them a religion in which there shall be 'one body and many members.'"

"In a word it will be a psychical rather than a physical conflict; though I do not mean to say that the ordinary weapons of so-called 'civilized warfare' will not be called into requisition."

"Many have received and are receiving accession of the spiritual potency which shall enable them to engage in this warfare, without any due conception of its nature."

"All revelation which proceeds from the invisible must be relative in value, all inspiration imperfect."

"I am convinced that the dread book of account which the Scriptures speak of is, in fact, the mind itself of each individual. I feel assured that there is no such thing as forgetting possible to the mind; a thousand accidents may, and will, interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions of the mind; accidents of the same sort will also rend away this veil; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, this inscription remains forever, just as the stars seem to withdraw before the common light of day, whereas, in fact, all we know that it is the light which is drawn over them as a veil, and that they are waiting to be revealed when the obscuring daylight shall have withdrawn."—*De Quincey.*

Mrs. Nancy G. Stewart writes: I enclose an order for another year's subscription. The JOURNAL is a welcome visitor every Friday morning. I only wish it were a daily instead of a weekly. I could write pages in its praise, but others more competent have already done so.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Letter.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

With Mr. Walter Howell's two lectures yesterday, the services of the "Brooklyn Spiritualists Society" were brought to a close for the season. The speaker had just arrived from his trip abroad, where he tells me he got over a great deal of ground in a very short space of time, in order to be on hand at Cassadaga Lake Camp to fill engagements to commence July 21st. The lectures given, like all from this gifted medium, were logical, powerful and instructive; and the fact of his having been nearly blind throughout his young life goes the more to prove the certainty of an outside control.

The conference meeting held in a different building in the lower section of the city, continues its sessions throughout the summer as is usually the custom. Here we have that class of service which best encourages personal effort to express one's best thought upon any subject presented by the opening speaker. It takes the place in our ranks of the prayer meeting in the church, and helps us to help ourselves and make more of ourselves than by simply asking God to help us as in the latter case. True, we ask the help of our angel and spirit friends, and in doing so come into relation openly with the same class of beings that church people do in getting their prayers answered, if answered at all; but we know we must take hold, too, as well as have their help; and we also know we approach them understandingly, face to face, and meet them more as man to man, rather than as to a God we bow down to in worship.

Growth is more than prayer or revival—it is the only real salvation; but we need not lose reverence for that which is older and wiser and humbler than ourselves. Rather should we aim to cultivate the higher and diviner side of our nature, so that reaching Godward we may grow like unto it even while here on earth. Gods only walk the earth at rare intervals; and these are only negative ones, instruments in the hands of the divine or Christ spirit to show the possibilities of character to which man may in time attain. They are the weakest personally of all mediums; and yet in their very weakness lies their strength, because of the absoluteness of control which such a negative condition gives.

Remember the cry of Jesus when he said: "Not my will, but Thine be done," also: "It is not I who doeth these things, but the Father (spirit) which dwelleth in me—He doeth it." And so many other like sayings which confirm his entire self-abnegation and surrender to the will of the spirit. He was made to see the truth ahead of his fellows, to recognize fully his mission, and so, knowingly, to leave it all to God who doeth all things well, and follow the guidance of the spirit even to his death on the cross that ultimately good might come from it.

At the last meeting of our conference, a case of destitution, where a mother and five small children were left helpless by an absconding husband, was reported by Mr. S. B. Bogert; and upon this as a basis a "Ladies' Aid Society" was formed. With such a practical beginning, we hope it may succeed, and be the forerunner of a Children's Lyceum in the fall. Here we have three important departments for a successful society. "The stone which the builders rejected (for the old society left the conference behind when it moved up town) may yet become the head of the corner." No society can succeed where self seems to dominate among its officers—it marks the utter lack of the unselfish or Christ spirit. We don't want a straight out and out character of that kind, but a due balance between the dominant animal selfishness in primitive or unregenerate man, and the mother love which gives all to the child and asks nothing—absolutely nothing in return.

This is not an age in which to present the example of a man having one garment taken from him only to offer another; not an age in which having one cheek smitten to turn the other—it is too weak a character. It was an expression under control of love—extreme love—and meant to offset the "eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" of Moses and the Israelites.

This is an age of harmony, of reason, of balance, of right living, of thoughtfulness for others less fortunate than ourselves; and he who personifies such an age in one individual must do so ahead of his time and under a steady, conscious, enlightened control.

The movement has reached a point where we need still more, in the light of the recent agitation in New York, to make for character in men, women and mediumship. The outside world understands that every time, and can appreciate what honest mediums have to offer much better than the trickery of magicians either in the cause or out of it. We need to make one grand, organic expression of a body or brotherhood of people practically embodying in their daily lives the truths which have been taught them. When this is done, with a spiritual science as the basis of our belief, we can convert the world.

W. J. CUSHING.

Letter from an Old Man.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Will you please stop my JOURNAL; not because I do not like it; I am well pleased with it. I commenced Spiritualism with the Rochester rappings, and have taken an active part therein until the present time. I have taken Britten and Partridge's paper and the *Banner*, and also the JOURNAL from the time it was first commenced by Mr. Jones, up to the present time. I have always been on the unpopular side. I signed the first temperance pledge I ever saw. I was a Garrisonian abolitionist, a Henry C. Wright non-resistant, an advocate of woman's rights and prohibition, and all other unpopular reforms. I have been well off as to property, but am poor now, and all I can do for you is to pray for you.

HENRY PUTNAM.

Hutchinson, Minn.

Mr. Putnam will continue to receive the JOURNAL. The publisher would rather go hungry than deprive such an old and worthy veteran of his paper. Should any of the JOURNAL'S wealthy subscribers feel impressed to help it take care of this and many similar cases the publisher will be thankful.

Des Moines' Thrifty Constables.

July 18th was a quiet Sunday in Des Moines, all on account of the enforcement of a recently discovered law put on the statute books by a Granger Legislature fifteen years ago. Some of the constables who used to make quite an income from searching saloons, found their revenue diminished, as the saloons were closed, and discovered the old law forbidding the opening of stores, the sale of cigars, or anything else Sunday. The Monday preceding they arrested several cigar dealers who had sold cigars the day before, and gave out that this Sunday they would stop everything, even street-cars from running. It was reported that they would be at the newspaper offices at 12 o'clock to prevent morning papers from publishing. Accordingly the publishers of the different papers had appeal bonds ready, while the employes were aching for a chance to turn the hose on the officious constables if they had put in an appearance. But they prudently kept away. They frightened all the newsboys so that not one has dared to lift up his voice and sing to-day in his usual manner on the streets. Every cigar store has been closed, though the drug stores have sold cigars and the proprietors half expect to be arrested to-morrow morning. It is generally believed that the constables are taking this course only for the revenue they can get from it and not from any sentiment of special respect for the Sabbath.—*Ex.*

The Senses.

"There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body.—*Paul.*

The physical body is the machinery by and through which the spiritual man, the real man, organizes and informs himself of and about the phenomena of nature. This machinery consists of five senses—feeling, tasting, smelling, hearing and seeing. Seeing is his photographing apparatus. The eye is always taking pictures, whether or no. These pictures on the physical retina are inverted just as are photographers'. Set these, inverted, and retake them, and they are erect. So when I look into my optical box, I retake (invert the picture,) or revert it, and see it as it is in nature. This explains erect vision, critics of Doctor Wells to the contrary.

—*Stirling.*

Some Florida coast people are talking of a turtle cannery.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

A woman has arrived at Long Branch with 128 dresses.

The cyclorama of Niagara has had enormous success in London. As the English say, it has "fetched" the town.

London omnibusses are to be illuminated with the electric light, the storage battery to be carried under the seat of the drivers.

The oak planted by the Prince of Wales in Central Park is dying, though every effort has been made to save the tree.

amounted at the outside to over $300. It is too often the habit now to have thousand-dollar furnishings for hundred-dollar estates.

Some of the Navajo scouts used by the government in chasing Geronimo are reported to be robbing and murdering thirty miles east of Gallup, N. M.

Salmon fishers at Woodbush, Dunbar, England, recently found in one of their nets a fish with the body and tail of a salmon and the head of a haddock.

July 3rd a slight shock of earthquake was felt at Middleton, Md., accompanied by a dull rumbling, something between a far-off explosion and distant thunder.

The latest meteor story is one that is alleged to have fallen near Kiew, Russia, and which, when broken open, is said to have been found full of small diamonds.

A young French officer is said to have invented a microphone which will record and announce the approach of a body of soldiers and give some idea as to their numbers.

Farmers down in Jersey are about instituting "bug days," wherein a concerted effort will be made to exterminate the insects that just now are playing havoc with fruit and vegetables.

A strange new insect, somewhat on the lines of the lady bug, has appeared by millions in the oat fields of Dutchess County, New York, and threatens to make the harvest a light and chaffy one.

An English court has just decided that railway servants cannot eject persons from trains who say they have lost their tickets, the only remedy being to sue the passenger for breach of contract.

Memphis doctors are puzzling over the case of a negro woman who died from the voluntary opening of the plates of the skull, for which they can find no warrant in laws of medicine or anatomy.

Divorces are even easier in Germany than here. At Frankfort-on-the-Main last week a married woman was pronounced the person at fault and legally divorced because she did not know how to cook.

A wild girl, some twelve or fourteen years old, has been discovered in Catahoula parish, Louisiana, and the people there are anxious to capture without harming her, and see if it is not possible to civilize her.

It is reported that several of the oldest and most respectable London clubs are in want of both money and members. The new clubs are so numerous and possess so many fresh attractions that the old ones find it difficult to compete.

John Toole, of New Haven, who for thirteen years has been mourned as one of the unidentified victims of the Ashtabula Railroad horror, walked in upon his friends the other day alive, hearty and prosperous—out in California.

Thirty years ago insanity was almost unknown among the Southern negroes, but now the number thus affected in North Carolina alone is estimated at 1,000, and the asylum for their treatment at Goldsboro' has just been enlarged.

In San Francisco suit has been brought against the estate of one Loewenthal, who committed suicide last winter upon the day set for his wedding, by the father of his fiancee, for the $2,000 claimed to have been spent in preparation for the marriage.

The Mormons of West Virginia appear to have hit upon a practical solution of the problem. How shall the Mormons be made to go? At a meeting in Wheeling on Wednesday night they got into a general row, during which six or seven of them were fatally stabbed.

Thus far the attempt to stock the streams of California with lobsters bears evidence of success. The lobsters sent from Wood's Holl, Mass., after a few days' rest revived from the fatigue of the journey, and about one-half of them have been liberated in Monterey Bay.

West Virginia, it is said, is overrun by strolling gypsies, and much interest has been excited by the death of a beautiful child about ten years old, whom some good women bought from the band for a few dollars, as she was evidently stolen, meaning to find and restore her, if possible, to her home and friends.

The Paris Exposition in 1889 will have some wonderful educational and instructive novelties. There is to be a globe, 130 feet in circumference, which will give the geographical divisions of the world with all modern discoveries. There will be a gallery around it and professors to explain the whole.

A curious piece of magnetic ore was recently exhibited at Anniston, Ala. It was so strongly magnetized that a needle would cling to it by its point, then the attraction would become so great that the needle would dance and wave about as if shaken by a breeze and finally cling to the ore by its entire length.

Swarms of crickets have been ravaging Algeria this year. They fly in clouds so thick as to obscure the sun. When they alight they destroy every trace of vegetation. Sometimes they fall exhausted to the ground in such numbers as to completely cover it with dead bodies, from which unhealthy exhalations arise.

William Barber, a South Georgia railroad man, must have a place among curious criminals. Some time ago he employed a negro near the railroad on which he was employed to present systematically claims for stock destroyed by it, and when the company forwarded the money for settlement the two divided the pile.

The first decision of the status of a life insurance policy, where the wife, for whose benefit it was taken out, died before the husband, has just been made by Judge Seddon in St. Louis. He holds that where a man insures his life for the benefit of his wife and then survives her, the policy will inure to the benefit of the children, independently of the insured's creditors.

Rebecca Nourse, "the pious witch of 1692," was remembered the other day, when some forty-three of her descendants met and picnicked in her honor at Danvers Centre, Mass. They visited the old house of the witch and her grave, and then subscribed $200 with which to buy a tablet on which shall be inscribed the names of the forty friends who defended her at her trial.

An East Mahoning, Pa., farmer a few days ago noticed a six-weeks' old chicken tackle a young house snake about ten inches long with the evident intention of making a meal of it, and he thought he would watch how matters ended. The snake fought gallantly, but after repeated efforts the chick at last succeeded in its designs, and gave its bill a satisfactory wipe on the ground and walked off as unconcerned as you please.

Miss Fambrough, of Scull Shoals, Fla., is a young woman of nerve and presence of mind. The other day her father's Jersey bull attacked him, and was in a fair way to kill him. His wife saw him fall and ran toward him, but the daughter, more thoughtful, first got the ax, and running up hit the bull such a tremendous whack that it stunned him, so that the father had a chance to get up, grab the ax, and bury its head in the skull of the brute.

There is considerable excitement at Grantville, Ga., over a group of springs that have been lately opened up within 450 yards of the depot in that place. The water of one of these springs is highly impregnated with iron, one with sulphur and one with alum. Near by is one spring running out from under a large iron rack. The water of this one is clear and cool. Then about 100 yards further down are two other springs gushing out from under a steep hill. The water of these two is nearly as cold as ice and clear as crystal.

A lawyer living in a town near Waterbury, Conn., states a fact which well illustrates the thrift and frugality which characterize many of the old families which have not been touched by modern extravagance and love of display. In that town three estates have been settled within a few months aggregating property to the amount of $700,000, and yet he says if all the household furniture of those three families had been sold at the best possible price the amount received for it would not have

UNRETURNING.

Three things never come again:
Snow may vanish from the plain,
Blossoms from the dewy sod,
Verdure from the broken clod,
Water from the river's bed,
Forests from the mountain's head,
Night may brighten into day,
Noon in midnight fade away;
Yet the snow shall come once more
When the winter tempests roar;
Blossoms each returning spring
In her laden arms shall bring:
Grass be green where plowshares run,
Rivers flash in autumn's sun.
Time shall bid the forests grow,
Noon and midnight come and go,
But, though all thy soul complain,
Three things shall not come again.

Never to the bow that bends
Comes the arrow that it sends;
Spent in space, its airy flight
Vanishes like lost delight.
When with rapid aim it sprang
From the bowstring's shivering twang
Straight to brain or heart it fled,
Once for all its course was sped.
No wild wail upon its track
Brings the barb of vengeance back.
Hold thy hand before it go;
Pause beside the bended bow;
Hurtled once across the plain,
No spent arrow comes again.

Never comes the chance that passed;
That one moment was its last,
Though thy life upon it hung,
Though thy death beneath it swung.
If thy future all the way
Now in darkness goes astray,
When the instant born of fate
Passes through the golden gate;
When the hour, but not the man,
Comes and goes from Nature's plan;
Never-more its countenance
Beams upon thy slow advance.
Never more that time shall be
Burden bearer unto thee.
Weep and search o'er land and main,
Lost chance never comes again.

Never shall thy spoken word
Be again unsaid, unheard.
Well its work the utterance wrought,
Weal or wo, whate'er it brought;
Once for all the rune is read,
Once for all the judgment said.
Though it pierced a poisoned spear
Through the soul thou holdest dear;
Though it quiver fierce and deep,
Through some stainless spirit's sleep;
Idle, vain, the flying string
That a passing rage might bring,
Speech shall give it fangs of steel,
Utterance all its barb reveal.

Give thy tears of blood and fire;
Pray with pangs of mad desire;
Offer life, and soul, and all,
That one sentence to recall.
Wrestle with its fatal wrath,
Chase with flying feet its path.
Rue it all thy lingering days,
Hide it deep with love and praise;
Once for all thy word is sped,
None invade it but the dead.
All thy travail will be vain—
Spoken words come not again.

—*Rose Terry Cooke.*

A Business-like Offer.

For many years the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy have offered, in good faith, $500 reward for a case of Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure. The Remedy is sold by druggists at only 50 cents. This wonderful remedy has fairly attained a world-wide reputation. If you have dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; if the eyes are weak, watery and inflamed; if there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice being changed and has a nasal twang; the breath offensive; smell and taste impaired; sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility, you are suffering from nasal catarrh. The more complicated your disease, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood, or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians.

The August *Century* will be issued on the first day of the month as usual, in spite of the fire which did such serious damage to the editorial and business offices of the magazine. The contents of this issue—the Midsummer Holiday Number—will include an account of Mr. George Kennan's first meeting with political exiles in Siberia. Readers of this series of articles on Siberia will be interested in a biographical sketch of Mr. Kennan (with portrait), in this number, written by Miss Anna Laurens Dawes, a daughter of Senator Dawes, in which will be explained Mr. Kennan's peculiar fitness for his task, his previous knowledge of Russian affairs, etc.

WANTED:

Persons of proper qualifications who desire business positions, to know that the Loomis National Library Association will soon appoint their Congressional District Managers in this State, and are now ready to receive applications for the positions. Managers handle large amounts of money, and each controls at least $1,500.00 (wholesale) worth of goods, and must furnish at least $750.00 cash capital. The salary is $150.00 per month. Although this company has only been incorporated since 1886 its income from membership fees alone has already reached the enormous sum of over twenty thousand dollars per month. Address The Loomis National Library Association, 364 Wabash Ave., Chicago; 2 Cooper Union, New York.

The Results of ignorant attempts to supply a substitute for human milk are no doubt sufficiently disastrous; but a diet chosen with care and given with judgment will seldom disappoint our expectations. Mellin's Food has been prepared to meet this want, and is now thoroughly established as the *best* nutriment for infants and invalids ever known.

The use of a single bottle of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer will show its efficacy in restoring the natural color of the hair and cleansing the scalp.

Advice to Mothers. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.

Works Treating Upon the Spiritual Philosophy and the Spirit World.

Book on Mediums; or Guide for Mediums and Invocators: containing the special instructions of the spirits on the theory of all kinds of manifestations; the development of mediumship, and the means of communicating with the invisible world. By Allen Kardec. Also, The Spirits' Book, by the same author, containing the principles of spiritist doctrine on the immortality of the soul and the future life. Price, $1.60, each, postpaid.

Spirit Workers in the Home Circle. By Morell Theobald, F. C. A. An autobiographic narrative of psychic phenomena in family daily life extending over a period of twenty years, and told in a most delightful and interesting manner. Price, $2.40, postpaid.

The Spirit World, its inhabitants, nature and philosophy. By Eugene Crowell. Price, $1.00, postpaid.

Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism, by the same author, Vol. II. The volumes of this work are independent of each other and since Vol. I. is entirely out of print. Vol. II is selling at $1.20, postpaid.

The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism. By Epes Sargent. As the title indicates this work is a scientific exposition of a stupendous subject and should be read by all Spiritualists and investigators. Price, $1.60, postpaid.

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Demands prompt treatment. The results of neglect may be serious. Avoid all harsh and drastic purgatives, the tendency of which is to weaken the bowels. **The best remedy is Ayer's Pills.** Being purely vegetable, their action is prompt and their effect always beneficial. They are an admirable Liver and After-dinner pill, and everywhere endorsed by the profession.

"Ayer's Pills are highly and universally spoken of by the people about here. I make daily use of them in my practice."—Dr. J. E. Fowler, Bridgeport, Conn.

"I can recommend Ayer's Pills above all others, having long proved their value as a cathartic for myself and family."—J. T. Hess, Leithsville, Pa.

"For several years Ayer's Pills have been used in my family. We find them an

Effective Remedy

for constipation and indigestion, and are never without them in the house."—Moses Grenier, Lowell, Mass.

"I have used Ayer's Pills, for liver troubles and indigestion, during many years, and have always found them prompt and efficient in their action."—L. N. Smith, Utica, N. Y.

"I suffered from constipation which assumed such an obstinate form that I feared it would cause a stoppage of the bowels. Two boxes of Ayer's Pills effected a complete cure."—D. Burke, Saco, Me.

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"Having been troubled with costiveness, which seems inevitable with persons of sedentary habits, I have tried Ayer's Pills, hoping for relief. I am glad to say that they have served me better than any other medicine. I arrive at this conclusion only after a faithful trial of their merits."—Samuel T. Jones, Oak st., Boston, Mass.

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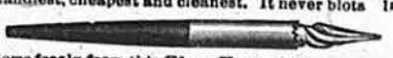
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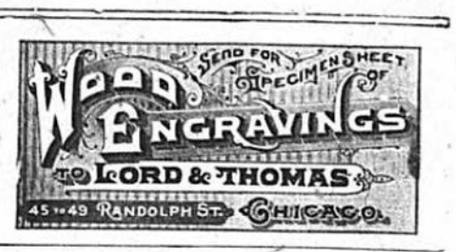
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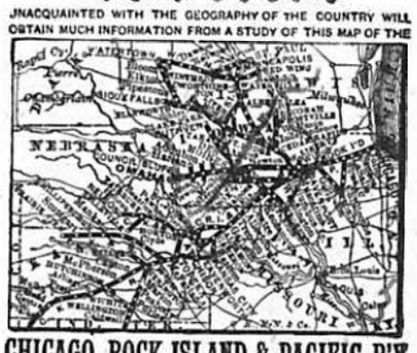
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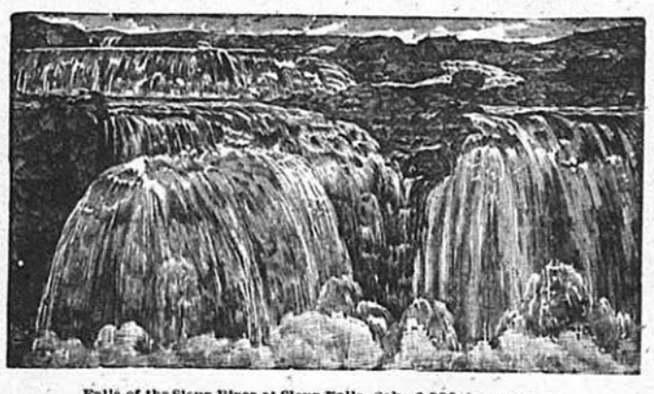
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The Wells Bore.

(Continued from Fifth Page.)

who have witnessed her later efforts to satisfy me that she is not honest in her séances.

I am aware, as you know, of considerable of her record, and for this reason I presume you feel that I will give the required attention to this matter. Mr. Newton and Mrs. Wells must put matters in proper shape before I shall burden you with anything in the case. There is no occasion for you to come here at present. I have seen those articles in *Bad Way* and if Mr. Newton presumes the writer means what he says, I *presume* he must know something about him. Let the two of them put matters in shape, and then if they are beaten, pay a penalty which they richly deserve if they are in the wrong. Do you notice that Mr. Newton says he will pay if "finally" beaten? When will finally come? Oh, no; let him pay if there is a judgment against Mrs. Wells of any kind. We want an end of the business sometime.

Fraternally yours, A. H. DAILEY.

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BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 6th, 1888.

HENRY J. NEWTON, ESQ., *Dear Sir:*—I was surprised last week to receive from Col. Bundy a copy of recent correspondence with you and a retainer in anticipation of litigation growing out of publications in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, relative to the conduct and character of Mrs. E. A. Wells. In his communication he has given me unlimited discretion in meeting you and Mrs. Wells and others who seem inclined to seek to establish that women's good name and medial powers through the instrumentality of the courts. At least I so interpret his letter, which is very plain and direct. His letter brings me the first information of propositions looking to raising a legal issue which I have received. I have seen, however, the articles published in *The Better Way*, to which I think you refer, where you say in effect, if not in words, "you judge the writer means what he says." I note also that you say that you do not know the writer of those articles. Certainly I would not suppose you would pride yourself upon the acquaintance of a person who would compose or publish such articles, and regret that you have brought them into consideration. Now if I am to act for Col. Bundy, as I certainly do in writing this letter, I shall exercise my judgment as I deem best for his interest; and after carefully considering your letters to him, and his answers to you, I have come to the conclusion, that if you do not know who the writer of those articles in *The Better Way* is, that it will be easy for you to find out, and I must be excused for saying, that it seems to me that you have a pretty clearly defined idea as to his identity or you would not refer to the articles and "judge he means what he says." Assuming this to be so, and considering your own propositions and the counter one from Col. Bundy, which you do not accept, I desire, before we proceed further, to require, if possible, that you and this writer join your forces and pool the money to be paid in case of defeat of Mrs. Wells, or of her conviction in case she is criminally prosecuted. To pay Col. Bundy's personal expenses, is no inducement for him to go to the expense he will be obliged to incur to clear the character of Mrs. Wells. You and the writer of the articles in *The Better Way* are the challenging parties; and you seem anxious to establish Mrs. Wells' character in certain directions where it has been assailed by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. I, as Col. Bundy's attorney, am willing to afford you an opportunity, but only on conditions which shall secure payment for his trouble and expenses; and a verdict or judgment against Mrs. Wells must end the controversy. I say this because I note that you say if "finally defeated." I have not your letter before me at this moment, so am not positive as to the language you use, but am as to its import. You do not wish, you say, to have it a matter of speculation. What else is the challenge you make but speculative in every respect? And if Mrs. Wells is defeated, those who have championed her so strongly, ought to pay the expense of the proposed actions.

I have been informed that for some time past, the papers to sue the New York *World* for libeling the character of Mrs. Wells, have been in readiness for service. Is this so? Have you any information upon that matter? I would be pleased to know; and if so, why does not that afford Mrs. Wells and her friends the coveted opportunity? I do not ask these questions to avoid the issue you raise, but if these are sincere challenges, why are opportunities at your very door not embraced?

I have the honor to remain
Faithfully yours,
A. H. DAILEY.

[Since the above correspondence took place the editor of the JOURNAL has received from a New York correspondent a copy of *The Better Way* in which appears the editorial containing what Mr. Newton is pleased to designate as "liberal offers." The following extract shows what they were:

In the city of New York there is a prominent Spiritualist who says he will give this Chicago braggart five hundred ($500) dollars if he will appear in the courts of New York for the purpose set forth in his published declaration. There are ten (10) good Spiritualists in New York, each of whom says he will give said braggart fifty ($50) dollars, aggregating five hundred ($500) dollars, for his sumptuous entertainment while appearing and proving in the courts of said city anything which he dares to set up against any recognized spiritual medium. And it is further said, although we are not authorized to make this offer as we are the others, that if he proves fraud against Mrs. Wells in the courts of New York, he will be guaranteed the further sum of two thousand ($2,000) dollars and safe passage to his domicile; but otherwise he will be very pressingly invited to remain and do the State some service, as becomes a dirty and unconscionable libeller.

The reader will observe that these propositions do not contain the names of the parties. The anonymous proposals are voiced by an irresponsible person, who in his editorial capacity is seeking for recognition by being made a party to the controversy. The address of the editor of the JOURNAL is well known and if there are any responsible people in New York who desire to make proposals to him in good faith it is easily done. He has no inclination to waste time on buncombe put forth through the medium of an obscure and irresponsible individual seeking to shine by reflected light.]

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128 West 43rd St., June 11th, 1888.

HON A. H. DAILEY—*Dear Sir:* Yours of June 6th came duly to hand, and in reading the first six lines of your letter I felt encouraged with the idea that there was a fair prospect of getting this matter into shape for action, but as I proceeded I was surprised and conscious at the same time that my proposition to Col. Bundy had not been squarely met. You say that in writing the letter you are acting for Mr. Bundy, and further that you shall exercise your judgment as you deem best for his interest. Here you leave the subject and enter a field that I have nothing whatever to do with, and while I feel under obligations to express my thanks to you for the advice and suggestions so kindly given, you will pardon me in saying that possibly its value to me may be slightly impaired by your assertion that it is given in the interests of Col. Bundy. I will take occasion to say here that I am not retained by Mrs. Wells or any one else, and am, therefore, not working for the personal interest of any one, but simply for the establishment of the truth which will ultimately come uppermost, whether it be for the interest of Col. Bundy or your desire and efforts as his attorney. When alluding to that part of my letter which refers to the article in *The Better Way*, your language is so framed as to suggest a doubt in your mind (unintentionally I presume) of the exact truth of what I say when I state that I do not know who the parties are making the offer to pay Mr. Bundy to do in New York what he affirms that he can; it therefore becomes necessary for me not only to reiterate the fact but to give emphasis to the statement and assure you that I know absolutely nothing as to who these parties are, but believe, from the language used, that they are honest and in earnest. Your statement that it will be easy for me to find out, is probably correct, and it is equally true that it will be just as easy for you or Col. Bundy as for me. You say that you regret that I have "brought these into consideration." I can readily excuse you for feelings of this kind under the circumstances which I will shortly allude to. I wish, however, first to notice the reproof which you attempt to administer to me when you say you don't suppose I would pride myself upon the acquaintance of a person who would compose or publish such an article. The article, according to my recollection was an editorial and therefore not composed, written or suggested by the parties who made the offer to Colonel Bundy to come to New York and attempt to do what he asserts he can. It is no part of my duty to defend the editorial of *The Better Way*, but you have made it necessary for me to justify myself for calling Col. Bundy's attention to the article, and before doing so I will simply ask you to read the article in the RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of May 5th on Mrs. Wells and again read the one in *The Better Way*, and ask yourself which is the most personal and which is the vilest in its language.

In Col. Bundy's letter to me dated May 22nd, in answer to my second interrogatory he says: "To my mind nothing could make it more necessary and important to prove the truth of what I publish, and I believe that in the interests of Spiritualism and of good people who have been deceived by this woman, the truth of said editorial statement should be legally established without delay."

To my mind this reply would have ended much better if he had said, "If it can be and is true." The first question likely to arise in the mind of an intelligent person after reading the above is, does it truly and correctly reveal the sentiments and mental condition of Col. Bundy? You will notice that to his mind the necessity for doing what he would have readers believe is so easy, could not be increased one iota by any process known to him. If this is true and the necessity and importance of having this done is just as he has put it, what, I ask, in all candor, would he or any one do under the circumstances, especially when I offer to enter into suitable bonds that he shall be to no personal expense in his effort provided he succeeds?

I am perfectly willing to leave this question to be answered by others. You proceed to say, "I desire before we proceed further to require, if possible, that you and this writer join your forces and pool the money."

To this kindly suggestion you are evidently in error about the person; my recollection of the article is, that there were at least ten different individuals who had sent to *The Better Way*, stating what they were willing to do on this matter and they offer to do abundantly more than what Col. Bundy wanted me to do. Now why don't he, or you as his attorney, accept the offer published in that paper?

As for myself I am not in search of a copartner; I desire none. What I want is that Col. Bundy should attempt to do in the courts of New York what he says he can. In his letter of May 22nd, he says, "New York is as near Chicago as Chicago is to New York," and "here is my place of business." This is, as you will perceive, an invitation for Mrs. Wells to go to Chicago and prosecute him there; and you will also see that he has turned a complete somersault and is no longer desirous of coming to New York, and he seems to congratulate himself upon the fact that he is one thousand miles away, which to his mind, seems like a fortification in which he is perfectly secure. He may be mistaken in this respect as he has sometimes been in others; time will determine. He has never said, however, so far as I know, that he could prove anything against Mrs. Wells in Chicago, but it was "in the courts of New York" that it could be done. You say that I and the writer of the articles in *The Better Way* are the challenging parties. In this you are mistaken. I have made no challenge heretofore, but have simply been trying to devise some fair and reasonable way by which Col. Bundy could be induced to come to New York and attempt to make good his bold and reckless assertion, but since you have suggested the word "challenge," I challenge him to come here and attempt to do it.

In the same paragraph you say that I seem anxious to establish Mrs. Wells' character in certain directions where it has been assailed by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. This I interpret as an admission by you as attorney for Col. Bundy, that Mrs. Wells' character has suffered in consequence of such assault.

Again you say you do not wish to have it a matter of speculation. I have said nothing of the kind, therefore what you say on this subject has neither point nor application. What I did say, and the reason for it, was this: Col. Bundy in reply to my fourth question says "The payment of my expenses to come to New York on the mission indicated is no adequate compensation." Had he stopped here I would not have said anything about speculation, but he did not, and goes on to say: "From so stanch a defender of Mrs. Wells as yourself." From this it became evident that the Colonel was disposed to make a distinction against me in these negotiations, and there was only this conclusion or inference from his language: "that he would not come for me on as favorable terms as he would for some others," and to this I took exceptions in this language, as near as my recollection serves me. "In these negotiations I decline to be made a party to any element of speculation." My letter was brief and without this explanation may have been misunderstood.

In reference to my proposition to Mr. Bundy I am left to infer that he declines to come to New York on the terms I offered. There is nothing positively definite on this point in your communication. You ask about the suits against the *New York World*. I am not Mrs. Wells' attorney, therefore cannot give you as accurate information as he could, but I think there is no question but what action will be brought against that paper if it has not already been done.

You must excuse this lengthy letter, but it seemed necessary by your evident misapprehension on many points. From by standpoint the subject is compact and simple. Mr. Bundy published a libelous article about Mrs. Wells, which contained an element of ambiguity. In my first letter to him the first two interrogatories were constructed with a view of getting, if possible, a clearer statement, and a reason why he had put the "if" before the word "necessary" in the charge on May 5th. I succeeded to my entire satisfaction as he apparently without any hesitation or reserve threw away the "if" and by so doing has materially changed the reading of the article in controversy. I will reconstruct it and clothe it in the new garments which he has prepared and kindly sent me. It reads thus: "We can prove in the courts of New York City that Mrs. E. A. Wells is a vile swindler, and has been for years using trick cabinets and confederates: and the necessity for our doing so is imperative for two reasons. First: to prove the truth of what I publish. Second: that in the interests of Spiritualism and good people who have been deceived by this woman the truth of the above editorial statement should be legally established without delay."

[The reader will bear in mind that the language here attributed to Mr. Bundy, is not his, but Mr. Newton's characteristically twisted reconstruction thereof.—ED. JOURNAL.]

Now in this construction of the article there is nothing forced or exaggerated, and looking at the subject in this light, what should any rational person expect from Col. Bundy?

One more point to which I would call your attention is this fact. Col. Bundy is not qualified to be a witness in this case; not long ago he stated in the JOURNAL that he had never seen Mrs. Wells and never expected to; so to my mind all this talk about the expense of his coming here is waste of paper and valuable time.

He can bring no evidence against Mrs. Wells from Chicago; and he certainly could be of no service to you in conducting the case for him, and if I was his legal adviser my advice would be to stay in Chicago. If he does not meet the question now it will not spoil by age, and he may have to meet it some time in the future under less favorable circumstances.

Fraternally yours, HENRY J. NEWTON.
Hon. A. H. Dailey.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 17, 1888.

HENRY J. NEWTON, ESQ.—*Dear Sir:*—I embrace the first moment at my disposal since the receipt of your letter in making this reply: I do not propose to go into a letter writing contest, but if possible bring you to some terms within the scope of your letter to Col. Bundy.

First then, you in your letter take exceptions to my letter as being written in the interest of Col. Bundy, and at the same time you tell me you are not retained by Mrs. Wells or any one else, and are therefore not working for the personal interests of any one, but simply for the establishment of the truth. When I told you that I was working for the interests of Col. Bundy in this particular matter, I supposed you would comprehend, as I think you well know, that I regard Col. Bundy as doing for the benefit of Spiritualism what no other man in this country is doing, to-wit: sustaining through the influential journal edited by him, the great Spiritualistic movement in such a manner as to let the world know that there is an element of respectability and truth above the wretched host of harlots, libertines, moral lepers and unconscionable frauds which curse it worse than does polygamy the religion of the Mormons. You know, as well as I do, how many times we are made to blush and would hide our faces if we could, because we are persistently classed with those who, possessing medial powers, prostitute them to their own ruin and the general disgrace of Spiritualism, until its believers shun its name and deny that they are its disciples. For this cause, the churches are filling up with those who otherwise would give testimony to the world of its truth. Col. Bundy is doing more than any other man, to my knowledge, through the columns of the JOURNAL, to free the ranks of this movement of that which is its curse. He cannot be expected to personally become a prosecutor in our courts of justice of the hosts who are guilty of crime. I represent him in this matter and you represent Mrs. Wells. When you tell me that you are not retained by Mrs. Wells and are not working for the personal interests of any one, I am at a loss to reconcile your words with your conduct. If you are not the champion of Mrs. Wells, then I have been very much misled. When I recall what you have said from the platform and through the public press, when I recall the fact that the JOURNAL edited by Col. Bundy, which commented upon this woman's séances, were bought up to prevent their circulation at certain meetings in New York where you usually preside, when I consider the nature of your letter, in substance a challenge to Col. Bundy, I say I am surprised that you should undertake to institute invidious comparisons between your position and my own.

Your desire to have Col. Bundy meet you on this matter is to be gratified, provided you stand substantially to what I deem to be the fair import of your letter to him. You say that you are not looking for a partner and repudiate my suggestion that you join forces with the man of *The Better Way* after having yourself brought that individual into consideration.

You think Chicago is nearer to New York in this matter than is New York to Chicago and that Col. Bundy should come to New York to be sued. Very well, unjust and unfair as is this view of the matter, Col. Bundy will gratify you. He will come to New York or I will accept service of your papers for him, but some reasonable obligation upon your part or in behalf of Mrs. Wells must be entered into. You complain in the opening part of your letter that your "proposition to Col. Bundy had not been squarely met." I take issue with you decidedly. It has been squarely met and you have since you opened the subject annexed a condition which will not, unless I am overruled by Col. Bundy, be acceded to. You want the terms changed so as to be conditioned upon the "final" defeat of Mrs. Wells. As I said to you before, if Mrs. Wells is defeated upon the trial, the entry of a judgment against her must end the matter in so far as she is concerned. As she is to be the plaintiff and invites Col. Bundy to come here to be sued, if he accede, she must stand by the result of the trial. I did not make the joining of your forces with those of the man of *The Better Way* a condition of accepting your proposition. I suggested it and thought it should be done. You decline, let the matter rest there.

Your combination of the article of Col. Bundy in the JOURNAL and his answers to your questions and your conclusions therefrom, that he should at once proceed to prove in the courts of New York the truth of what he says about Mrs. Wells, to my mind is absurd in the extreme. Nothing is more important to the cause of Spiritualism than that every swindler and impostor should be proved so in the courts; but because it is important, how absurd that Col. Bundy or any other man should go to the expense of doing this work and leaving undone a hundred other things of equal importance; but in this instance Col. Bundy is going to accommodate you upon the sole condition named above and that Mrs. Wells give bond in the sum of $500, with good sureties to pay that amount to cover the costs and expenses of Col. Bundy upon the trial of this action, if she is defeated. It will be necessary for Col. Bundy to be here as a witness and to prepare for trial, and to spend much time here; and as Mrs. Wells, I believe, is not a responsible person, your proposition, I presume, was made to give a bond or something to that effect because you understood her situation.

Please give this matter your early attention and oblige Yours, etc.,
A. H. DAILEY.

In reply to the above, Judge Daily received a long and rambling letter, so utterly inconsequential and irrelevant as to render it of no importance to reproduce. With Judge Dailey's reply thereto, as given below, the negotiations seem to have ended, by a complete backdown on the part of Mr. Newton.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., July 7th, 1888.

Mr. HENRY J. NEWTON—*My Dear Sir:*—Yours of the 25th ult. came to hand and as it is almost wholly irrevelant to the purpose for which I am retained by Col. Bundy, it may be dismissed without comment. Col. Bundy in reply to yours of May 11th, made you a clean-cut proposal, capable of only one interpretation; you declined to accept it and came back at him with a proposition which, it seems to me, no man of ordinary sense would have accepted, and which I, as his attorney, declined and gave you my reasons in brief. On the 17th I again renewed Col. Bundy's proposal, but reducing the bond asked for to $500, which I supposed was the real intent of your letter when you suggested the payment or securing of his personal expenses, in case of an action which you desired him to facilitate you in bringing. To this you reply in a long discursive letter which, if it has any relevancy to our proposal, is a declination thereof. The case therefore in brief is as follows:

You ask him to come within the jurisdiction of the courts of this State to be sued for a libel against Mrs. Wells, and propose to secure his personal expenses in case Mrs. Wells is defeated. He accepts the proposition, agrees to come or have me accept service for him, and asks that the bond for his personal expenses be fixed at $500. You decline to accept the terms, even adding to your original proposition that Mrs. Wells must be finally defeated, which means any amount of appealing and litigation after she has been defeated upon the trial in court. You absolutely decline to stand to your proposition to secure Col. Bundy's personal expenses, which I can assure you will be more than $500. If this is not a clean back-down, I certainly do not know what is, and of that others can judge between us. If you can't back up your alleged faith in Mrs. Wells with so small a bond as $500, thereby securing an opportunity to vindicate her by a suit against Col. Bundy, I must certainly consider this letter an end of my negotiations with you on the matter, and no further communication from you on the subject will be necessary.....

Yours, etc.,
A. H. DAILEY.

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